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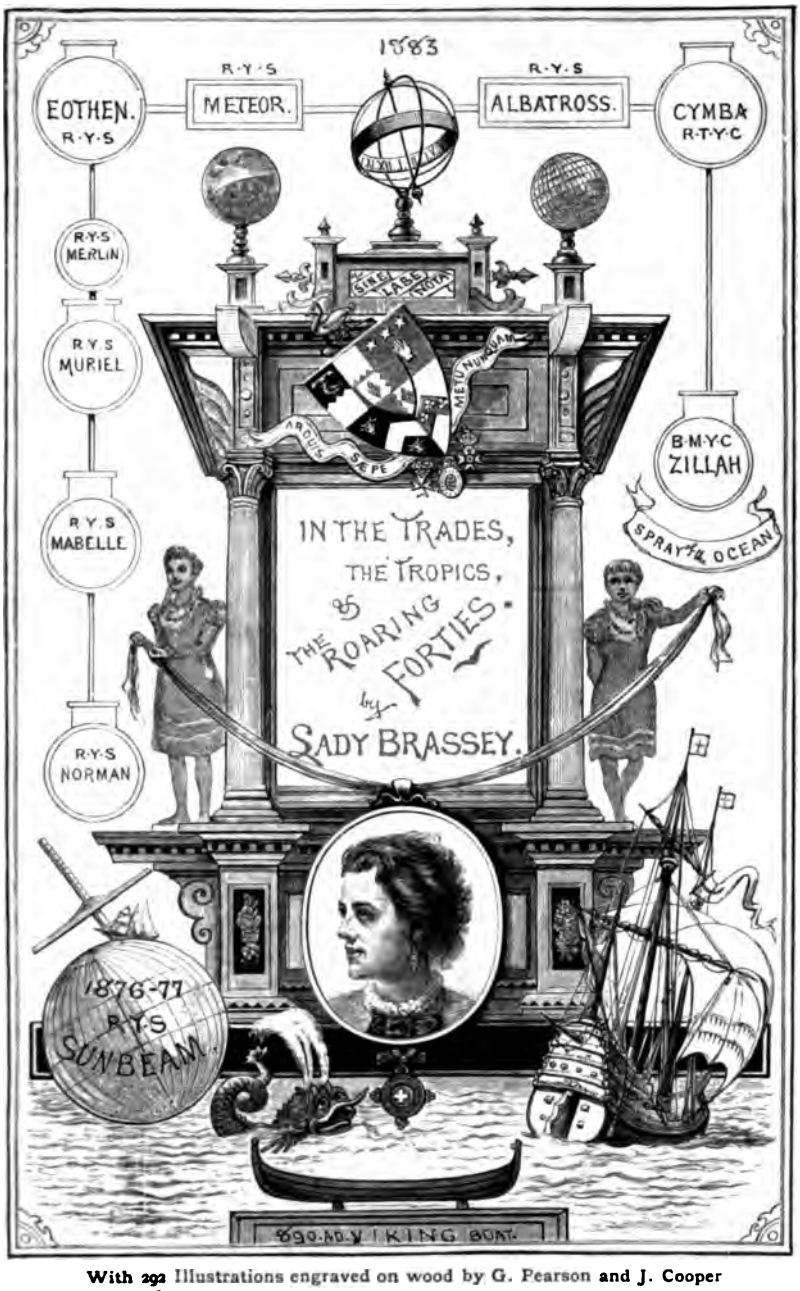
"In The Trades, The Tropics, & The Roaring Forties"

BY LADY BRASSEY.

14,000 MILES IN THE 'SUNBEAM' IN 1883

'AND THE CARE-WORN TOILER IN DUSTY WAYS
THE THINGS THAT I SEE SHALL SEE,
AND SHALL GIVE TO THE GIVER HIS SONG OF PRAISE,
AS HE SHARES MY JOY WITH ME.'

BISHOP OF BEDFORD.



With 292 Illustrations engraved on wood by G. Pearson and J. Cooper after drawings by R. T. Pritchett

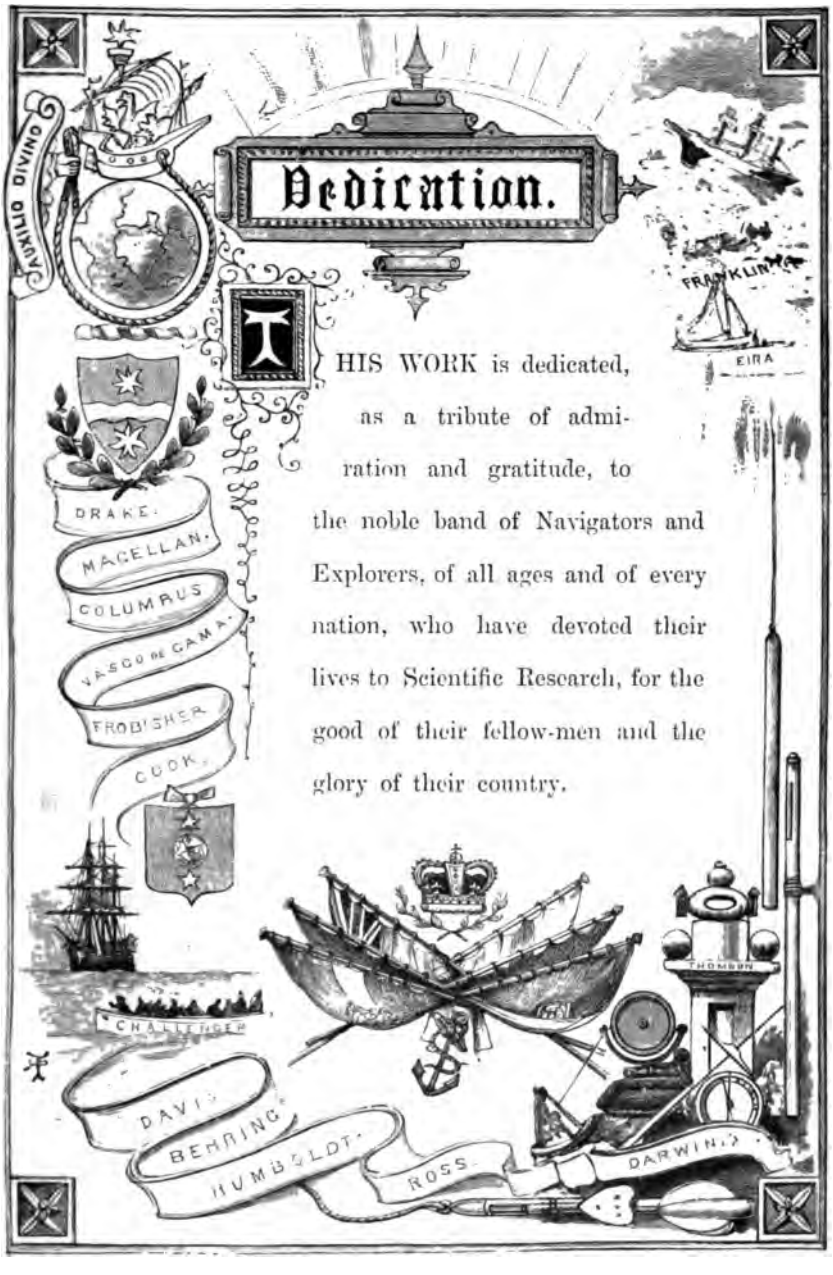
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THIS WORK is dedicated, as a tribute of admiration and gratitude, to the noble band of Navigators and Explorers, of all ages and of every nation, who have devoted their lives to Scientific Research, for the good of their fellow-men and the glory of their country.

PREFACE

IT is with great diffidence that, stimulated it may be by the kind reception which has been accorded to my previous efforts, I venture again to put before the public a book of travel. The short-comings of the work are indeed only too plainly apparent to me; but should it be found to possess any attractions, the fact will be due in great measure to the talent displayed, both by artist and engravers, in the illustrations, the sketches for which were, as a rule, prepared under circumstances of haste and difficulty.

I owe an equal debt of gratitude to the friends who accompanied me on the voyage, and to those who have since helped me with and encouraged me to persevere in my task. From ill-health I have been often tempted to abandon it in despair, and its completion has been considerably delayed from the same cause.

I can only venture to hope that my readers may be

disposed to receive the result of my labours in as kindly a spirit as possible, and to treat even the most glaring faults with leniency.

NORMANHURST COURT: *October*, 1884.



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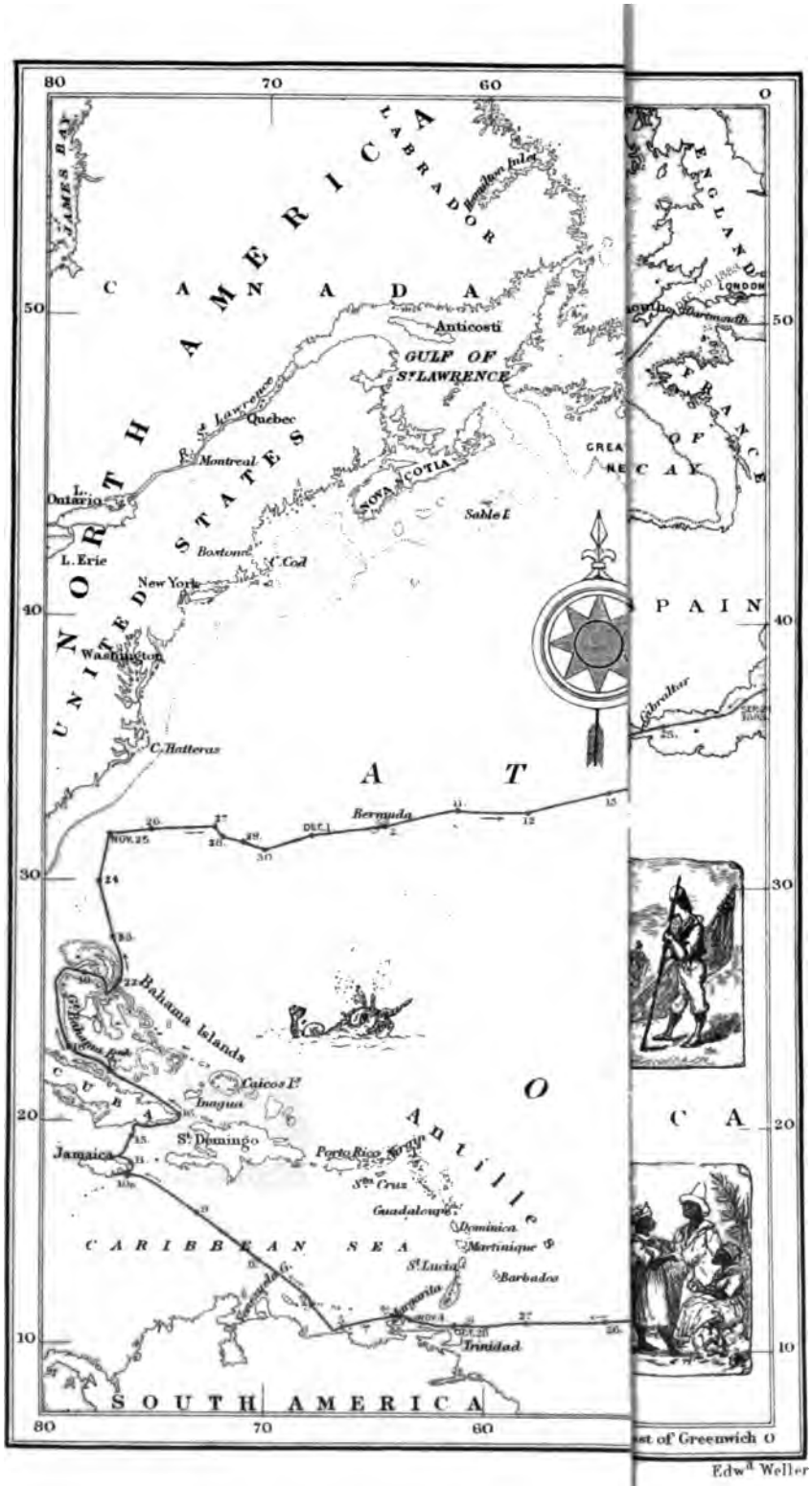
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NORTH AMERICA
LABRADOR
Hamilton Inlet
JAMES BAY
CANADA
Anticosti
GULF OF ST LAWRENCE
St Lawrence
Quebec
Montreal
L. Ontario
L. Erie
NOVA SCOTIA
Sable I.
Boston
C. Cod
New York
Washington
C. Hatteras
UNITED STATES
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Bermuda
Bahama Islands
Caicos I.s
Inagua
St. Domingo
Jamaica
Porto Rico
Virgin Is.
St Cruz
Guadaloupe
Dominica
Martinique
St Lucia
Barbados
Tobago
Trinidad
CARIBBEAN SEA
SOUTH AMERICA
ENGLAND
LONDON
Portsmouth
FRANCE
SPAIN
Gibraltar
CAPE VERD ISLANDS
CA
Edwd Weller



FAREWELL TO THE OLD COUNTRY

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND TO MADEIRA.

Men were made to roam.
My meaning is—it hath been always thus:
They are athirst for mountains and sea foam.
Heirs of this world, what wonder if perchance
They long to see their grand inheritance!

WE arrived at Dartmouth late on the evening of September 27th, 1883, and proceeded straight on board the 'Norham Castle,' in the 'Britannia's' steam-launch, kindly lent us by Captain Bowden-Smith. Although the bulk of our luggage had been shipped in London, our somewhat numerous packages and parcels comprised a good many little odds and ends that had been forgotten until the last moment, as is almost always the case when starting on a long voyage,

for a somewhat indefinite period, to regions not hitherto explored, and for which expedition every authority recommends something novel in the way of *impedimenta* as absolutely indispensable to comfort, if not to existence.

We found everything satisfactorily arranged on board, and that the rest of our party, who had embarked at the Docks, had enjoyed a fairly good passage round from the Thames, and were all settling down very happily. The children were soon in bed and asleep; and we speedily followed their example, so as to be able to make the most of the morning of the day on which we were to leave England for so long a time.

The cabin on deck, which Captain Winchester had so courteously placed at my disposal, was not only spacious, but was comfortably and even luxuriously fitted up. From the skylight hung a basket of flowers, on either side of which sweet potatoes, growing in glasses, sent their tender shoots and bright green tendrils right across the ceiling. The furniture comprised a wardrobe, sofa, easy-chair, writing-table, and bookshelves; so that with some more flowers from dear Normanhurst, and a plentiful supply of newspapers, periodicals, and books, I felt at once quite at home.

The view from the windows (not ports) early the next morning was charming. In the east the sun rose behind the wooded hills that, dotted with old houses and modern villas, slope gently from the placid waters of the land-locked harbour; westward the eye dwelt on the sharply contrasted effects of light and shade on the picturesque and old-fashioned town of Dartmouth.

There is no place in England quite equal to Dartmouth for beauty and originality; and at the period of the regatta, in August, it is indeed the gayest of spectacles to watch the innumerable yachts, boats, and craft of all kinds, and the whole town brightly decorated with flags by day, and with

myriads of little coloured lamps hung in festoons by night, while bands play, and the people seem to enjoy themselves more than an English crowd generally condescends to do.

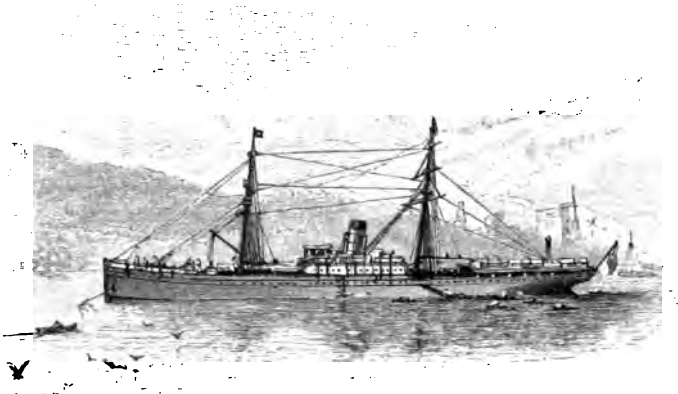
At half-past nine the steam-launch came to take us on board the 'Britannia,' which vessel we found in the same perfect order as usual: the cadets all looking well and happy. Surely, if boys destined for the navy are capable of acquiring the necessary knowledge anywhere, they should do so here, where advantages of every kind are so abundant. The old models of ships used on board for purposes of instruction were very good; but the new ones that have been lately added are even more useful and complete. We were greatly interested in listening to a lecture that was being given by one of the instructors on the model of an ironclad, divided into four sections; so that the whole of her interior economy and construction could be thoroughly understood. Commander Bainbridge told me that the lads worked well at the models, flag and sail drill, signalling, and compass instruction; but that navigation and Euclid were quite a different matter, and that it was, as a rule, hard to get the cadets to take an interest in those subjects.



DARTMOUTH EN FÊTE

The beauty of the morning had now entirely faded away; and one could almost imagine that some of the dear ones left behind were shedding gentle tears at our departure. To put it more prosaically, a regular west-country mist had come on, depressing in itself and making everything look damp, dreary,

and forlorn. After a brief walk on shore we returned to the 'Norham Castle,' just in time to transact a little final busi-



ONE OF THE CASTLE LINE

ness, and to see the last sad partings between those 'outward bound' and those 'left behind.' Assuredly those who go down to the sea in ships, and have their business in the great waters, especially those who travel frequently in large steamers, calling at many ports, and carrying passengers of all nationalities, behold strange and impressive sights, and have better opportunities of observing human nature in its various phases than fall to the lot of most people.

Such were my reflections as I heard the last starting-bell ring and looked out upon the flotilla of small boats by which we were surrounded, each containing one or more occupants interested in someone on board. At length the hawser was slipped from the big buoy; the engines began to move almost imperceptibly ahead; and our last link with old England was severed. Heaven grant us all a safe voyage and a happy return.

We had scarcely got outside Dartmouth, when the 'Norham Castle' began to pitch and roll most unpleasantly. As

the afternoon went on matters became worse. A strong head-wind was encountered, with a somewhat dense fog and a good deal of rain, which increased towards six o'clock. Two hours later, when we sighted Ushant, the vessel was rolling heavily and shipping much water forward; in consequence of which I decided to sleep below instead of in the Captain's cabin: the steward promising to pack up all my things and assuring me that they would be quite safe. I was too sea-sick to discuss the matter further; and, having seen the children safely secured in their berths, I lay down on the sofa in their cabin, where, holding on tightly to the side, I slumbered in the semi-conscious condition one falls into at sea in rough weather until I was suddenly awakened by piercing cries for help. On rising I found that the water was washing all about the cabin, and that my big boxes, little boxes, bags, baskets, &c., were floating backwards and forwards across the floor. 'Sir Roger,' my black poodle, had jumped on the sofa, which was fairly dry; and, keeping his balance with the



ALL AFLOAT

greatest difficulty, surveyed the scene with an air of calm disapprobation, occasionally uttering a low growl of decided annoyance and remonstrance, while I quickly put on an ulster and sea-boots. Outside the cabin the water was pouring like a cataract down the companion; while the deck above leaked like a sieve, producing the effect of a continuous shower bath. Some accident seemed also to have happened to a steam-pipe, judging from the clouds of steam which were escaping, and from the cries of two men who complained that they had been scalded by the boiling water. Struggling along the passage between the first and second class saloons, I found the water sufficiently deep to fill my high sea-boots and to compel poor 'Sir Roger,' after a few piteous cries and fruitless attempts to walk on his hind legs, to swim after me. I soon met the poor creature whose shrieks had first roused me:—a missionary's wife on her way to South Africa, who was attired in the scantiest of garments, and trying feebly to come aft and get on deck. She implored me most earnestly to tell her if I thought we were going to the bottom 'at once,' in reply to which appeal I assured her that I did not think there was any immediate danger and that the ship only leaked from above because, by an unfortunate omission, her decks and coamings had not been recaulked after her last voyage to a hot climate in fine weather. It was now evident that a very heavy gale was blowing; for the ship was not

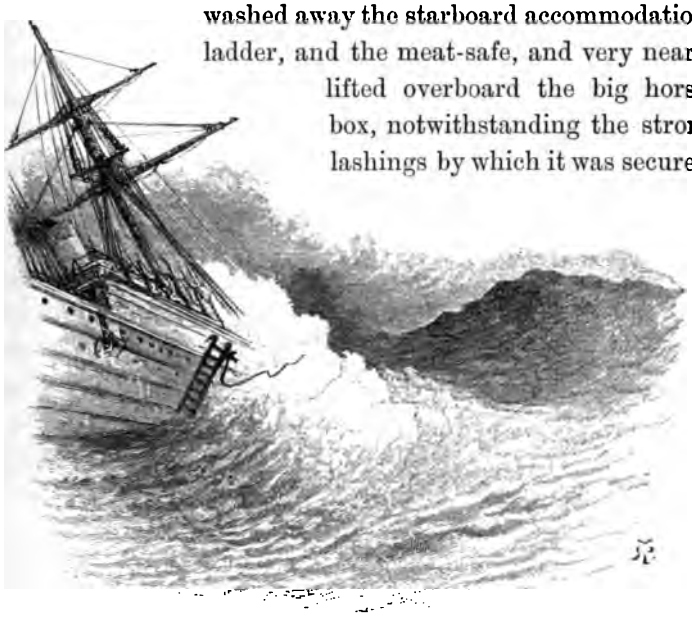


SCALDED

only rolling at an angle which made it almost impossible to stand, but was labouring in a way I did not at all like and shipping large masses of water, a vast quantity of which streamed below. When the poor lady asked me if there was any danger, I suppose that I must have hesitated a little in my answer, for she added immediately, 'Think how dreadful it would be to be drowned and go to feed the fishes!' For the moment I could think of no more reassuring remark than that we must all die some day and somehow, and that I thought drowning was preferable to many other modes of death. My statement so astonished the poor Missionary's wife that I took the opportunity of her hesitation in replying to suggest that she should return to her cabin: a work of no little difficulty, for in her fright she had entirely forgotten the number and situation of her state-room. Ultimately, with the assistance of another passenger we found it, not however without putting our heads into many other cabins, all in a sloppy condition, and containing more or less miserable and terrified occupants. Meanwhile, the gale continued to increase; and the water continued to pour through the shrunk decks and other wood-work, in spite of the sky-lights being battened down, and all that could be done to stop the leakage.

After my midnight excursion I returned to my cabin; propped myself in a corner; and proceeded to pass the night as best I could, in what might be regarded as a very nearly air-tight but anything but water-tight iron box, rolling about at an angle of at least 45 degrees. Our berth was close to the pantry, the noises proceeding from which department were really appalling. First came vast crashes of crockery, the fragments of which appeared to get gradually broken up into smaller pieces as the ship rolled backwards and forwards, producing a sound like the breaking of waves on a rocky shore. By degrees the fragments seemed to become smaller

and smaller, till towards morning the noise produced was that of the sea breaking on very small pebbles, varied by an occasional fresh crash, as something else was carried away. About 5 A.M. a heavier sea than usual struck the ship, which seemed to quiver for a minute on her beam-ends before she righted; and there was a considerable cracking and splintering of wood-work to be heard, even above the roaring of the gale. I was afterwards informed that this sea washed away the starboard accommodation-ladder, and the meat-safe, and very nearly lifted overboard the big horse-box, notwithstanding the strong lashings by which it was secured.



LADDER WASHED AWAY

More than half of it was torn away; and the poor Clydesdale that was inside had to weather the remainder of the gale with only one side to his house. The short-horn bull, which was on his way to Natal, and the good cow that supplied us with milk, fared rather better, being on the lee side of the deck.

As day broke, matters began to mend and the gale to moderate. One of our stewards came and helped me to get

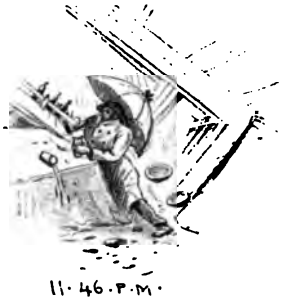
the children up; for our maids, though quite well, were perfectly helpless. Overwhelmed, I suppose, by the novelty of the situation, they evidently meant to do nothing but lie in bed all day. With the usual tenacity of maids in such matters, instead of being satisfied with the cabin-boxes and bags provided for them for the voyage, they had insisted on having their own two big trunks in their cabin, where, washing backwards and forwards in water seven or eight inches deep, the extra luggage became unpleasant articles of encumbrance. The chief steward took pity on the children and me and moved us to his own cabin, which was dry though small; and there we lay in a little heap, sea-sick and wretched, all day. Frederick (our own servant) and the stewards brought me at intervals the *débris* of my property from the Captain's cabin. It was truly lamentable to behold this wreckage of my belongings: everything being utterly and hopelessly ruined—books, bags, boots and shoes, alike soaked and useless. Two of the panels of the cabin had been smashed in by a heavy sea; and the water had completely filled all the lockers. A great deal more must also have come in from above and from all sides, for the sofa-berth, a pretty high one, on which most of my things had been piled for safety, was inundated. From my travelling bag, containing all my little needments, more than a gallon of water was poured; while my favourite despatch bag, in which, among other things, were numerous letters of introduction, was reduced to a pulp. The contents of a bank-note case were so saturated and mixed together, that it was with difficulty the numbers of the notes could be read. Soon after we had been moved, the steward brought us a little warm water in a tin pan, apologetically explaining that every jug in the ship was broken, which news did not surprise me, after the appalling noises which we heard last night. He also asked us what we should like to have to eat; at the same time suggesting that cooking was difficult, and

mentioning that we could not have anything cold, as the meat-safe and its contents had been washed overboard. I don't think that it mattered much, for nobody appeared to have a keen appetite.

The ship continued to roll and labour heavily, and the seas to wash over her fore and aft, making everything above and below wet and miserable. One sea, more mountainous than its predecessors, broke, as we were afterwards informed, thirty feet over the heads of those on the bridge. This state of things continued without interruption throughout the night, until early on Sunday morning, when things began to look a little brighter. About noon a few passengers might be seen to creep out of their berths and to compare notes on the experiences and miseries of the last forty-eight hours. It was not an enlivening scene; even now. The water was still washing about everywhere. It was impossible to have a bath, because the ten bath-rooms were full of wet cloths and



11·45·P.M.



11·46·P.M.

clothes; the carpets from the cabins were hung up to dry all over the place, together with garments of every description;

while the passages were cumbered with soaked portmanteaus, hat-boxes, and luggage of various kinds, which it was not practicable to send on deck to be dried, as the sea was stil coming over freely fore and aft. The saloon was dark and airless, owing to the canvas covers on the skylights. There too the water was swashing backwards and forwards, three or four inches deep. The few people who were in the saloon wore mackintoshes and sea-boots. One old gentleman had even provided himself with a 'sou'-wester' and an umbrella, and was sitting at the centre table holding on to a large glass of whisky and hot water, a necessary precaution against its being upset. In another, the driest, corner, was quite a picturesque little gipsy-like encampment, consisting of a Caffre and a Hottentot nurse with their mistresses' respective babies and children, all squatted on the floor on some bright coloured blankets and shawls, under umbrellas, with rugs and mackintoshes over them to protect them from the drippings from above.

Of course it was useless to think of having the usual church service; but the weather continued to improve, and towards the afternoon many of the passengers came up to enjoy the bright sunshine on the few dry spots on deck. Among others, our two maids appeared in gorgeous array, each provided with a novel with a yellow cover; but being told by more than one person that they would be much better employed below drying the clothes and getting things straight, they promptly



DRENCHED

retired to their berths again and were seen no more. Perhaps it was as well for their own comfort that they thus vanished, judging from my own experiences; for, in trying a little later on to get to my cabin on deck, I was caught by a sea which struck the vessel heavily, and drenched me to the skin.



CASCAES BAY

The sea was so much smoother when evening came, that at dinner there was quite a fair muster of passengers; including a few ladies; and I decided to sleep in my airy though somewhat damp cabin on deck again, in preference to the stuffy abode below, which the heat of the steam-pipes from the pantry rendered almost insufferable. At eleven o'clock we made the Burling Light some distance off; and the next morning (Monday, October 1) at 4 A.M. we found ourselves rolling about at the mouth of the Tagus, waiting for daylight, and a pilot to take us over the bar.

Cascaes Bay, where we have more than once lain in the 'Albatross,' 'Meteor' and 'Sunbeam,' waiting for a storm to abate, or for the wind to change, looked bright and pretty in the early dawn, the little fort of St. Julien just catching the

light between the passing showers; and as the sun rose, its rays produced the most beautiful rainbow effects on the



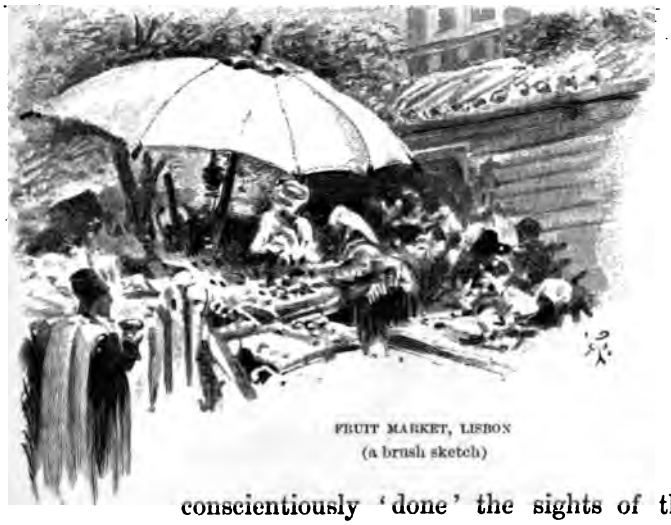
MULETAS

mountains of Cintra, and the wooded heights, crowned by the Castle of Penha. Cintra, lovely Cintra! what happy days I have spent, time and again, among your groves and gardens! Soon after getting under way again we met a large fleet of fishing boats going out to their daily labour, the variety of style shown in their shapes and rigs producing a pleasing absence of uniformity. Among them might be seen the now old-fashioned *muletas*, with their quaint bows, on board most of which a man stood on the gunwale throwing water into the sail with a long-handled metal 'skeet.' Others were lateen rigged, with a quaint little sail amidships, which in nearly every case was now being spread to catch the first faint breeze of morning. Each boat seemed to carry a large crew; and, whatever other varieties of style their builders might have indulged in, one invariable feature was the representation of an eye painted in bold colours on the bow, to guard the fishermen from evil, and to ensure the protection of the Virgin.

At the little village of Cascaes some sort of bathing festival must have been going on, for I never saw so many people on the beach there before. The king has a palace close by, where he generally resides at this season of the year; and the

place is also much frequented by the Portuguese in summer. The views on the water-way up the Tagus to Lisbon, including the mountains of Setubal and the Castle of Palmella on the heights on the one side, and the large church and picturesque Tower of Belem on the other, are delightful.

You may be sure we lost no time after the anchor was dropped in going ashore in the steam-tug, in which Mr. Pinto Basto, the Company's agent, had come alongside. Our first proceeding on landing was to visit a somewhat interesting market, where we enjoyed some fresh green figs and luscious grapes; and then we turned our attention to the finny wonders of the deep in the adjacent fish market and the picturesque costumes of their vendors. The carriages we had sent for having at last arrived, some of our party went on an excursion to Belem; while others, as I did, felt that having already



FRUIT MARKET, LISBON
(a brush sketch)

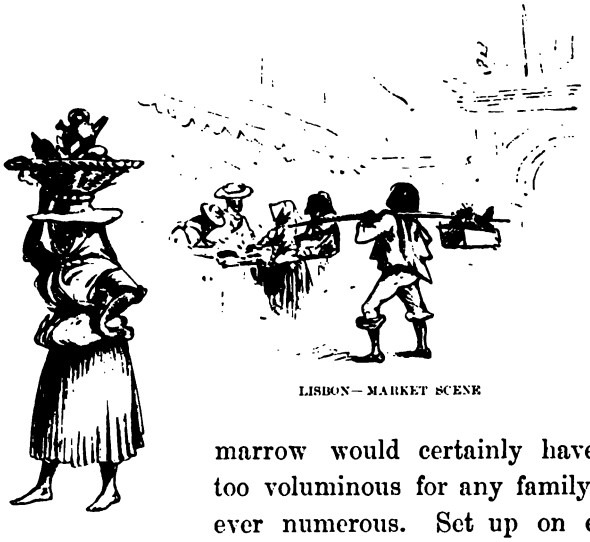
conscientiously 'done' the sights of the neighbourhood, we might be allowed to amuse ourselves by strolling up and down the streets and looking about us. We went first to the 'Silver' and 'Gold'

streets which, I was sorry to find, have deteriorated of late. Twenty, or even ten years ago it was possible to pick up here the most exquisite brilliants and paste-work in antique settings (to say nothing of old orders and crosses), at modest prices: now everything is modern and reminds one only of the Palais Royal. We consoled ourselves by a visit to another market, where we found the entrance to the butchers department, to which our coachman drove us by mistake, defended by six bull-dogs, tied up, but still alarmingly fierce. As I led 'Sir Roger,' in terror of his life, past them, I confess I felt personally uncertain as to whether the ferocious-looking brutes might not take a piece out of one of my own ankles in making a dart at the poodle. Inside the market-place, each stall was sheltered by a huge umbrella; and very gay the costumes of the market-women looked among the heaps of scarlet tomatoes, orange, green, and red capsicums and chilies, oranges, lemons, chestnuts, quinces, pears, apples, grapes, figs, bananas, and various other fruits, besides vegetables out of number. In one place there was an odd-looking old man in a long red coat, something like a beadle's, collecting coppers for some charitable object; while in another might be seen an aged priest in a violet cassock who was making his purchases, followed by a respectable-looking old major-domo bearing a huge basket in which to place them. A portion of the market was held in red wooden sheds, under the shade of some pepper trees, among which was one specially picturesque stall, presided over by



THE OLD ALMONER

a comely dame with a purple and yellow shawl across her shoulders, looking like a veritable Pomona among her luscious autumn fruits and succulent vegetables. The stall was hung round with wicker cages and baskets and rush chairs, and contained an immense stock of gourds, pumpkins, and vegetable-marrows, which people seemed to purchase, not exactly by the yard, but by the foot and even the inch, the required length being cut off for each customer. An entire

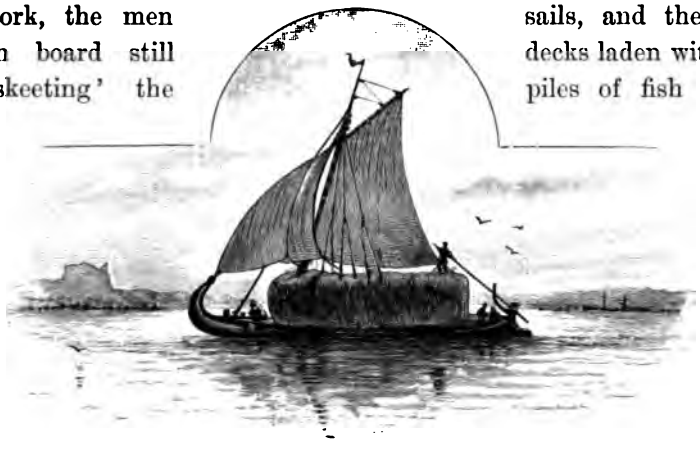


LISBON—MARKET SCENE

marrow would certainly have been too voluminous for any family, however numerous. Set up on end in rows, they looked like the stones placed against the sides of the road to protect the pathway or the borders of a lawn.

At two o'clock we had to be on board the tug, in which we returned to the steamer laden with fresh fruit, vegetables, butter, &c. The 'Norham Castle' was still surrounded by boats—for although the operation of coaling was finished, she was still taking in cargo; and the decks were crowded with people who had come to see their friends, and with vendors of every imaginable article of Lisbon manufacture. They were

quickly got rid of, however, and we were soon swiftly steaming down the river again. We met all the fishing boats returning from their day's work, the men on board still 'skeeting' the water on to the sails, and their decks laden with piles of fish of



HAY-BOATS OFF PALMELLA

various sorts. They had evidently had a good take; and the fishermen seemed in the highest possible spirits. We also passed several hay-boats, which, except for the shape of the bows, differed little in appearance from the familiar Thames hay-flat. Directly we got outside the ship began to roll horribly again, which made dinner a most uncomfortable meal. Everybody was glad when it was over; though on deck things were not much more pleasant, for we were still

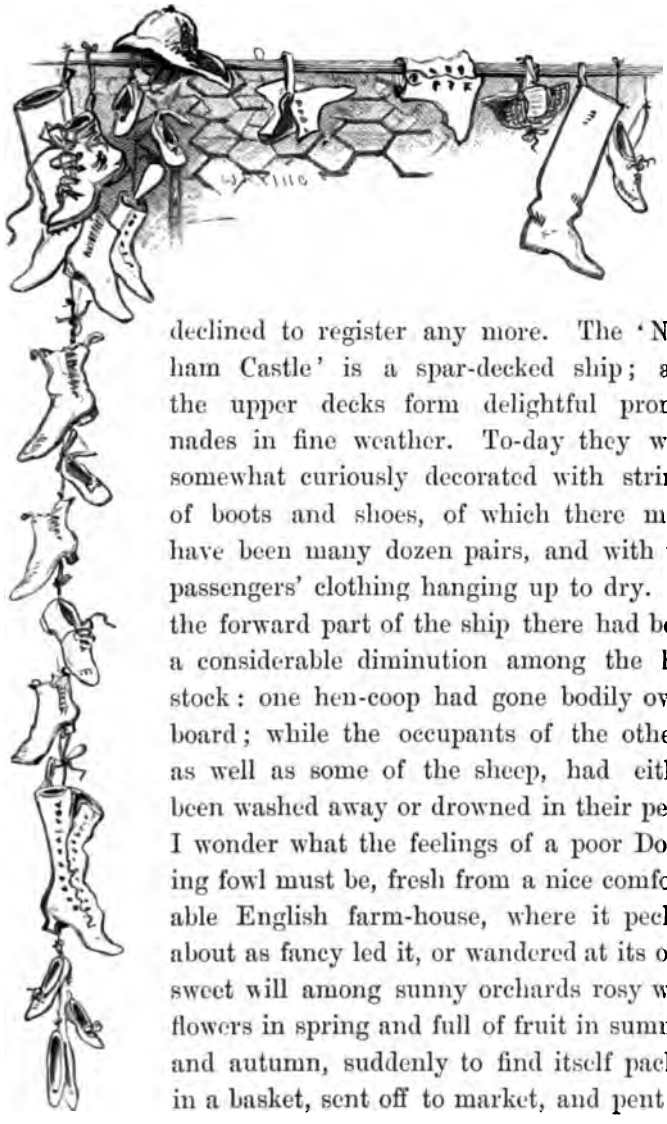


TAKING SIGHTS UNDER DIFFICULTIES

shipping large quantities of water. There was no alternative, consequently, but to turn in early and hope that the next day might bring an improvement.

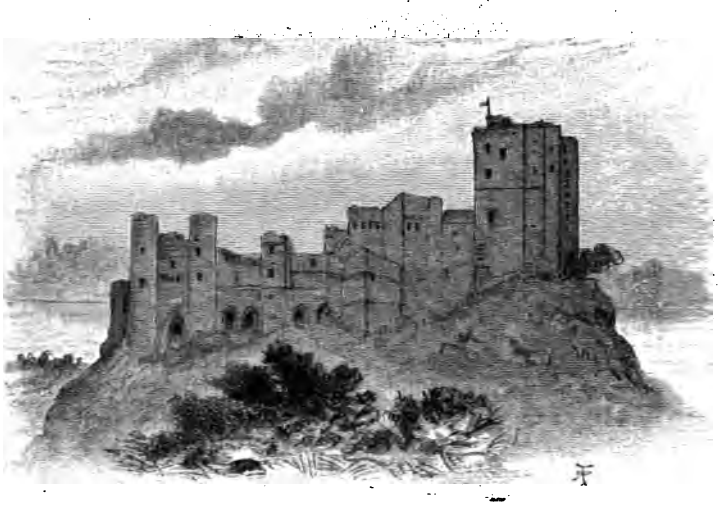
The events of the last few days have more than ever confirmed me in the opinion which I have always held, that while, up to a certain point, a big ship has advantages over a smaller craft in rough weather; directly you get beyond that point and meet with a really heavy gale, it is far preferable to be in a buoyant craft of 500 tons, that bounds lightly over the waves like a cork, than in one of 4,000 tons that goes right through them. Of course the smaller vessel may sometimes have to lie hove-to for many days, where the larger ship would still be ploughing her way bravely against the storm and wind; but even under those circumstances I think that the former would offer considerable advantages in the way of comfort, if not of safety. How I have longed for the dear old 'Sunbeam' during the last few days, and how glad I shall be to get on board her once more!

The next morning was mainly spent in the not very lively amusement of sorting the *débris* from the Captain's cabin, throwing overboard what was utterly spoilt, packing for England what it was possible to repair, and putting the slight valid remnant into my boxes for Madeira. If it had not been intensely annoying it would really have been amusing to see the curious shapes some of the things had assumed: particularly boots and shoes that had been afloat in the two drawers under the bed, from which gallons after gallons of water had been emptied. In the afternoon the first officer took us all over the ship, and even into the chart room, where we were allowed to look at the log and see the official description of the occurrences of the last few days. We were also shown the clinometer which, having registered a roll of 50° to port and 40° to starboard on the night of the storm, judiciously



declined to register any more. The 'Norham Castle' is a spar-decked ship; and the upper decks form delightful promenades in fine weather. To-day they were somewhat curiously decorated with strings of boots and shoes, of which there must have been many dozen pairs, and with the passengers' clothing hanging up to dry. In the forward part of the ship there had been a considerable diminution among the live stock: one hen-coop had gone bodily overboard; while the occupants of the others, as well as some of the sheep, had either been washed away or drowned in their pens. I wonder what the feelings of a poor Dorking fowl must be, fresh from a nice comfortable English farm-house, where it pecked about as fancy led it, or wandered at its own sweet will among sunny orchards rosy with flowers in spring and full of fruit in summer and autumn, suddenly to find itself packed in a basket, sent off to market, and pent up in a closely-crowded coop with hundreds of strange congeners on board a vessel which rocks and tosses the unhappy bird in the

most unaccountable manner, quite beyond the scope of all previous experience, and, perhaps, finally at the mercy of the waves in the Bay of Biscay. The poor Clydesdale looked very sorry for himself. The short-horn bull, of which the stall was on the lee-side of the deck, had not suffered so much and was pretty cheery; but the poor cow was lowing piteously and, I believe, utterly refused to give any milk. The handsome black retriever which General Valiant is taking out for Mr. Hinton looked rather miserable; but a little turn on deck and then a warm in the engine-room passage soon made him all right. We went all through the engine-room, down into the stoke-hole, and even along the screw-alley—in fact wherever the chief engineer was good enough to take us. He showed us the machinery for



NORHAM CASTLE, IN THE OLDEN TIME

producing the electric light and for working the refrigerator to preserve provisions; both perfect in their way. In fact,

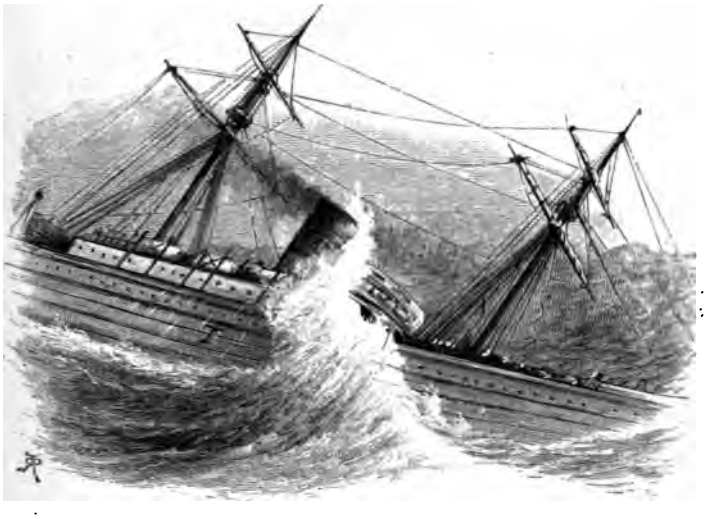
nothing could be better arranged than all the appointments of this magnificent ship. The cooks' and stewards' departments are equally well managed. The second steward, William Phillips, was our bedroom steward on board the 'Sunbeam' for some months, and went to Cyprus with us; and as Tom had got him his present situation, you may be sure he does his best to look after us. His chief, Mr. Coe, has also been most kind and attentive, as indeed was everyone on board with whom we had anything to do.

Our ship's godmother is a picturesque old castle on the banks of the Tweed, founded about the middle of the seventh century, by Oswald. It was for many years the stronghold of Christianity in the north of England; and derives a special interest from its connection with the marriage of James IV. and Margaret Tudor, and with the subsequent union of England and Scotland.

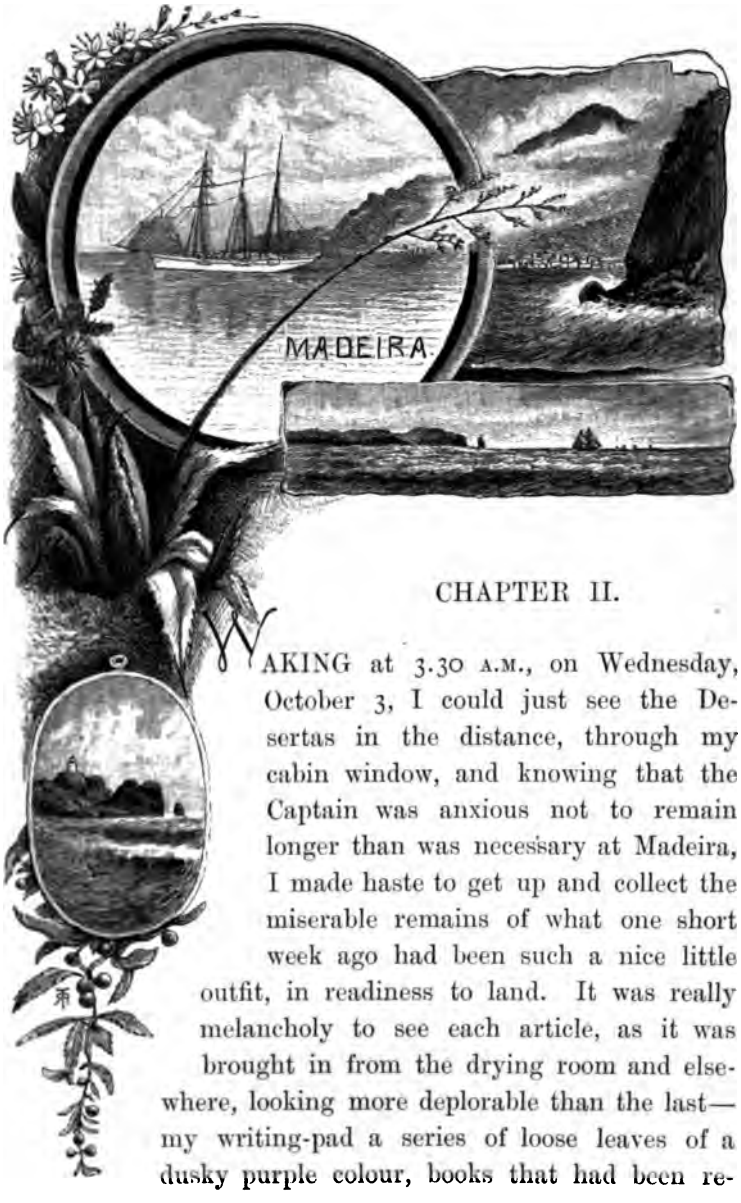
The weather had so far mended in the evening that in spite of the heavy roll we thought that we would go into the saloon and try to have some music. This was a work of some time and difficulty, the piano being already occupied by a young couple going to settle somewhere in the interior of Africa, who were trying over duets which they did not in the least know how to play: very much to their own satisfaction, but somewhat to the annoyance of other passengers, especially of those who, seated at a long table, were writing letters in readiness for to-morrow's homeward mail. The varied expressions and attitudes of the reluctant listeners were quite an interesting study. I hope none of the letters were *very* urgent, for on the morrow, sad to relate, we met the 'Hawarden Castle' just steaming out of the bay as we steamed in, and a week must elapse before the departure of the next mail for England.

Our last night on board. How delicious to think we shall

arrive at Funchal quite early in the morning and see Tom and the 'Sunbeam' again.



Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard,
When the surge was seething free ;
When the wallowing monster spouted
His foam fountains in the sea.



CHAPTER II.

WAKING at 3.30 A.M., on Wednesday, October 3, I could just see the Desertas in the distance, through my cabin window, and knowing that the Captain was anxious not to remain longer than was necessary at Madeira, I made haste to get up and collect the miserable remains of what one short week ago had been such a nice little outfit, in readiness to land. It was really melancholy to see each article, as it was brought in from the drying room and elsewhere, looking more deplorable than the last—my writing-pad a series of loose leaves of a dusky purple colour, books that had been re-

duced to pulp and had now become solid grey cakes; paper and printed matter hopelessly mixed up and impossible to read or to write upon; letters of introduction in the same sad condition; and boots and shoes that had assumed the most awkward shapes in the process of drying, very curious to look at no doubt, but unsuitable for all practical purposes. Other articles of wearing apparel appeared to be equally ruined, except what had been packed in Silver's air-tight cases. These latter I cannot sufficiently praise; for, in spite of their having been floating about in water for a considerable period, none of their contents were injured in the slightest degree.

Soon all these misfortunes were forgotten, as we saw Funchal, not very far distant, with the 'Sunbeam,' looking more beautiful than ever to my eyes, in a coat of new white paint, lying at anchor in the Bay, near several other ships. The engines were slowed; the anchor dropped; and we saw the 'Sunbeam's' gig lowered and advancing towards us, with Tom steering. He was soon under the stern; and we were able to hold a conversation and compare notes as to our respective experiences during the past month. It seems that he has had charming weather throughout, and that he has thoroughly enjoyed his lonely cruise from Malta and Gibraltar. As soon as the health-officer had been on board we were greeted by Mr. Hinton, and were surrounded by several other friends and people we were glad to see, including Mr. Cardwell, the manager of the Santa Clara Hotel. The sellers of every kind of Madeira produce also flocked on board, and quickly made the decks almost impassable. At 8 A.M. the 'Sunbeam' dressed ship in honour of our arrival, and fired (with considerable difficulty, as I afterwards heard) a salute from our two little brass carronades. One large heterogeneous mass of luggage was transferred to the various 'Sunbeam' and shore boats; and

after an early breakfast Tom went the round of the ship with Captain Winchester, while we said good-bye to all our kind friends on board.

In a brief space of time we found ourselves once more on the deck of the yacht, greeting many old friends and making acquaintance with the new hands, whom we hope to know better before many weeks are over. Soon afterwards we heard the farewell bell ring, and then the anchor being weighed, on board the steamer. As she left the roadstead, she passed close under the stern, the band on the poop playing, and every soul on board, judging by the number, cheering and waving hats, caps, and handkerchiefs. It was a kind thought and a graceful compliment: a pretty way of bidding us farewell which was much appreciated by us all. I suppose that the weather had kept most of the passengers below during the voyage, for I had never seen a twentieth part of them before, close companions as we must have been for a week.



GOOD-BYE

We lost no time, you may be sure, in making a general inspection of the 'Sunbeam,' which we found in the most perfect order, looking delightfully bright, fresh, and homelike after our recent voyage.

From the yacht we could see an emigrant ship, bound for Australia, which had put in here to renew her water-supply. She had had a very rough and prolonged passage from Scotland, and the poor emigrants had suffered great discomfort. The captain had appealed to the Consul, who, in his turn, had appealed to Tom and Mr. Humphreys, as holding master's certificates, to hold a formal enquiry into the state of the water-tanks, the contents of which were condemned as unfit for consumption.

Tom thought I should be interested to see the vessel, and we therefore boarded her on our way to the shore from the 'Sunbeam.' Our approach evidently created great excitement, and directly we drew near we were received with ringing cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. The emigrants appeared to be greatly interested in the children, and would all have shaken hands with us if they could. One man clapped Tom hard on the shoulder, and said, 'Well, sir, you have got the Missus out safe, and the wee bairns; God bless them and you too!'

I went into every hole and corner of the ship with the doctor, including the hospital, where one dear little child was lying, looking dreadfully ill, but where two new-born babies and their mothers seemed very bonny. The emigrants, as a rule, appeared to be of a respectable class; most of them being married, and having large families of children. There were also many domestic servants going out to make their way at the antipodes. 'Sir Roger' caused great amusement on board, especially among the children, for whose benefit he was put through some of his tricks.

As we said good-bye, with many a hearty hand-shake and exchange of good wishes, and went down the ladder again, deafening cheers were raised, which continued as long as we were in sight. Poor things! I felt that we had not done much to deserve such a display of enthusiasm, and wished sincerely

that it had been possible to do more to relieve what I fear must almost inevitably be the misery and discomfort of their long voyage. It is to be hoped, however, that they may be better favoured than hitherto in the matter of weather, and that the renewed water-supply may be more satisfactory than the first.

From the emigrant ship it was quite a hard pull to the shore, for the North-east Trades were blowing hard, and there was quite a heavy little 'lump' of a sea on. Half-way we had all to be transferred to two of the island boats, in which to go through the surf. The natives manage the landing very cleverly: turning the boat round with her bow outwards, and keeping her steady till a large wave comes, on the very crest of which they run her ashore stern foremost. On the beach rollers are placed to receive her, and many willing hands are ready to pull her up the steep, shelving shore, high and dry, before the next wave can beat over her. Once landed, we were surrounded by people and carried off along the stony beach, and put into one of the quaint bullock carts, which are the only kind of—I



cannot say *wheeled* carriage, inasmuch as they move on runners, as you will see—but the only kind of vehicle at all approaching our idea of a carriage to be met with in the

island. There are, however, many other conveyances of all kinds, of which more hereafter. The long-horned, large-eyed, patient-looking oxen, with two men going in front, carrying oiled cloths or cactus leaves, which they put under the runners to make the stones more slippery, dragged us up the fine shady old avenue of plane trees leading to the Grande Place, or Praça, where everybody walks and talks and gossips, and where the band plays two or three times a week. The old familiar, narrow, steep streets looked just as they had done in 1876, with their whitewashed walls, over which fragrant jessamine, stephanotis, hoya, roses, gorgeous scarlet hibiscus, grey plumbago, and yellow allamandas, threw their luxuriant festoons, as if to give a faint, dreamy idea of the beauties that may be concealed within.

The distance from the shore to the Santa Clara Hotel is about half a mile. The hotel, which had been specially recommended to us, on account of its high and cool situation (an all-important consideration at this time of year), is charmingly situated in the midst of a pretty garden, and contains many cool, airy, clean rooms of all kinds. How trim they did look, to be sure, after that uncomfortably moist steamer! Mr. Reed, the proprietor, and Mr. Cardwell, the manager, and his wife (the latter of whom have both been servants in English families, and therefore know exactly what one requires), spare no pains, as we afterwards found, to insure the comfort of their guests. The table is excellent, the charges not extravagant, and altogether we had every reason to be satisfied and pleased during our stay. Mr. Cardwell took charge of our luggage on board the steamer; and though Mr. Reed, I am afraid, had a great deal of trouble at the Custom House, especially as to our saddles, *we* suffered none, and knew nothing more about it until we saw it all in our own rooms. The contents were unpacked without delay; and the

balconies, garden, and every available spot, were speedily covered with the sad *débris* and melancholy remains of our outfits.

In the afternoon we made our first expedition: some of the party walking, some in hammocks, the latter carried by bearers in the usual costume of white shirts and trousers, sailors' hats with gay ribbons, and neck-handkerchiefs, to see our old friend, Dr. Grabham, the one English physician here, a most accomplished man, brimful of information on every possible subject. His garden contains an interesting collection



THE LOO ROCK

of plants and trees, all of which he showed us, and some of which particularly attracted my attention. Among them was the sloth tree (*Cecropia*), all arms and legs—an old Brazilian friend—and the scarlet banana, appropriately named *Banana cardinalis* (*Musa coccinea*). Surely never was Cardinal half so gorgeous as this shrub, with its brilliant scarlet spikes, growing beside the quaint orange and purple, crane-headed, *Strelitzia reginæ*, the flowers of which always look to me so like some arrogant farmyard roosters trying their best to get

their heads one above another and to have the last crow. Dr. Grabham has a great fancy for clocks, of which he possesses a beautiful collection. Fifteen are regulated by one electrical machine; and I do not know how many are not regulated at all. Then there was a very fine telescope, and a variety of other attractive things to be seen, so that our visit was somewhat prolonged. I am not sure that the best did not come almost at the last—the beautiful lily-of-the-valley tree (*Clethra arborea*) which bears branches of white flowers, like five or six sprays of lilies-of-the-valley growing from one stalk, and emitting the most delicious scent. It also yields a fine white wood, much valued in Madeira, though scarcely, if at all, known in England. There was also the black Til (*Oreodaphne fœtens*—so called from its horrible smell) or native laurel, which produces a hard, black wood like ebony—and some fine specimens of a lovely red lily with a gold-coloured tassel in the centre, almost filling its beautiful scarlet cup. It is a pity that the want of leaves slightly detracts from the otherwise perfect beauty of this lily. Not by any means the least among the attractions of this delightful garden are the glorious views that it commands over the bay beneath, in which we could now see the 'Duntrune,' 'Red Jacket,' and other ships lying at anchor, as though in a picture, framed by the branches of the splendid old tulip tree, planted by Captain Cook.

The 'Red Jacket' was, when first built, supposed to be the fastest clipper afloat. Another interesting ship that was pointed out to us was the 'Erna,' which, some years ago, was abandoned by her crew off the northern coast of Scotland. She remained afloat, however, and was seen again later on off Queenstown; after which nothing was heard of her until some fortunate fishermen, going further afield—or afloat—than usual, to earn their daily bread, found her drifting

about, and towed her, as a derelict, in to Funchal, where she now does duty as a coal hulk. The 'Duntrune' is a type of one of the fast clipper-built ships of the present day; in, which category the 'Sunbeam,' though much smaller, may also fairly be classed.

A short descent took us to Mr. Blandy's 'quinta,' in the grounds of which we found almost every flower we could think of, in the fullest bloom and in the greatest profusion: rare ferns growing as thickly as weeds, and all the trellises covered with stephanotis, hoya, roses, and heliotrope, diffusing their sweetest fragrance on the evening air. There are shady walks all about the garden, and a capital tennis court of concrete, close by a magnificent Bella-Sombra tree, the huge roots of which have forced themselves above the ground, while its branches grow in a perpendicular direction, looking as if they would soon take root downwards and make a vast tent, like one of those Indian fig or banyan trees, under which it is said that an army could encamp.

But it was now growing rapidly dark; so we had to tear ourselves reluctantly away and descend to the hotel, where, after a delicious evening on the verandah, we were glad to enjoy the luxury of a steady bed that does not pitch its occupant out unexpectedly, and the still greater comfort of not being obliged to wear sea boots, or to run the risk of stepping into a gentle 'wash' of six or eight inches of sea water.



PEASANT NEAR FUNCHAL

Perhaps, before proceeding further with the description of our stay in Madeira, it may not be out of place to say a few words as to the history of the island.

Mentioned as the Purple or Mauritanian Islands by Pliny, and supposed to have been colonised by the Phœnicians, nothing really authentic was known of the place until the time of the famous all-discovering navigator Prince Henry of Portugal.

An expedition despatched by him in 1418 discovered Porto Santo, and, a year after, the island which was called Madeira, from the immense amount of wood and forests which it contained. Tradition, however, relates that, nearly a hundred years before, in 1336, an English nobleman, Robert Machim by name, fell in love with Anna d'Arphet, a young lady of higher rank, who returned his affection, but whose parents would not hear of their marriage. The young couple determined to escape from Bristol to France. They chartered a small vessel; encountered rough weather; were driven about by gales; and, after fourteen days' tossing about, were cast ashore on the Island of Madeira, at a place subsequently called Machico, to commemorate the event. The poor lady succumbed to the hardships of the voyage: her husband died a few days afterwards, and they were both buried at Machico, where their companions built a small church to the memory of the ill-starred pair. A large cedar-wood cross was also erected a few miles further on at the place now called Santa Cruz. Some of the crew escaped to the coast of Africa, only 400 miles distant, where they met a Portuguese pilot, who subsequently told the story to his royal master, Prince Henry, and Zargo was in consequence sent on a voyage of investigation. He unfortunately made use of his discovery of the Island of Madeira to burn much of the wood and destroy the splendid forests, some historians asserting that the fires continued to burn for seven years. Zargo returned to Portugal; and the following year he returned to take possession of the country, which was entirely uninhabited. He erected the existing church at Machico, using

as part of his materials the wood of the tree under which Robert Machim and his wife were originally buried.

Perestrello, one of the first of the explorers who landed at Porto Santo, had an only daughter, who married Christopher Columbus, and who appears to have shown her husband various charts and memoranda relating to her father's numerous voyages in the Atlantic. These documents first inspired the great navigator with the idea of searching for a New World. Columbus lived for many years at Porto Santo, paying occasional visits to Madeira and Lisbon in the intervals of his long voyages.

In 1508 Funchal was made a city; in 1514 a bishopric; in 1539 an archbishopric. Then, in 1547, it was reduced to a bishopric again, and the Archiepiscopal see was removed to Goa, in India. In 1566 the Island was attacked by a band of French marauders, who landed from eight galleons, doing much damage, carrying off everything they could lay hands on, and, for a time, seriously checking the prosperity of the inhabitants. In 1580, when Portugal became subject to Spain, Madeira shared the fate of the mother country, until 1640, when Portuguese rule was again restored. In 1768, Captain Cook, on his way round the world in the 'Endeavour,' battered the fort on the Loo rock, with the assistance of a British frigate, as a reprisal for some insult to the British flag. The Government of the day discountenanced the publication of this not very creditable incident, which is therefore not recorded in Hawksworth's account of Cook's first voyage. In 1773, the Marquis de Pombal, the Portuguese minister, terrified by the number of slaves in Portugal, promulgated a decree ordering the suppression of slavery, which was published at Madeira in 1775. In 1801 the British Government, as allies of Portugal, sent an army under Colonel Clinton, to occupy the Island till after the Peace of Amiens, when Madeira was evacuated by our troops. In 1807 it was

again seized by a British force under General Beresford, and the inhabitants were made to swear fealty to King George III. The island was nominally given up in the following April, but continued to be garrisoned by English troops till the conclusion of the general peace in 1814. In 1826 Madeira, like Portugal, was divided against herself by the Miguelite troubles; but when in 1853 poor Dona Maria's authority was definitively established, things in the island assumed a more peaceable footing. Her untimely death was followed by the regency of her husband, until the coming of age and accession to the throne of her son, Dom Pedro; which event was celebrated with great rejoicings at Funchal in 1855. Since then everything has been quiet and peaceful. Long may it continue so!



THE 'ENDEAVOUR'



CHAPTER III.

MADEIRA.

A land of streams! Some like a downward smoke,
Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

Thursday, October 4th.

WE were to have started for Cabo Girão (so named because Zargo and his companions are said to have turned back there) at ten o'clock this morning; but the delay in passing our saddles through the Custom House made it much later before we got away; and our eleven im-

patient steeds were pawing the ground for a long time in front of the hotel while we waited within. They were all nice little horses, very fresh after a summer's rest. Such a clatter and caracoling they made on the hard paved streets, as we at last set forth on our expedition, each with an attendant *burriquiero*, or groom! It was not long before we were clear of the town and got on to a capital soft road, under shady trees, where we enjoyed a good gallop. Some of the horses were in the highest spirits, and performed all manner of antics, kicking and curvetting about at random. The sea was close on our left; and the views across it were splendid: especially in the direction of the Gorgulho Fort and Praya Formosa. Between the two there is a curious hole in the rock, through which the sea is visible; and in stormy weather the waves are driven upwards with great violence in a column of water and spray.

The good road was on far too grand a scale to last long. It came to an ignominious termination at a bridge over the Ribiero dos Soccorridos, so called from the fact that two of Zargo's companions were nearly drowned but were happily rescued here. The river rises in the mountains of the Grand Curral; and the view upwards from the bridge is strikingly fine. Dana says that 'one of the greatest peculiarities of the mountain scenery of Madeira consists in the jagged outlines of the ridges, the rude towers and needles of rock that characterise the higher peaks as well as the lower elevations, and the deep precipitous gorges which intersect the mountains almost to their bases.' The Ribiero dos Soccorridos was once a vast stream, on the broad bosom of which the trunks of noble trees from the pine forests above were floated down to the coast. The destruction of the forests, unfortunately, involved the impoverishment of the river; and now nothing remains but a few comparatively insignificant trees and a rapid mountain torrent.



London: Longmans & Co.

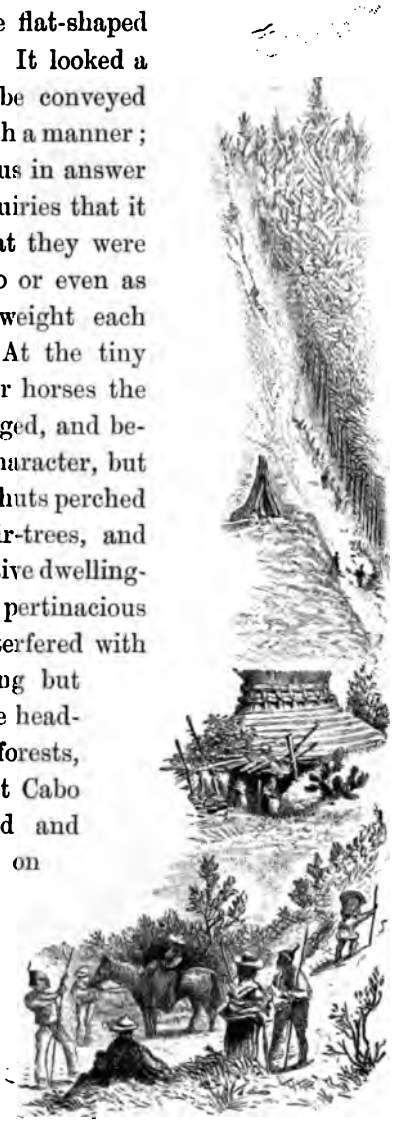
At this point our 'grand road' having come to an end, by very precipitous paved mountain-paths, sometimes ascending and sometimes descending, we reached the little fishing-village of Camara do Lobos (or 'place of seals'). Here it was that we had embarked in 1876 after our expedition up the Grand Curral. To-day we rested in the shady market-place for a short time to enable men, horses, and dogs to recruit their strength before making the long steep ascent that lay before them. It was, indeed, a fearful gradient, and how the eleven plucky little horses managed to take us all up, puzzles me; for the weight of some members of the party was considerable.



PICNIC AT CAPE GIRÃO

There was an end for a time to their caracoling. As we rose higher and higher, the character of the vegetation began to change entirely and to lose its tropical character. Not far from a spot where the narrowness of the path compelled us

to dismount, we overtook two men who were carrying our lunch on their heads in the picturesque flat-shaped baskets of the country. It looked a fearfully heavy load to be conveyed up these steep hills in such a manner; but the bearers assured us in answer to our sympathising inquiries that it was quite light, and that they were accustomed to carry 250 or even as much as 300 pounds weight each in a similar manner. At the tiny hamlet where we left our horses the scenery completely changed, and became quite Scotch in character, but with little Fijian-looking huts perched among furze, broom, fir-trees, and pines. From these primitive dwelling-places issued a horde of pertinacious beggars, who greatly interfered with the pleasure of our long but delightful walk round one headland, through the pine forests, to the threshing-floor at Cabo Girão, where we rested and lunched, with a view on either side such as no words could describe. An odd place, you will think, for a threshing-floor; but corn only grows on the tops



MOUNTAIN HUTS

of the hills in Madeira, and the fields were therefore close at hand.

A few yards further, and we found ourselves at the verge of what some have described as 'the most magnificent headland in the world,' a straight basaltic wall rising a sheer 2,000 feet from the sea. For most people, the only way really to enjoy the glorious prospect and to realise its stupendous character as seen from this dizzy height is to lie down flat and put their heads over the edge of the cliff, and there luxuriate to their heart's content in wonder and amazement. A stone thrown down from the top seems to take ages, so to speak, to reach the bottom; large fishing-boats on the sea beneath look like flies, and everything else is dwarfed and diminished in similar proportion. On such a spot Shakespeare's samphire-gatherer recurs naturally to the mind, and we feel the life-like truthfulness of his description of Dover cliffs.

At Campanario, about an hour's ride from Cabo Girão, is a beautiful chestnut-grove belonging to Count Carvalhal, one of the trees of which is the giant of the forest, its girth being more than thirty-five feet. There is a door in the trunk; and the hollow within is fitted up as a room, with chairs, tables, and other furniture. A friend told me he had often played whist and had even slept in this fine old tree. I am sorry we had not time to go and see it; but it lay rather out of our course. By a much more precipitous but less circuitous route, through more groves of Spanish chestnuts, we reached the spot where we had left the horses, and quickly remounted. It had been cool on the heights; but as we rapidly descended we felt the heat again. The paths, which had seemed steep enough to ascend, now assumed the aspect of house-walls; so alarmingly precipitous in fact were they, that several of the party declined to ride down, trustworthy as the little horses had hitherto proved themselves to be. Personally, I always

prefer being on a horse's back to relying on my own legs under similar, or, I might almost say, under any circumstances; and in the present instance my confidence was not misplaced, for I reached the bottom without a single stumble.

After another brief halt at Camara do Lobos, we paid a visit to the beach, with its picturesque boats loading and unloading in the evidently volcanic-made harbour. Then another scramble up and down the stony paths brought us once more to the bridge and the good road already referred to.

As we were leaving the village we met the funeral of a poor little dead child all shrouded in white lace, with its



CHILD'S FUNERAL

tiny wax-like hands clasped on its breast: the afternoon sun shining on its golden hair. It was being carried on a little bier to its last resting-place by four children, probably its

playmates of yesterday. In these hot climates delay in the interment of the dead is obviously inadvisable. Some of these days, perhaps, we may realise the fact that the health of the living is imperilled by the length of time during which we, alone among the nations of Europe, keep above ground the remains of those whom we love.

A sharp canter in the now cool sea-breeze completed our excursion, and we re-entered Funchal just before seven o'clock.

Friday, October 5th.—After a quiet morning, we started at noon, some riding, some in hammocks, through the steep streets of the town, mounting fast into the purer cooler air on our way to the Palheiro, where Mr. Elwes had invited us to lunch. On and on we went, rising higher and higher, the views becoming more enchanting at every step, as we looked back upon the bay below over the picturesque train of hammock-men marching cheerily up the steep ascent. Gradually we reached the region of pines and fir-trees, like those we had seen yesterday. The Palheiro itself boasts the most splendid grove of stone-pines in the island; besides Portugal laurels over forty feet high, and camellia-trees of equally gigantic proportions. A story is told of some one making an excursion to see these famous camellias and returning much disappointed at having failed to discover them. He was induced to pay a second visit to the spot, and was much surprised, on being told by his friends to look upwards, to find a huge canopy of large scarlet and white blossoms, between forty and fifty feet over head. It was here that we had our first sight of the pink Belladonna lilies, growing in all their glory. These beautiful plants are a species of Amaryllis, named by some poetical Italian Belladonna, because the tints of red, pink and white are so delicately blended in their petals that they are supposed to resemble the complexion of a lovely woman. They should

of the Grand Curral, or Curral das Freiras. The scenery is splendid, consisting of abrupt precipices, richly wooded hills and crags, rushing waters, and a paradise of ferns and mosses. To-day, owing to the rain, the road was bad; and in spite of the cleverness and agility of our bearers, we were a long time getting to the Mount Church. This is usually the first object of interest that every visitor to the island is taken to see: its two white towers being visible from every part of the city of Funchal. It is a church much venerated by the islanders; and to Nossa Senhora do Monte are attributed many beneficent miracles. Once in particular, when the island was threatened with famine, a general procession of the inhabitants repaired to the Mount and prostrated themselves in prayer before the altar. The next day a ship laden with grain arrived in the harbour; while the image of the Virgin in the church was found to be dripping with moisture. Some people went so far as to say they had seen the Madonna gracefully swimming ahead of the ship, towing her in with a cable between her teeth, there being no breeze blowing at the time. As a rule there is not much to see in the Mount Church; but it happened this morning that an interesting 'function' was being solemnised in one of the side chapels.

Not far from the church is the Monte Quinta, one of the most delightful in all Madeira, the residence of Mr. Cossart. Not only are the vegetation by which it is surrounded rare and beautiful and the grounds tastefully laid out, but a running stream of water on the very summit of this high hill has been diverted into ponds and lakes, on which float quite a flotilla of small craft. The effect of the setting sun reflected in these miniature pools, and of the view beyond them over the Bay of Funchal to Cabo Girão and the boundless ocean, is nobly impressive. Another open-air entertainment had here been hospitably provided for us. The tea, fruit, and cakes on the small tables, scattered about under the

ships at anchor. By day, or in fact at any time, a *carro* ride is full of enjoyment; but, if possible, by all means let your first expedition be made in the dark.

On the present occasion the fascinating amusement unfortunately made us rather late for dinner; for we found Miss Blandy already waiting for us; and her father arrived almost as soon as we did. Tom, as usual, went off after dinner to sleep on board the yacht, in case anything should go wrong in the night. I and the children accompanied him to-night, so as to be ready for our early start for Rabaçal in the morning.

There are no real harbours in Madeira—only open roadsteads; so that if a gale springs up there is nothing for it but to up anchor and put to sea. The unpleasant possibility that the wind might change, and that the yacht might have to make a run for it suddenly at any time, was therefore always present to our minds during our stay in the island.



PREPARED FOR THE WORST

Saturday, October 6.—There seemed to be a general impression in the minds of those to whom we spoke on the subject that our proposed expedition of to-day to Rabaçal and back was rather a formidable undertaking. The waiter of the hotel gravely assured me that it was impossible to accomplish the journey in less than two or more—probably three—days. Not knowing much about the matter ourselves, it was useless to dispute this opinion; and we accordingly gave way to what appeared to us a somewhat

unreasonable prejudice in favour of a very early start. Forty hammock-men with twelve hammocks arrived on board at 3 A.M. to a moment, creeping about the deck like mice, for fear they should disturb us. Their hats were all tied on firmly with handkerchiefs, as if they expected to encounter a terrific gale directly they set foot on the yacht. It must therefore have been with a great sense of relief that, finding there was absolutely not a breath of wind blowing, they untied their handkerchiefs again, curled themselves up under the bulwarks, and went fast asleep. Soon after five, with commendable punctuality, our party of friends from the shore arrived; and immediately after they had embarked we got up steam and proceeded along the beautiful coast, past Camara do Lobos and Cabo Girão, to Calheta.

As soon as we were fairly under way I caused to be served out from the forecastle to each of the hammock-bearers a large cup of hot coffee, two or three biscuits, and, last, but not by any means least in their estimation I think, a small glass of spirits. This unexpected meal was a pleasant surprise to them, and one which they much appreciated. Even more were they delighted by being taken all round the yacht and shown the various cabins and the objects of interest brought from all parts of the world. I did my best to explain all about them in bad Spanish, which I hoped might pass muster as inferior Portuguese, especially as I managed to introduce a few words of the latter language. Their gratitude for the very small amount of trouble which I had taken was unbounded: their thanks in some cases being quite touchingly expressed: That 'Nossa Senhora may bless the lady and all belonging to her!' that 'all the lady's shadow falls on may prosper!' and so forth.

We reached the pretty little Bay of Calheta at seven, and at once embarked in native boats for the shore. The same system of landing is used here as at Funchal; but the beach

being steeper, the boulders bigger, and the breakers larger, more care and caution have to be exercised; and the operation takes more time. A man swam out with a rope in his teeth; and I got hold of it, while he propped himself against the side of the boat, fastened the rope, and after waiting what appeared to be a considerable interval for a suitable opportunity, towed us gently in on the crest of a very big wave, to the wooden rollers on the beach, just as the beachmen had done at Funchal. It was very hot on landing; but we at once got into our hammocks and were carried gaily by the trotting bearers, upwards always upwards, into a cooler air. After about half an hour's steady climb the men stopped and rested, close to a picturesque water-mill, the conduit-pipe of which was formed by the hollow trunk of a tree. This was the first water-mill we had been able to observe closely, though such buildings are numerous all over the island. A little way further on the sea began to disappear, and we got into a region of clouds, which speedily turned to rain and threatened to drench us completely, in spite of the fair promise of the morning. We crossed a large moor, quite Scotch in appearance, and with watercresses growing in the little mountain streams: the only unfamiliar



feature in the landscape being the numerous centipedes that crawled, and the locusts that jumped, about our feet. Soon afterwards another change of scene awaited us. The exquisitely fern-fringed mouth of what looked like a dark cavern in front of us, was really the entrance to the tunnel which pierces the central mountain range, and through which the greater part of the water-supply is conveyed in *levadas*, or stone water-courses, from the north side of the island, where it is almost always raining, to the south, where comparatively little rain falls. Our progress through the tunnel was curiously interesting. The ferns of course vanished when we were twenty yards from the entrance; and it became pitch dark, except for the glaring smoky light of bunches of twigs dipped in some resinous compound, which made those who carried these primitive torches look singularly weird, as they ran along on the edge of the *levada*, with its swiftly flowing current of clear water beneath them. Arrived at the other end, what a change met our astonished gaze! The passage through the tunnel had been like the touch of a magician's wand. From the barren moor, we had emerged into a sort of semi-tropical Killarney, rain and all, with abrupt precipices and tree-clothed crags on all sides, and ferns and mosses everywhere. I could have spent the



WATER-MILL

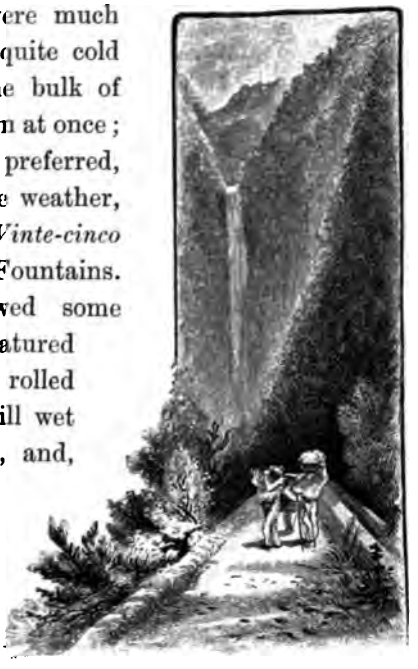
whole day in any one spot examining and collecting the mosses and ferns with pleasure and profit. The heaths (*Erica*)



were twenty or thirty feet high, and seven or eight feet in circumference, and there were innumerable laurustinus, Portugal laurels, daphnes, lily-of-the-valley trees, and tils, clothed from head to foot in a fairy-like drapery of hare's-foot fern. And the walls of the *levadas*; what rare studies of nature they offered! One forgot all sense of danger in gazing on the varied loveliness of the scene; although the heavy rain marred to some extent our perfect enjoyment of the spectacle. Without the downpour, however, we should have lost the grand effects of the mists rolling up the valley, sometimes completely hiding, oftener only partially enshrouding, the mountain tops. The path along the *levada*, picturesque though it otherwise was, was narrow and slippery, having only a width of one brick for the men to walk on, with often a sheer precipice on one side, hundreds of feet deep, over which the hammock hung perilously when the bearers turned a sharp corner. Sir Roger was in the highest possible spirits; and having once tumbled off the narrow one-brick path of duty into the *levada*, where he had a nice swim in the beautiful clear water, he must needs gambol about to dry himself and tumble over on the other side, luckily where the precipice was not very

steep. In his descent he stuck first in a great heath-tree, then in a til-tree, then in some creepers, and so on; until, quite unhurt, though uttering piteous cries for help, he landed on his feet at the bottom, and managed with many joyous barks to find his way up by the bank a little further on.

The rain seemed to fall more and more heavily; and we were not sorry to find the house of one of the Commissioners of Works (to whom we had a letter of introduction) come in sight, on the other side of the steep ravine, up a sharp ascent. We were hospitably received by our host; our drenched clothes were taken to be dried, and a room was given to us in which to spread our lunch. Some cups of Silver's excellent preserved soups, which carry their own fuel attached to each tin and require nothing but the application of a match, were much appreciated; for it was quite cold up here. Afterwards the bulk of the party decided to return at once; but four of our number preferred, in spite of the deplorable weather, to go on to see the *Vinte-cinco Fontes*, or Twenty-five Fountains. We accordingly borrowed some blankets of the good-natured manager, in which we rolled ourselves, leaving our still wet clothes to finish drying, and, accompanied by our host, proceeded down one of the most beautiful, but at the same time the very worst, roads it has



ever been my fortune to travel. In places it had been completely washed away by the rain; and how ever our bearers managed to carry us along without letting us roll over the side of the precipice is a mystery to me. Sometimes, too, they had to walk up to their knees in water, in the *levada* itself. I never thought of danger at the time, there was so much to distract my attention, though I suppose it was really a somewhat hazardous expedition; but the beauty of the scenery atoned for all the peril incurred. The Twenty-five Fountains (which quite realise the idea which we had formed of them from description) consist in reality of one high waterfall, tumbling over a perpendicular precipice, and in places almost hidden by the luxuriant growth of tree and other ferns, amid which little water-spouts spurt and jet out in every direction. I counted thirty instead of twenty-five 'fountains'; and there were numberless small ones besides. One could almost have believed it to be as artificial as the *grandes eaux* at Versailles; but then came the reassuring consciousness that it was too beautiful to be anything but Dame Nature's handiwork. What would it have been, I wondered, on a



warm, bright, sunny day? As it was, I felt almost as though the scene were too enchanting to be real—that I was in a dream, and should presently see fairy elves start from under every fern and begin their gambols by the bank of the dark deep silent pool, close to which was a cave that would have formed a fit resting-place for the Queen of the Fairies herself:—the entrance fringed and the roof canopied with hare's-foot fern, *polystichum*, and other ferns, rare to us; the floor a carpet of soft springy *hymenophyllum* and *trichomanes* of various sorts.

From this spot we went along another *levada* to the great Risco fountain, a straight waterfall, rushing over a sheer precipice, whence a steep, almost perpendicular climb, took us again to the house. We packed up the remains of the lunch; and, still enveloped in the welcome blankets which the manager insisted on our taking with us—for it was really cold and we were very wet—we made a start downwards by another route and through a different tunnel in the rock.

Directly we emerged on the south side, the weather and temperature completely changed; the rain had ceased; the sun was shining brightly; and we were only too glad to get rid of all the wraps for which we had been so thankful a short hour ago.

The extent to which the temperature varies as you mount or descend a few hundred feet, especially if you get at all to the northward of the central range of mountains, makes long excursions in Madeira somewhat dangerous for invalids, unless provided with plenty of warm coverings. I suppose in the present instance there must have been twice in the course of our upward and downward journey a difference of from 20 to 25 degrees. Our bearers descended at a tremendous pace; and in an hour and twenty-five minutes from the time of leaving the refuge at Rabaçal we were on board the

boat on our way to the yacht, and were soon after steaming away towards Funchal. The hammock-men had served out to them the good tea which they



THE FAIRIES' CAVE.

thoroughly deserved, and certainly appreciated; and when they left the ship, directly we arrived at our destination, they invoked many blessings on our heads, in the most charming old-fashioned-sounding phraseology.

Sunday, October 7.—My birthday. Arriving at the hotel, I found a table covered with letters and slips of paper bearing good wishes, and with a charming little selection of offerings, principally of native manufacture, and mostly purchased in the market the same morning. Among them was an ornamental and convenient picnic-basket, arranged in three tiers, from Muñie; two basket-work models of a hammock and a sledge from Baby, a pretty hat-shaped basket full of scarlet hibiscus and white datura, a curiously shaped bottle-gourd for carrying water, a charming little sketch from Mr. Pritchett, and numberless bouquets.

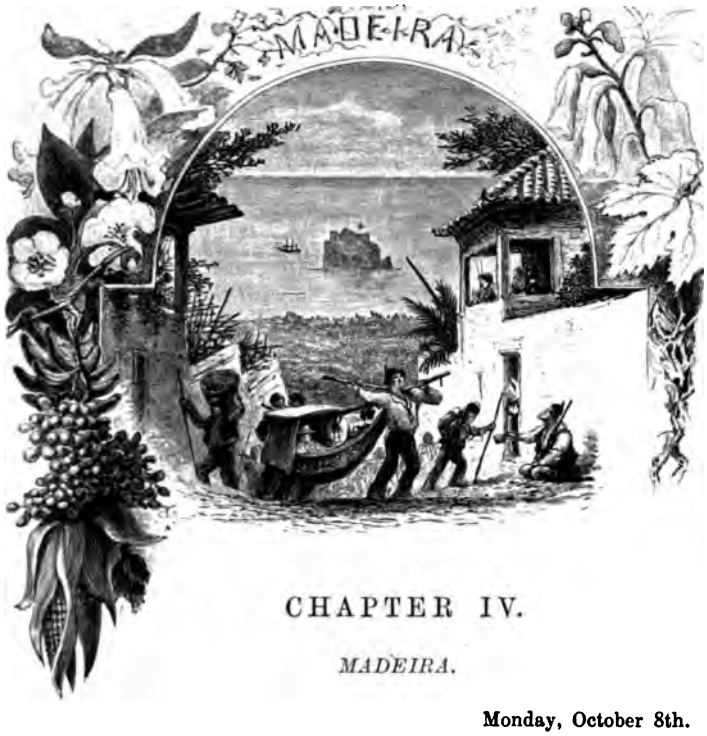
church we went to the cemetery. It is somewhat crowded; but on the whole is well kept. Some of the graves were simply covered with wreaths and shoots and twining tendrils of stephanotis, with its bright shining leaves and clusters of pure white fragrant flowers, or the equally sweet and beautiful clusters of thick pink fleshy blooms of the *Hoya carnosa*. Leaving the cemetery, we started for Camacho, to lunch with the Hintons. Upward and upward we went, along the same steep road that we had travelled over yesterday; past the Palheiro, and still 'excelsior,' till we got among the clouds and encountered something disagreeably suggestive of a deluge of rain. Consequently, when we arrived at the house of our hosts, we were literally dripping and half-drowned, and only too glad to see a bright blazing fire on the hearth: a sight that would have been anything but agreeable in Funchal.

In the afternoon, notwithstanding the still pouring rain, we paddled out under umbrellas to admire the view, but more especially to see the glorious clumps of belladonna lilies which grow in such profusion as to give quite a roseate colour to the landscape. Beautiful as they are in the distance, they are still more so when closely examined: their deep chocolate-hued stems and buds graduating to dark, then pale crimson, pink, and white, in the most exquisite shades of colour. Delicate and fragile as they look, they have yet plenty of 'persistent force' and 'determined strength' of their own; many of them having gently pushed their soft brown buds and pink flowers through the hard paved road, only to be trampled down by the feet of the hammock-men and the hoofs of the horses.

Miss Taylor, an old resident in Madeira, who has kindly given us much useful information, came in to four o'clock tea, with several other friends; and soon afterwards we started on our return journey by a totally different but

equally picturesque route, by Aguas Mansas, Pico d' Abobora, and Pico da Silva, to Caminho do Meio, where we met the 'carros' and had a rapid run down the Rocket road into Funchal.





CHAPTER IV.

MADEIRA.

Monday, October 8th.

THE weather for the last few days has been unfavourable for expeditions to the northern side of the island; but our time being limited, we decided that we must go to-day or not at all.

At four o'clock this morning the aspect of matters verged on the hopeless. Heavy black clouds shrouded the hills to the northward; and the sailors predicted a thorough wet day. Still, provided with plenty of rugs and mackintoshes, with which to line and cover the hammocks, we determined to make a start. There was some delay about the baggage-mules; but we managed to get away from the hotel soon after seven o'clock—the whole party being in hammocks on this occasion—and were carried up the steep streets till we



CAPITÃO

Shortly after leaving the Quinta we crossed a kind of moorland, and climbed higher and higher, until as usual we got among the rain-clouds, where, but for our coverings, we should at once have been drenched by the violence of an almost tropical shower. As it was, the rain reduced our poor bearers, in their thin clothing, to the similitude of drowned rats, and even partially penetrated the numerous wraps and coverings with which we had provided ourselves. When we reached the Poizo peak, the height of which is variously estimated at from 4,000 to 4,500 feet, we decided to take advantage of the shelter afforded by a spacious room, with an enormous fire-place in it, to rest, dry and refresh ourselves. It was only eleven o'clock; but we thought that the weather might perhaps show some signs of improvement during the interval. The room soon assumed a bright and cheerful aspect, greatly enhanced by the now blazing fire, which two peasants fed lavishly with huge faggots of heath and whortleberry. At noon the rain ceased, the sun burst forth, and we had a delightful ride down the northern valley. Capitão, a majestic rock, the Pico d'Assounna, and Pico Ruivo, were dimly visible through fine driving clouds of mist; while at our feet, and on every side, the vegetation was in glorious variety. The

among taro leaves, sugar-canes and ferns of all sorts, and busily engaged in washing clothes, made quite a pretty little picture.

A short distance further on we came to the Ribiero Frio, where we had intended to lunch; but there was no shelter, and we therefore only rested long enough to observe another of the picturesque mills of the country. On the other side of the bridge crossing the stream, and comfortably seated on the eight-inch wide door-step of a cottage with shut door, was an urchin of two or three years, unconcernedly munching a banana. A wretched little specimen of humanity he was, though not at all deformed, and apparently quite bright and satisfied with himself. Not another soul was in sight; and I could almost have imagined that the brat was the sole inhabitant of the tiny village.



From the Ribiero Frio a short but almost perpendicular scramble (the rocks up which General Wolfe's grenadiers marched at Quebec were, you will remember, '*quite* perpendicular') brought us to the Balcão, whence we had a much nearer and more splendid view of the mountain peaks already named: Pico Ruivo standing out boldly through the clouds of driving mist, now disclosing, now concealing entirely its sharp crenellated summits. Some

the cow tugged at her horns, apparently without much effect. Ultimately we got out of the dilemma (though I cannot easily tell how) without the terrible catastrophe occurring which at one time appeared almost inevitable. As soon as I had recovered from the excitement caused by the encounter with the cow, I began to rub my eyes and to look about me. The whole character of the vegetation had changed. Fuchsia and hydrangea hedges, with pink belladonna and blue agapanthus lilies abounded; and the evidences of a warmer temperature than that of the heights we had just crossed were numerous. In many places, especially near the cottages, we were rather puzzled to see trees bearing what at first looked like huge crops of tallow candles, but which proved, on closer inspection, to be only pods of Indian corn, stripped of their husks, and hung out to ripen and dry in the sun. The effect produced is peculiar, especially in the dusk and from a distance.



Santa Anna, on the northern coast, where we had now arrived, seemed a nice little village; and we were none of us sorry to reach the excellent hotel, kept by Senhor Luiz Acciaioli, a gentleman of some property in these parts, who speaks French fluently, and by whom we were cordially

received. The rooms, though limited in number, were fairly clean: nearly all of them commanding extensive views in one direction or another. From the large sitting-room one could look out on three sides, either up or down the coast, or into a garden literally crammed with flowers of every sort and description. The view from one window of this apartment, and also from my bedroom, right away towards St. Jorge, including a glimpse of the arched rock near the fossil-bed, was specially fine.



THE LOCAL BANANA

Our party being so large, we had thought it prudent to bring both tents and beds with us. The former were not required; but the latter were highly useful. The dining-room of the establishment was fairly well furnished with plate, china, and glass; but if we had not brought our head-steward, second-cook, and some stores from the yacht, I fear we should have been but poorly off for food: the hotel resources, as I ascertained by personal inquiry in the kitchen, being limited to eggs. The kitchen was a curious old arched place with a large fireplace and chimney-corner, occupied by our host and a rather good-looking girl—his daughter-in-law I imagine—with a very pretty plump baby, whose fat legs (*gigots*, as they called them) both grandfather and mother were never tired of exhibiting. We tried to make our rooms look homelike, and the dinner-table gay with the flowers which we had gathered on the road, and then enjoyed a very cheery dinner, the *menu* of which—as a specimen of what may be done under somewhat unfavourable conditions

for the exercise of the culinary art—may perhaps be found interesting.

SANTA ANNA, MADEIRA.

MENU DU 8 OCTOBRE.

Potage queue de bœuf à la Pico Ruivo.

Côtelettes de veau à la Ribeiro Frio.

Bœuf rôti à la Sunbeam.

Maïs à la Santa Anna.
Pommes de terre à la Camacha.
Oignons à la Bella-donna.

Poulet à la Cabo Girão.

Pouding à l'inconnue.
Compôte de fraises à la Norham Castle.

Sardines à la céleste.
Dessert assorti.

After dinner we adjourned to the big sitting-room and were further regaled with some delightful music, which Mr. Boissier managed to extract from the most antiquated-looking of old pianos. Under his skilful manipulation the instrument sounded more like an old-time spinet than a dilapidated but comparatively modern instrument; and to songs judiciously selected it made a most pleasing and appropriate accompaniment. There were plenty of books to read and pictures to look at, so that a few days' wet weather spent here need not be so very terrible. Our fifty hammock-men and carriers, made happy by the gift of a shilling each, we dismissed to find what quarters they could in the village, there being neither room nor food for them in the inn.

Tuesday, October 9th. — The twenty-third anniversary of our wedding day was ushered in by the performance of Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' on the spinet-like instrument before mentioned. I was awake long before daylight and saw the dawn break and the sun rise from behind the cliffs and mountains to the eastward. In the bright garden beyond the verandah were several peacocks, with one of which Sir Roger had a most amusing encounter. Startled at suddenly meeting a bird the like of which he had probably never seen before, he fled,





much demoralised; but a moment's reflection convincing him that his conduct as a poodle—and a black one too—had been wanting in dignity, he returned, and, attacking the peacock in the rear, plucked just one feather from his tail. The indignant and outraged bird thereupon hopped up into a pear-tree close to my window; and during the whole time I was dressing, the



THE ARBOUR, SANTA ANNA

hostile creatures carried on what appeared to be a muttered controversy of considerable acrimony: the peacock safely perched in the pear-tree, Sir Roger on his hind legs, with his head resting on the window-sill.

It was intensely hot when we started at nine o'clock; but we soon got into shady lanes, and the road was so interesting that it did not seem long. We passed a little cottage where a woman was spinning at a wheel, and not much further on a girl spinning in the old-fashioned and graceful way with a distaff. At Fayal the church is remarkable, not only for its peculiar style of architecture, but for its situation, imbedded as it seems to be in vegetation of all kinds:—the village itself being in a fertile sheltered valley where many sugar-canes grow; whereas at Santa Anna there are none. The cultivation of sugar is an important factor in the prosperity of Madeira: a fact which seems to have been fully recognised by the merchants of Funchal, the arms of which city consist

of five sugar-loaves. On our way we had an admirable prospect of the Penha d'Aguia, 1,900 feet high, standing out in bold isolation. Our hammock-men had this morning each brought us a bouquet, made up according to their several tastes and inclinations; and you may therefore imagine how gaily our hammocks were decorated. In fact, we appeared to be reposing on beds of flowers, the space above our heads and below our feet being filled up with floral trophies. The bearers had taken special pains to decorate my hammock, and had suspended from the poles bunches of grapes, Indian corn, apples, and lilies, collected on the road.



FAYAL

Before reaching Porto da Cruz we halted for some time under the vine-covered trellis of a small inn, while our men rested and exchanged gossip with the peasants returning from the great annual festival which was held at Machico yesterday. It is supposed to be the anniversary of the day when Machim landed; and on the present occasion the holiday was observed with special solemnity, the Bishop having come down to honour it with his presence. From the descriptions

which I heard, the procession of figures and images by moonlight must have been very curious and interesting. We saw the Bishop on the road yesterday in gorgeous array of scarlet and lace. Most of the peasants who now passed us were singing or playing on the native instrument, the *machête*, which is something between a hand-violin, a guitar, and a banjo, and which gives forth somewhat sweet little tones when skilfully played. The women were mostly dressed in orange and red petticoats, with white bodices, and some sort of dark jacket or spencer, and had orange-coloured handkerchiefs bound round their heads. All, without exception, men, women, and children, bore strings of small objects round their necks—most frequently sacred cakes, or curious little images of Nossa Senhora de Machicos, made in pastry or bread, which they



RIBEIRO FRIO

were taking home to those who, less fortunate than themselves, had not been able to attend the *festa*. Others carried



dried fish of anything but pleasant aspect, calabashes of water, bread, cakes, dried plums, and figs—all of which last seemed rather superfluous and like taking coals to Newcastle; for I should have thought that nearly every peasant must have had a fig-tree of his own, and that fruit must be more plentiful in the country than in the town, whence they were bringing them.

From Porto da Cruz to Lamaceiros the road was steep, with luxuriant vegetation in all the watercourses on either side, caladiums and ferns growing in the wildest profusion. When we reached the summit, and our bearers turned to allow us to enjoy the view, it was indeed a magnificent panorama

that opened before us—the finest in all Madeira, some people say.

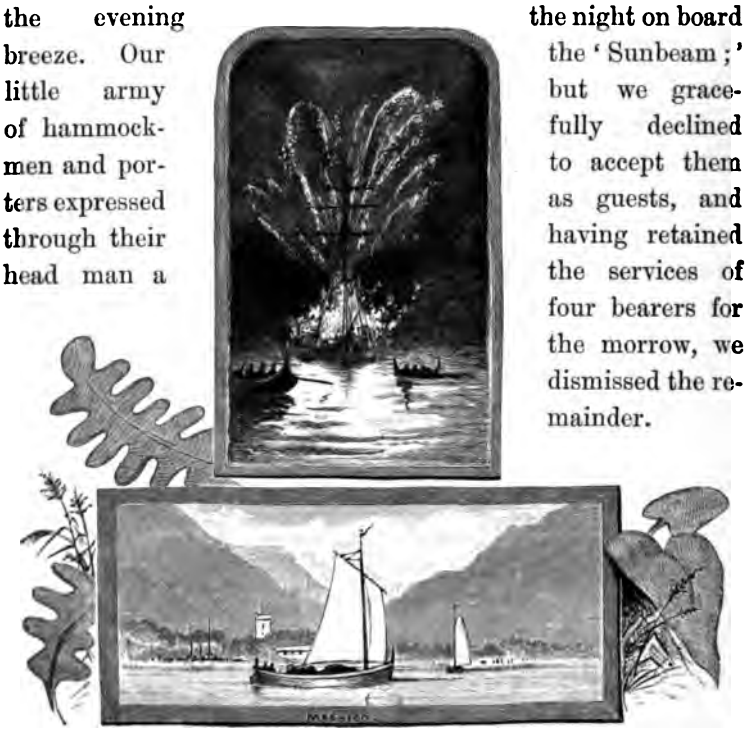


PENHA D'AGUIA

At Lamaceiros we met a messenger from Mr. Blandy, bringing a note to tell us that he could not possibly meet us, as he had been trying to emulate a certain distinguished statesman's skill in felling trees, and had unfortunately chopped a piece out of his own leg instead. A tolerably long walk brought us to his house at Santo Antonio da Serra, 1,500 feet above Santa Cruz, where he and Mrs. Blandy met us in an avenue of blue hydrangeas, the adjoining garden being filled with blue agapanthus, pink belladonna-lilies and other flowers. The house itself is a very cosy little place, and the views from the garden are superb. After a short rest Mr. Alfred Blandy volunteered to show us the now extinct crater of the volcano of Lagoa, of which not much remains to be seen. After struggling for about a quarter of a mile through very wet whortleberry and bilberry bushes, bearing some of the largest fruit I ever saw, all that was visible of the promised crater was a deep round depression in the ground covered with the same whortle and bilberry bushes, and with a little water at the bottom. Mr. Seymour

Haden considered it doubtful whether it was a crater at all; and I shared his doubts.

Our return journey after leaving the Quinta was by a steep and slippery road, and many and great were the falls thereon. On the way we met more peasants coming from the *festa*, walking in single file, playing the *machête*, dancing and singing, and decorated with flowers and strings of edibles, like those we had previously seen. We passed through the pretty little town of Machico, of which naturally we could not observe much in the dark gloaming; and after a little delay and some difficulty we succeeded in getting a shore boat to take us off to the yacht, which Tom had brought round from Funchal in the course of the day, and which was lying some way out, gently rocking in the evening breeze. Our little army of hammock-men and porters expressed through their head man a great desire to pass the night on board the 'Sunbeam;' but we gracefully declined to accept them as guests, and having retained the services of four bearers for the morrow, we dismissed the remainder.



Late in the evening we sent up some rather good rockets which we happened to have on board, and illuminated the vessel with blue lights, in honour of our wedding day. I fancy the exhibition gave great delight on shore, judging from the shouts and cries which we heard; although we were afterwards told that the inhabitants were greatly puzzled by the spectacle, thinking indeed that it might be some sort of supernatural visitation on the part of the Saint, who had arrived the day or rather the night after his own *festa*—in fact 'the day after the fair,' in more senses than one. The night was exquisite in this peaceful bay; and one could well realise the feelings of joy and exultation that must have been experienced by the first discoverers of this lovely island.

About nine o'clock the next morning we got up steam, and proceeded along the coast to Caniçal (or rather just beyond that place); where we landed at a sort of natural pier, formed by large stones jutting out into the sea, just beneath the white church of Nossa Senhora da Piedade, which is perched on the little conical hill that had served us as a landmark. The water was so clear that as we landed in the cutter, although we had six feet under us, it seemed as though we were on the point of running aground. The bearers whom we had retained were waiting for us; and, some of us on foot, some in hammocks, we quickly traversed the barren little neck of land and commenced the ascent to the higher ground. A most fascinating view rewarded us when we reached the summit of the cliffs:—of brown rocks, steep headlands, jutting out into the bluest of deep blue seas, very dark, and yet so clear you could count every stone below, where it was calm, even from this height; though in places the waves were breaking on the shore in arches of white foam and delicate pale green. We could see right away towards Sao Lourenzo (named after the ship of the first Portuguese discoverer of the island), and Fora, with its

remarkable lighthouse, in one direction; and in the other, over the headland of Bode San Antonio, to the green valley of Porto da Cruz, Fayal and Santa Anna, where the hotel at which we were yesterday the guests shone conspicuously white among its verdant surroundings. Further on again, we could see San Jorge and a long stretch of coast, melting into that exquisite soft haze which seems to be one of the characteristics of Madeira scenery. What we had really come to look at, however, was not the landscape, but the so-called fossil-beds, a curious geological formation, which looks exactly like a petrified forest, the trunks of old trees, the interlacing of



branches, and the growth of separate twigs being all equally well represented. In reality this curious presentment is caused by the washing away of the very fine particles of basaltic sand from some curious fantastic-shaped calcareous infiltration: the result being that the deposit looks exactly like trees



FOSSIL-LAND

turned into lime-stone. Darwin, who visited some similar beds in New Zealand with the late Admiral Fitzroy, has thus described them:—'One day I accompanied Captain Fitzroy to Bald Head, the place mentioned by so many navigators, where some imagine they saw corals, and others that they saw petrified trees, standing in the position in which they had grown. According to our view the beds had been formed by the wind having heaped up fine sand composed of minute rounded particles of shells and corals, during which process branches and roots of trees, together with many shells, became enclosed. The whole then became consolidated by the percolation of calcareous matter, and the cylindrical cavities left by the decaying of the wood were thus also filled up with a hard pseudo-stalactital stone. The weather is now wearing away the softer parts, and in consequence the hard casts of the roots and branches of the trees project above

the surface, and in a singularly deceptive manner resemble the stumps of a dead thicket.'

All too soon we were compelled to leave our pleasant seat among the rocks, and the delights of the pleasant northerly breeze, to return to the boat. Some of the smaller inhabitants of Caniçal, in the scantiest of dirty-white garments, had begun to appear upon the scene, with the dry, bare, sun-burnt, semi-African character of which their small, brown, impish figures well harmonised. The distance is short from Machico to Santa Cruz. At the latter place legend asserts that a large cedar cross was erected in memory of the first discoverers of the island, of which cross the inhabitants still profess to show a piece in the church. The village itself contains little that is remarkable; but there is a good hotel on the heights above, kept by Senhor Gonsalvez, where travellers are made very comfortable and whence many charming excursions may be made. The whole coast is fine, especially at Cape Garajao —so called from the number of gulls that frequent it. In the interstices of the cliffs are numerous dragon-trees, with their curiously gnarled arms and spiky, artichoke-like heads. They always seem to me to possess more of the animal than of the vegetable character; and I half expect them to justify their formidable name, and suddenly to stretch out their claws and draw some*thing* or some*body* into their poisonous embrace.

At Funchal we found H.M.S. 'Frolic,' the gunboat we had seen in the distance this morning, just arrived from Plymouth *en route* for Sierra Leone. Her commander, Captain Moore, who came to call on us, had been on board the 'Orion' when we were at Alexandria in the spring and had ridden with us to the Mex Forts.

I had announced that I would be 'at home' to *our* friends and any of *their* friends who might wish to see the yacht, at four o'clock this afternoon. Everybody came, I think, both English and Portuguese, including the two Governors, military

and civil, the Director of Customs and many others. Among our visitors was the wife of the Spanish Consul, a charming little woman, who had been on board the 'Sunbeam' at Algiers some years ago, when her father was Consul there. In the midst of our entertainment, somewhat to our consternation, the homeward-bound steamer 'Grantully Castle' was signalled, between twelve and twenty-four hours before her time, having made the quickest Castle Line passage on record from the Cape—14 days 22 hours. All was bustle on board, for Captain Young, her commander, was anxious to start again as soon as possible, in order to keep up the reputation for speed which his vessel had already gained. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, who was to return to England by her, had therefore to make hurried preparations for departure, and there was no time to get our already written letters from the hotel on shore to send home by this mail. The 'Grantully Castle,' like all the Castle Line of packets, seems to be a most comfortable ship, beautifully fitted up in every respect. Captain Young, to whom we paid a brief visit, proved to be an old acquaintance, having been in command of the 'Courland,' which lay alongside us at Spithead for forty-eight hours three winters ago, when we were detained, on our outward passage to Gibraltar,



by a thick fog and a heavy snowstorm, in one of the intervals of which we had gone on board his ship.

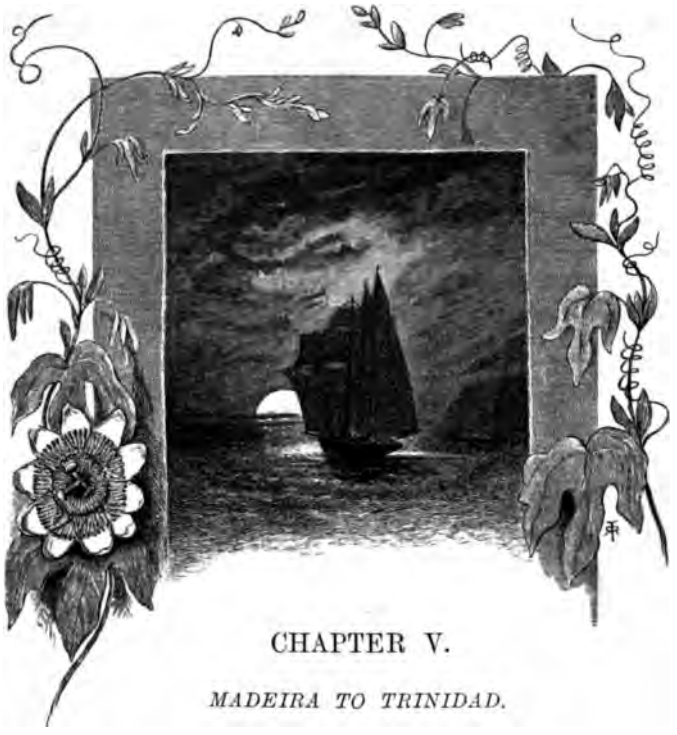
Our guests having departed, and there being nothing to detain us, we decided to sail to-night, instead of waiting till to-morrow as we had originally intended doing: the first result of which determination was a general hurry and scurry of sending for washing, making last purchases, settling bills, and getting things from the Custom House. We paid our final visit to the comfortable Santa Clara Hotel, where we found the party at table d'hôte very much increased by the arrival for the winter season of the boarders from the Quinta, where they had been spending the summer months. I never stayed in a cleaner, more comfortable, or better-managed hotel than the Santa Clara. The efforts of the proprietor Mr. Reid, and of the energetic manager Mr. Cardwell, and his wife, to make their guests comfortable and to attend to their wants, cannot be too highly praised.

In a little recess under the stairs, at the hotel, stood a thing which is seldom seen nowadays:—a real old-fashioned sedan-chair, with two crests—one being that of a knight of the Tower and Sword, and the other a wolf's head—painted on the panels, and the initials E.P. just beneath them. On enquiry we found that this chair had been at one time the property of Mrs. Elizabeth Page, the wife of a well-known English merchant, who resided in Madeira in the early part of this century, and who was decorated by the Portuguese Government, in recognition of his public services. I wonder how many beauteous dames and pretty damsels this particular chair has carried up and down the steep and slippery streets of Funchal. When the occupant—though perhaps still fair—happened to be fat and forty, it must have been hard work for the bearers to carry their burden with becoming steadiness and speed.

We bade good-bye to Mr. Seymour Haden, who decided to

remain here to await the arrival of his son from South Africa: Mr. Cardwell accompanied us on board, to see us fairly off; and soon, with sincere regret at having to leave a place in which we had met so many kind friends, the anchor was weighed, all the sails were set, and exactly at the witching hour of midnight, with a fair wind, we were bound for Barbadoes and the Caribbean Sea.





CHAPTER V.

MADEIRA TO TRINIDAD.

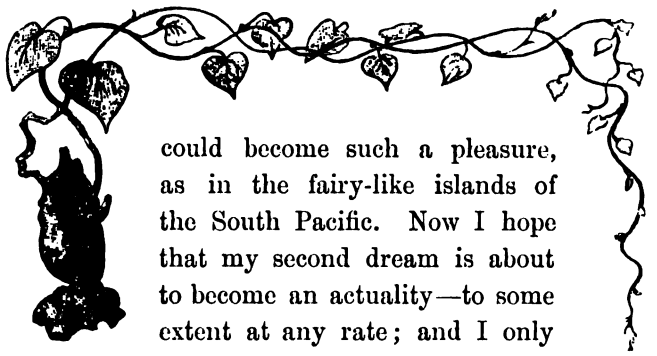
. . . I would sail upon the tropic sea,
Where, fathom long, the blood-red dulses grow.

GOING on deck about four o'clock this morning I found, as I had expected, that Madeira was still in sight, at no great distance. As day dawned, the outline of the island, with its mountainous rocks and ravines, and the Desertas and Porto Santo, became more plainly visible, through a soft haze. If I had not longed (not quite for forty years, like Charles Kingsley, whose touching book, 'At Last,' I have just been reading, but ever since I was a child) to see the glorious vegetation and beauties of the West Indies, my regret at leaving this delightful island would have been even keener than it now is. My dream was very near being realised in 1872, when we were at Halifax in the 'Eothen,'

and Admiral Fanshawe (who then commanded the station) pressed us to accompany the fleet on their annual cruise to the West Indies, and also invited us to pay him a visit in the Bermudas. We had not sufficient confidence, however, in our somewhat crank and unmanageable craft to undertake so long a cruise in those troubled waters, and therefore reluctantly gave up the idea; contenting ourselves on that occasion—not but that it was a very pleasant trip, and one that we heartily enjoyed—with ascending the navigable rivers on the east coast of North America from the St. Lawrence and Saguenay to the Potomac and James River, leaving the yacht at Baltimore and returning home in one



of the Cunarders, the 'Russia,' a splendid boat, going at what in those days was considered a tremendous pace, and 'as dry as a bone,' though we experienced some heavy weather. In 1876 another dream of my life *was* fully realised. Never, in my highest flights of fancy, had I conceived that anything on earth could exist so beautiful, or that mere existence



could become such a pleasure, as in the fairy-like islands of the South Pacific. Now I hope that my second dream is about to become an actuality—to some extent at any rate; and I only trust that it may answer my expectations as completely as in the previous case. At all events we shall see 'niggers,' in whom (their babies especially) I always delight. I think the latter are something like kittens—far preferable in their babyhood.

Though not yet absolutely in the tropics, we began our old 'at sea in the tropics' habits this morning by helping to scrub decks, being 'hosed,' and generally dabbling about. It was very pleasant; for the water was quite warm and the sun hot. Even at 7 A.M. there was no wind to speak of, and we had been becalmed nearly all night. The day was for the most part devoted to a general settling-down, tidying-up, and planting of ferns, belladonna lilies and sweet-potatoes, both of which latter we were assured would last two or three weeks, and thus keep our little floating home gay with floral decoration till we can again adorn it with the gorgeous flowers of more tropical regions. The accompanying sketch will convey some idea of what we fondly hope our potatoes *will be* like in the earlier stage of their growth.

During the afternoon, Tom spent a good deal of time at the mast-head, looking for that 'true wind' which does not come quite so freely or quickly as we could wish at present. I should dearly like to 'up funnel' and steam at once into the Trades, so as to be able to linger on shore when we arrive

on the other side of the Atlantic; but that is not to be thought of. We must not, however, grumble; for somehow the 'Sunbeam' slips along wonderfully, apparently with no wind at all; and at noon to-day we had made forty-eight knots since midnight. She looks lovely, with her big light cotton studding-sails and every possible stitch of canvas set. Towards dusk the children inveigled us all into playing 'Puss in the corner,' 'Tom Tiddler's ground' and other active games, because, as they said, 'You know you and papa always say exercise is so good for us all; and it is so difficult to get it on board ship.'

The sunset was too gorgeous for even the children to resist stopping their play to look at. Anything more splendid than the piling-up of the fantastically-shaped clouds on a background of exquisitely blended purple, orange, yellow, green and blue, it is difficult to imagine, and quite beyond my powers to describe. But it is *not* so difficult to say how much the beauty of these sunrises and sunsets enhances the pleasure of a voyage in the 'Trades and Tropics,' always providing, as infinitely mutable Nature does, something fresh to look forward to, some new and wondrous effect every night and every morning. Then the nights themselves. How beautiful they are, whether star-lit or moon-lit! I never know which I like best; and it would not be possible to exaggerate the charms of either. We revelled in the placid magnificence of the scene and the warmth of the atmosphere to-night, listening to the music which some of our party were kind (and energetic) enough to perform for our benefit in the cabin below. Fatigue at last overcame even the sense of enjoyment; and we retired to bed, after a long and busy day.

Friday, October 12th.—The weather was fine, with a light wind. At noon we had only run eighty miles. We saw a barquantine to the N.W., but soon left her, hull down. Later we saw a steamer, and made our number (N.T.G.F.), which

she could not understand. The first letter of this signal is a square flag, which generally indicates that something is wrong on board the vessel showing it. Consequently the captain of the steamer, which proved to be the 'Armathwaite,' bound for the River Plate, very kindly altered his course and came alongside him.' Tom having to ascertain made himself known, if we wanted they had a anything. short conversation; after When told which our our name, friendly visihe appeared tor and his very much crew gave pleased, and us a parting with a look cheer and of satisfacwent their tion, said, way, evi'So that's dently much the "Sungratified by beam"! Is on board? Mr. Brassey the unexpected interview with I should like to see



the 'Sunbeam' and its owner, which the kindness and good-nature of the captain of the steamship had brought about. The 'Armathwaite' was scarcely out of sight when we sighted a French steamer, and exchanged signals with her; by means of which we ascertained that she was bound for Valparaiso through the Straits of Magellan. These mid-ocean conversations are always interesting, and sometimes very useful, in throwing light on the fate of missing or overdue vessels, or in saving unnecessary anxiety. In 1876 the 'Sunbeam' was reported as 'lost with all hands,' and

great concern was felt—by *some* of our friends, at all events. A few days later it was reported at Lloyd's that we had spoken a Prussian barque, just four days after we were supposed to have gone to the bottom; so that all solicitude on our account was at once relieved.

At 6.45 we had a successful Penny Reading, which was largely attended, and much appreciated. I don't see why they should be called 'penny readings,' as nobody pays a penny to go to them. We must think of another and a better name. 'Popular Nautical Entertainments' would be more appropriate I think.

Saturday, October 13th.—The wind was still light and the weather fine. I had been unfortunate enough to get a chill before leaving Madeira, probably in the course of our wet expedition to Rabaçal, and spent the greater part of the day in bed, feeling ill and seasick.



'UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH'

Sunday, October 14th.—We had service at 11 and 4.

Monday, October 15th.—In the afternoon the children were much delighted by being taken up the foremast in the 'boatswain's chair,' one by one. First, they were carefully tied to the 'chair,' or rather plank, their little faces looking very grave while the operation was being performed. Then they were slowly hauled up, Tom and Kindred going into the rigging to steady them, for the yacht was rolling a good deal, and from my own previous experience I should think the

motion aloft must have been most unpleasant. Arrived at the foretop, they admired the scene with great satisfaction;



called out to tell us with pride how small we looked standing beneath them; then descended with beaming faces, and arrived on deck in exuberant spirits.

In the evening Tom gave us an interesting lecture on the law of storms, illustrated by diagrams. The most salient points to the uninitiated appeared to be that in the Northern Hemisphere the circular storm goes round *against* the clock hands; in the Southern Hemisphere, with them. In the Northern Hemisphere, as you stand facing the gale, the centre is always eight points to the right. In the Southern Hemisphere this rule is reversed.

Tuesday and *Wednesday* were squally and 'rolly' days, and writing was a matter of extreme difficulty. Some of the atmospheric and cloud effects which we observed were very strange. One was the result of a curious combination of rainbow and cumulus; while another was produced by a beautiful cloud, from which a shower descended in a long narrow streak, like a cataract. On the last-named day we saw our first flying-fish, and hung out lanterns to catch some at night.

Thursday, October 18th.—For breakfast this morning we had some of the flying-fish caught during the night. They are pretty creatures to look at, putting one in mind of swallows, both in appearance and in their manner of flight. In taste they resemble a rather dry herring.

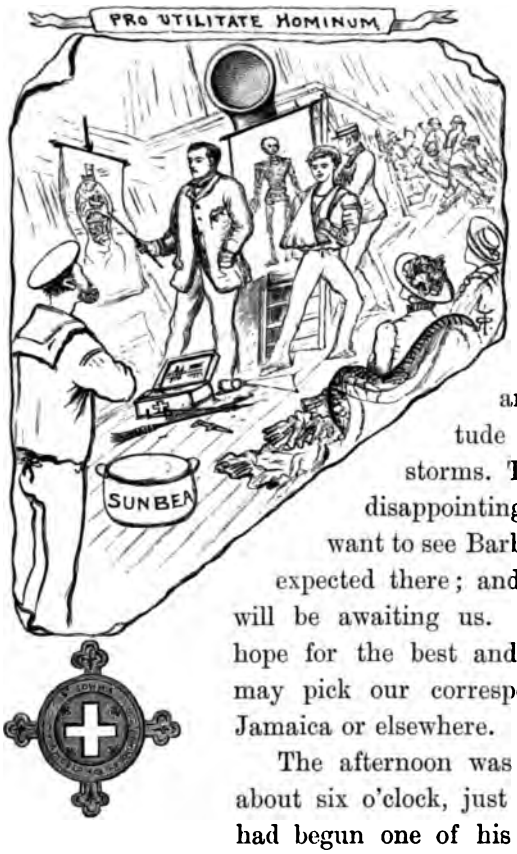
Although we have now been some days in the tropics, the heat is not at all excessive, and there is always a pleasant breeze. This part of our experience is very gratifying; but, on the other hand, it is somewhat disappointing not to have beheld any of the wonders of the equatorial sea, such as sharks, whales, porpoises, Portuguese men-of-war, dolphins, or any fishes with prodigious tails—or without them. The absence of 'large orders' in the shape of the denizens of the deep reminds me of the bitter complaints of the American traveller from 'Down East,' that he had crossed the Rocky Mountains without seeing any buffaloes or any prairie-dogs. Consequently he pronounced the 'Rockies' to be a 'fraud.' Still, the time has passed quickly and agreeably. We have been busily occupied, and the feeling was unanimous which was expressed to-day by one who exclaimed, 'Is it possible we have been a week at sea? It does not seem like three days!'

Friday, October 19th.—At 7 A.M. we sighted a large ship steering N.E. We had another good entertainment on deck in the evening; for it is getting too hot to remain below more than is absolutely necessary.

Saturday and *Sunday* were uneventful; save that on the Sabbath we had service on deck.

Monday, October 22nd.—Our last flowers from Madeira had to be thrown overboard to-day, notwithstanding the tender care and attention, including the frequent cutting of stalks and changing of water, that has been bestowed upon them.

After much reading of books and many consultations, Tom decided that it was rather early in the season to go to Barbadoes, at the risk of encountering tornadoes and tem-



pests and of being caught in a hurricane; and that it would be more prudent to proceed direct to Tobago and Trinidad, which are below the latitude of these violent storms. This is somewhat disappointing, as I much want to see Barbadoes. We are expected there; and all our letters will be awaiting us. Still, we must hope for the best and trust that we may pick our correspondence up at Jamaica or elsewhere.

The afternoon was unsettled, and about six o'clock, just as Dr. Hudson had begun one of his ambulance lectures, a sudden squall came on, obliging all hands to fly in order to furl and take in sail with the greatest possible rapidity. It soon passed over, but the breeze remained, and all the evening it was delightful and exhilarating to see the 'Sunbeam' tearing through the water at a speed of twelve or fourteen knots, sending great waves of foam from her bow.

Tuesday, October 23rd.—This was by far the hottest day we have had yet. After experiencing very light airs all night, and a flat calm from four to eight A.M., we prepared steam;

but before the water was warm in the boilers a breeze sprang up, and we were soon scudding merrily before it. In the evening Dr. Hudson delivered the postponed lecture, which was well attended.

Wednesday, October 24th.—A real flat calm. There was so little air that the fires in the engine-room, lighted at twelve, did not burn up till three. The difference in temperature since we have been under steam is considerable: our cabin, which had been so delightfully cool, with a fresh breeze blowing through it, being now almost unbearably hot.



The 'Popular Nautical Entertainment' on deck at six o'clock was, as usual, highly successful. Some of the songs were extremely good, and the performance of the 'Papyro-pectens' band was most amusing. The performers consisted of Mr. Boissier, Mr. Pritchett, Dr. Hudson, Miss Rhoda and Miss Violet Liddell, Miss Muriel and Miss Marie Brassey, all of whom played, with great effect, instruments of the tea-tray and paper-covered-comb order. I may venture to annex the programme.

'SUNBEAM' R. Y. S.

POPULAR AND NAUTICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

OCTOBER 24, 1883.

Lat. 13° 1′ N., long. 48° W.

Performance by 'Sir Thomas Waif, L.C.,' exhibited by MISS MURIEL A. BRASSEY.

SONG	*Gooseberry Wine*	MR. BOISSIER.
SONG	*Billy Johnson's Ball*	MR. GENGE.
READING	*Guy Heavystone*	SIR THOMAS BRASSEY.
SONG	*Our Sailors on the Sea*	MR. FROGBROOKE.
SONG	*All among the Hay*	MR. PRATT.
SONG	*The Minstrel Girl*	MR. RUSSELL.
SONG	*The Monkey and the Man*	MR. BOISSIER.
SONG	*Alonzo the Brave*	MR. BAULFE.
	The British Grenadiers *March of the Men of Harlech*	BY THE MEMBERS OF THE PAPYRO-PECTENS BAND.

Performance by 'Sir Roger Knobs, K.C.,' exhibited by LADY BRASSEY.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Thursday, October 25th.—This was the hottest day we have had, the thermometer standing at 89° in the cabins, 125° in the galley, 166° in the engine-room. We all began to think longingly of the pleasant shades and fresh fruits of Tobago, which we hope to reach on Saturday night or Sunday morning. The island lies directly in our course for Trinidad; otherwise I do not suppose we should have thought of visiting it. The inhabitants assert that it is the real 'Robinson Crusoe' Island, though I still incline to the old belief in the Island of Juan Fernandez. I must say, however, that there are strong arguments in favour of their theory, one being founded on the fact that Juan Fernandez is a solitary island far out in the Pacific, not easily reached in a small boat;

whereas Trinidad and Tobago are in sight of one another and are close to other islands, the inhabitants of which—the fierce Caribs—were at one time constantly at war, and are even said to have been cannibals—a fact which might account for the appearance of 'Friday' and the other prisoners on Robinson Crusoe's island.

It is rather provoking, after coming so far, to be so pressed for time (as we always are, and always shall be, I suppose, as long as Tom is in office) that we are unable to visit the various islands we pass so close to, each and all of which possess some special interest.

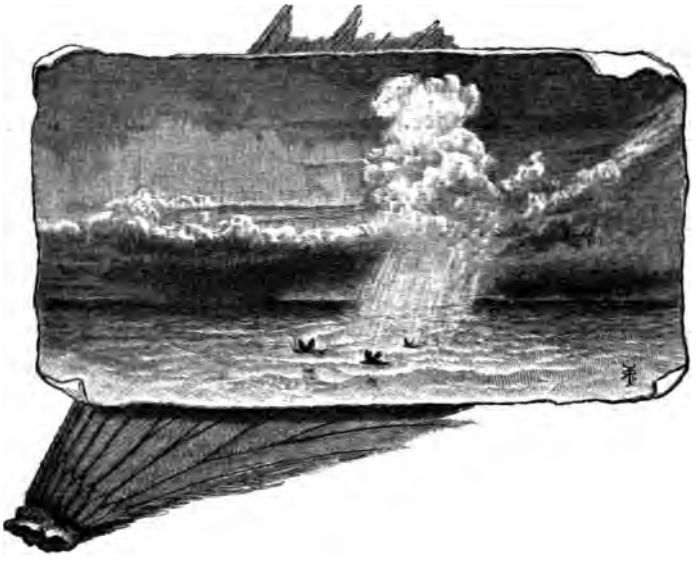
Friday, October 26th.—The heat to-day was very trying. We saw one large gannet, the first bird which for many days had made its appearance. This would seem to be a sign that we are approaching land.

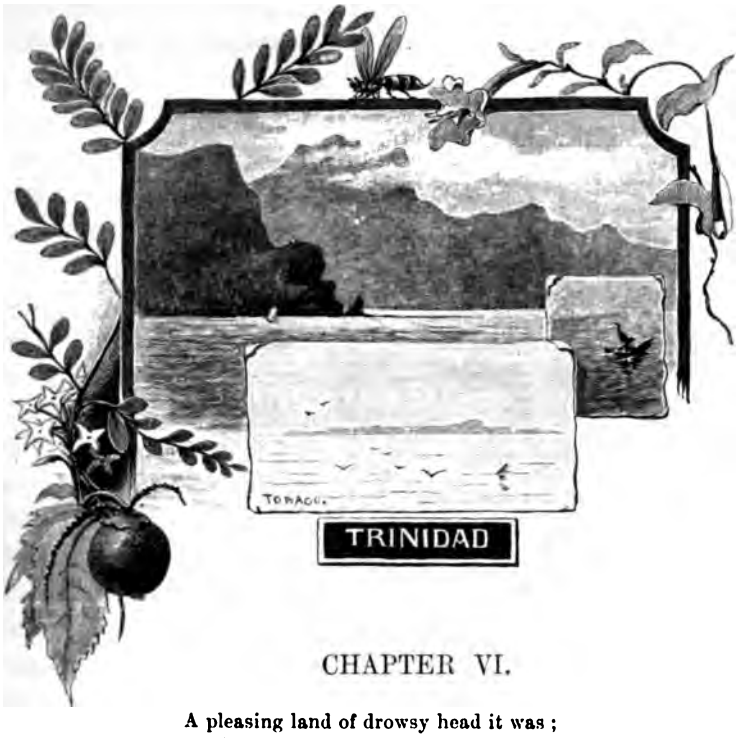
My sweet-potatoes have done better than anybody else's on board, and have formed a perfect grove under my sky-light; in fact, they grow so fast that to train them properly occupies a great deal of time; and I have come to the conclusion that potato-culture, with the thermometer as it was in my cabin to-day, is a highly-fatiguing operation, especially when it involves training the young tendrils along the ceiling, with one's hands well over one's head, meanwhile balancing oneself on a rickety stool, not made steadier by the motion of the yacht.

Saturday, October 27th.—'Hotter than ever!' was the generally-expressed opinion of everybody this morning. It certainly was a broiling day; and we longed for the ice and fruits of land. In the afternoon, or rather evening, when it was somewhat cooler, we got up a little entertainment to pass the time and make people think of something else than the temperature.

In the course of the night, the equatorial current to the northward not having been so strong as we had expected, we

found that we had passed the south-west extremity of Tobago and were approaching Trinidad. At daybreak we were between the two islands. It would have been necessary to go back many miles in order to make the port and capital of Tobago, which Tom thought it a pity to do, considering the intense heat; as the voyage would have been against wind and current, and might have occupied a considerable time.





CHAPTER VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was ;
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass.

Sunday, October 28th.

AT an early hour this morning, the mountain-tops of the island of Tobago were faintly visible in the distance, and, to my horror, somewhat behind us: the wind was fair for Trinidad and the Port of Spain, the capital of that island, and thither we were now bound. I am somewhat consoled by the thought that there is not a great deal to be seen at Tobago, where the legendary Old Man

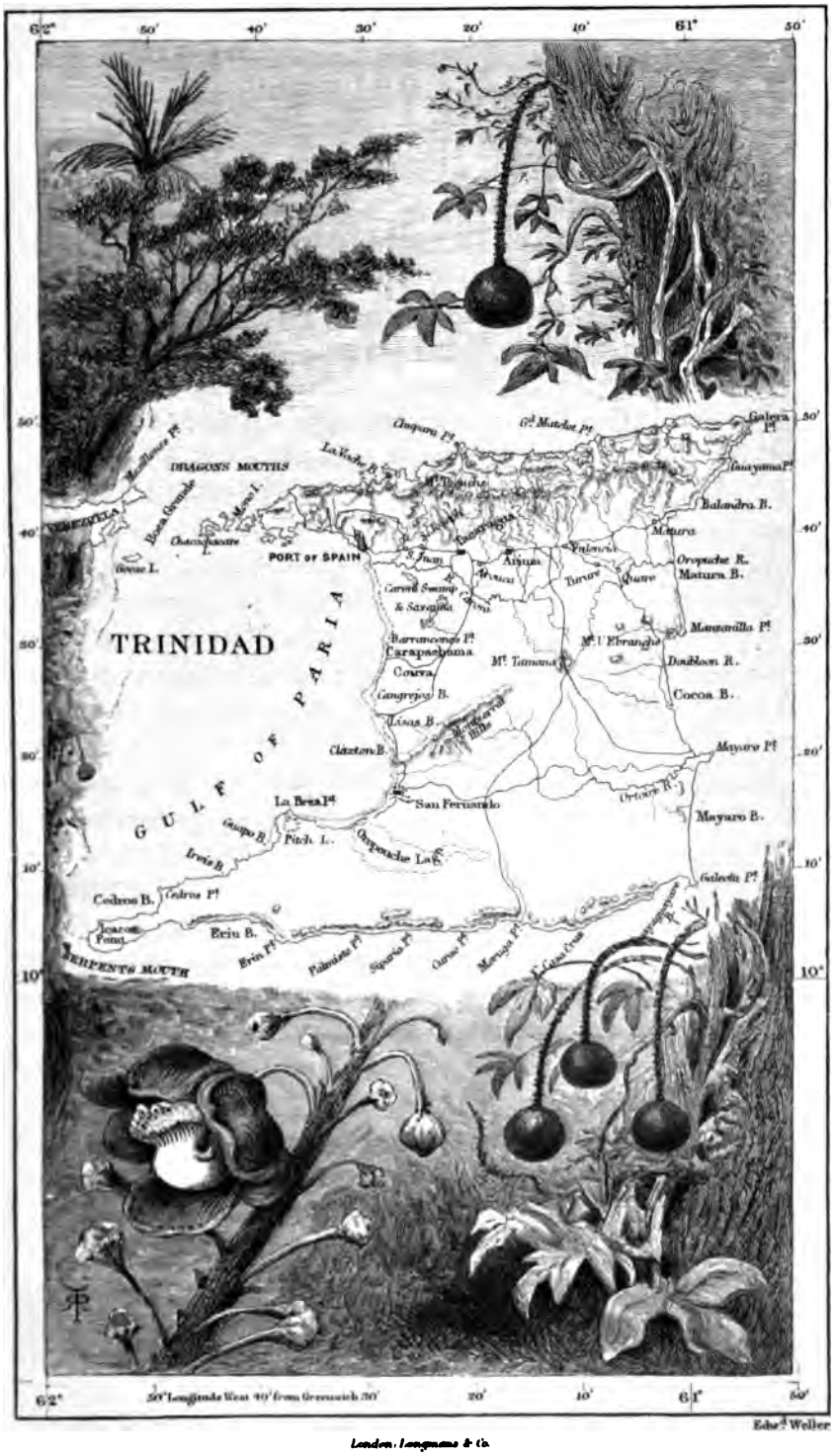
Lived on rice, sugar, and sago.

Still, as this particular island was included in our original programme, I am sorry to have missed it.

Tobago is of volcanic origin, and consists of a central

range of mountains, nearly 2,000 feet high, and of hills and ridges descending to the sea-shore. It is the last and most southerly of the chain of Windward Islands, lying not quite so far to the east as Barbadoes. The scenery is described as picturesque; and the soil is said to be equal in richness of production to any of the other islands of the West Indies. The principal products are sugar, rum, molasses, and cocoa-nuts, of which latter 600,000 were exported in 1877. At one time indigo and cotton used to be extensively grown, as much as 2,600,000 lbs. of cotton having been sent to England in one year rather more than a century ago.

One advantage was gained by our missing Tobago: we had daylight by which to admire the splendid scenery on the north side of the Island of Trinidad, which shortly opened to our view, and which is among the finest I have ever seen. The coast is precipitous, and very varied; high and rocky in places, in others covered from the summit of the mountains to the water's edge with the thickest vegetation. As far as we could see from the yacht, the flora appeared to consist of palm-trees of various kinds, and all the luxuriant growth of a virgin tropical forest, in which were embosomed small white houses, surrounded by clusters of tiny brown huts, like a swan encircled by a brood of cygnets. These were the habitations of planters; and each snowy-hued mansion stood in the midst of a plantation of sugar-canes or cocoanuts. It was also possible to distinguish large quantities of aloes, yuccas, and dragon-trees, which gave a right tropical aspect to the scene. We passed through what might be described as almost a sea of cocoanuts, so thickly did the fruit cover the surface of the sea with its great husks. At a distance the effect produced was very curious. One live creature came out as if to give us a welcome—a cormorant seated on a little raft, which I suppose he had found somewhere, made of two planks of



Edw.d Weller

London: Longmans & Co.

wood, or perhaps the lid of some old box, on which he was floating pleasantly and happily along on the waves. I wonder where he was off to! We watched him a long time.

The views were very similar in character as we passed spur after spur of the central ridge of mountains running down to the sea. It was not till we reached the 'Three Bocas' that the scenery underwent a considerable change; and then the shore became flatter, with bays full of islets, and bordered by pretty little villages and sugar and coffee-plantations.



FIRST VIEW OF SOUTH AMERICA AND THE BOCAS

The sea was curiously discoloured all along the coast, more especially when we turned the corner, so to speak, and went through the Boca de los Huevos. This discoloration is produced by the muddy waters of the Orinoco, discharged from its many mouths on the coast of Venezuela, nearly a hundred miles distant, and bringing down alluvial deposits from the far-off Andes. I thought, as each little stick or weed went floating by, of the marvellous scenes and adventures through which it must have passed, and how I would give the world to behold what it had had no eyes to see.

> As straws show the way the wind blows,
> So sticks the way the current flows.

I cannot say I went so far as to wish to be a stick sailing over the dark blue sea; and, in fact, such an idea would not

have been appropriate to the present occasion; for the waters of the Gulf of Paria are not by any means deep blue, but muddy, something like the Thames above Greenwich, or like pea-soup, or perhaps still more like soup made from tomatoes, of which delicious vegetable there are no doubt plenty growing in the trim little gardens surrounding the cottages on the shore, on the contents of which we have gazed wistfully, but from a respectful distance, all the morning.

It was no less a person than the great Columbus who gave the names which they now bear to the entrances to the Gulf of Paria—narrow passes or mouths (Bocas), the navigation of which is somewhat intricate. The channel which lies between the southern shores of Trinidad and the mainland is called the Boca del Serpiente, or Serpent's Mouth; while the northern entrance to the gulf, called the Dragon's Mouth, or Boca del Drago, is subdivided into four channels, the Boca de los Monos, or Monkeys' Passage, the Boca de los Huevos, or Egg Passage, the Boca de los Navios, or Ship Passage, and the Boca Grande. We passed through the narrowest of the four—the banks of which were so close to us on either hand that it seemed as if the cocoanuts might fall on deck, or the giant reeds brush against the vessel's sides—noticing on our way the wreck of an unfortunate ice-ship, which had run on a rock and was gradually going to pieces. On emerging from the strait, and entering the Gulf of Paria, an enchanting scene met our delighted gaze. The sea, which was absolutely calm, had recovered its natural colours—dark blue where it was deep, light green where it bathed the edges of the pure white coral reefs or lazily lapped the shores of the verdant isles with which this glorious bay is studded.

As we neared the town of Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, great excitement was caused throughout the yacht by the report—sent down from aloft, I believe, by Tom, who

was acting as his own look-out man on this occasion, as on many others—that an English man-of-war was lying in the harbour. The fair white ensign could be seen fluttering at the peak; and soon it became visible to us also from the deck. The flag of Old England is always a pleasant sight, whether it be the red ensign borne by a merchant-man, hurrying across the ocean, bearing news and produce from one far-off land to another; the blue, carried by a ship commanded by an officer of the



SIGNAL-STATION AND WRECK IN THE BOCA DE LOS HUEVOS

Royal Naval Reserve; or the white ensign floating over the wooden—or, as I fear they must now be called, the iron—walls of Old England.

After a short interval, a closer inspection of that which had aroused so much interest, and the aid of a friendly puff of wind, which displayed more plainly the drooping colours, enabled us to see that what we had taken for a British man-of-war was in reality a German frigate, the 'Olga,' on board which

Prince Henry of Prussia, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany and of our own Princess Royal—as we still love to call her—is serving as a lieutenant.

At the pretty-little signal-station on the hill a good look-out was being kept, and soon our national flag was run up to welcome us; in reply to which we made our number, and exchanged cordial greetings by signal.

It was barely 1.30 P.M. when we dropped anchor in our first West Indian port. As soon as we had obtained pratique, we were boarded by the harbour-master, Mr. Norman, who was profuse in his offers of help, and shortly afterwards by Captain Bingham, aide-de-camp to the Governor, Sir Sanford Freeling, who was equally kind. A carriage was waiting at the landing to take us for a drive; and Captain Bingham informed us that the Governor particularly wished Tom and me to dine with him that night at a quiet dinner, at the special request of Prince Henry.

The heat was intense; but as soon as we landed we—or at all events I individually—forgot all about the temperature, so many and so strange were the objects that met our view. There were negroes with their funny merry faces, long trailing dresses and swaying gait; graceful little brown coolies of every caste and sect; and representatives of the large mulatto and yellow-faced population, of no particular race:—all of whom appeared to be quite as much amused with us as we were with them, which made us feel more easy in using our eyes and making the best of the opportunity of gazing at all the strange sights that presented themselves. I think the adjutant-birds ('Johnny crows,' as they call them here) impressed me as much as anything. Their odd, grotesque ways, their exceeding tameness, and the demurely methodical manner in which they perform the useful work of scavengers, are most entertaining. Then there was the vegetation. But to describe that is next to the

impossible. We went up through an avenue of almond trees, passing numerous small gardens, each of which was filled with plants of what seemed to us a rare kind, growing in such affluence as would have delighted the heart of the Curator at Kew, including beautiful orange, red and purple crotons, dracænas, hibiscus, allamandas, caladiums, begonias, and others. The colours of all the flowers shaded off from yellow, through red to brown, a mixture the effect of which was gorgeous, although the almost entire absence of any other colour was remarkable. Over our heads waved palms of every description, cocoanuts, breadfruits, jujubes, and hundreds of others; while in the Savannah, which closely resembles an English park, herds of cattle grazed beneath the shade of huge silk-cotton trees and acacias (*bella sombra*). Like many of the population, the cattle were of a mixed breed, short-horns and Alderneys feeding peacefully beside Brahminee bulls, zebus, and queer little Hindoo cattle, something like Brittany or Kerry cows.

Most of the cows belong to coolies, who are the milkmen of Port of Spain. The Savannah itself extends to the foot of the mountains by which the town is partly surrounded. The Governor's residence is on one side surrounded by the Botanic Gardens; on the opposite side is the hospital, while merchants' villas occupy favourable sites.

We reached Government House just at dusk, when the fire-flies were beginning to shew us the light of their little lanterns and to flit about amongst the grass, where they looked as if some of the minor stars had come down to visit the earth. We joined our friends in the enjoyment of the cool air in the garden; but were soon driven in by the night dews and mosquitoes. Rooms had been placed at our disposal; but we did not avail ourselves of them, except to dress, as we preferred sleeping on board the yacht. The luxury of a huge marble bath, so large that one could almost swim in it, and of

the shower-bath attached to it, was very great, after the comparatively short-allowance of *fresh* water to which we have been limited for the last three weeks. The intense heat has naturally made the economy we have been obliged to exercise in this matter rather trying; but it has been necessary to set an example, for sailors are proverbially careless, and do not think of the morrow, while land-servants can hardly be expected to understand, however often they may be told, that there is a limit to the supply of *fresh* water even when sailing on the bosom of the salt ocean. Before the tanks were locked up, and the water was carefully allowanced, four tons were consumed in the first three days after leaving Madeira, a rate of consumption which, considering that we only carry fourteen tons altogether, including the store in the reserve tanks, would soon have produced a water-famine in the ship; whereupon the very men who had been responsible for the waste would doubtless have been the first to turn round and reproach us. Salt-water baths three times a day, followed by a complete change of clothing, we all found refreshing in the hot weather; and some members of the party, who suffered a great deal from thirst, even went so far as to assert that a long immersion was almost equal in its effects to a hearty draught.

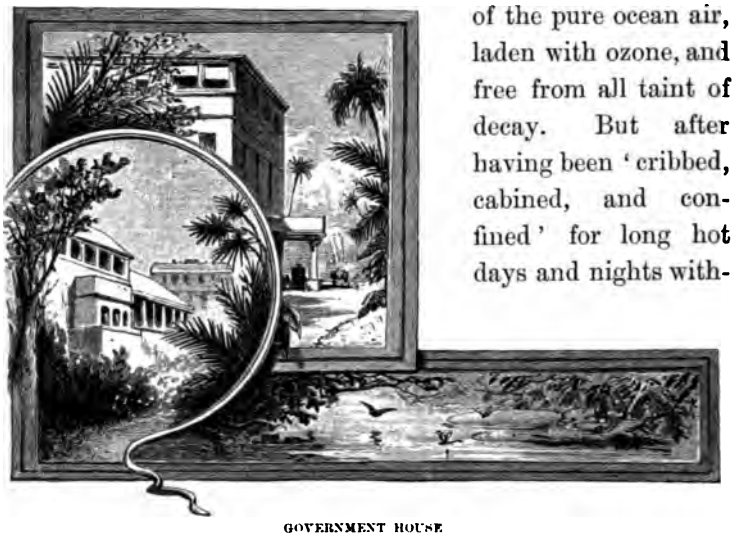


Nobody could have received us more kindly than Sir Sanford Freeling and his daughter, Miss Freeling. His Royal Highness, too, was most pleasant; and we were very glad to meet him again, and to be introduced to his officers, Captain the Count von Seckendorf, Lieutenant Fritze, and Dr. Thörner. We had a pleasant dinner in a charmingly airy room, far cooler than many a London dining-room in summer. The drawing-room was equally spacious and pleasant. Except at the Straits Settlements (Singapore), I have never seen a finer Government House, nor one so well-arranged in every respect.

I do not think, from what we have heard, that we have missed much in the way of scenery by not going to Barbadoes, our original destination when we left Madeira. The island on the whole is flat; the highest land being situated in the north-eastern portion, which is bare and bleak. The principal—indeed, almost the sole—produce is sugar, of which large quantities are raised. I believe there are about five hundred sugar-works in operation at the present time, each of which, on an average, manufactures something like a thousand hogsheads, besides molasses. Beautiful as they are at first, with their brilliant green foliage and feathery tufts like pampas-grass, there is something monotonous about fields of sugar-cane, when unrelieved by other vegetation. The roads in Barbadoes are dazzlingly white, and the light of the sun is so bright that, if one does not wish to be altogether blinded by the glare, blue spectacles are almost indispensable; added to which the heat is far greater than it is in Trinidad. Still, in spite of all these disadvantages, there is a sort of romance about the very name of Barbadoes; and one has heard and read so much about the island—including the lyrical assurance that 'all Barbadoes' bells shall ring'—that it was with feelings of great regret that we allowed prudential considerations in regard to hurricanes to prevail, and decided to

abandon the idea of visiting it. I think Marryat's description, in 'Peter Simple,' of the 'dignity ball' is alone almost sufficient to make one long to see something of the island for oneself, and to be initiated into the mysterious etiquette of its society.

The rest of the party preferred to stay on shore while we went to Government House, and to take their chance of finding some dinner somewhere; though they were assured that there was no hotel in the town fit to enter. I was quite able to sympathise with their feelings in this respect; for after a long interval spent at sea, the scent of the land, even though it happen not to be very fragrant, is delightful to me. Not for any length of time, though. Don't imagine for a moment that I have the bad taste to prefer nasty things to nice, or bad things to good. I soon begin to long for a 'whiff of the briny' again, a breath of the pure ocean air, laden with ozone, and free from all taint of decay. But after having been 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' for long hot days and nights with-



GOVERNMENT HOUSE

in the limited space of a small vessel, the yearning to be able to wander about on shore in the cool of the evening, to enjoy

the land-breeze as it rustles through the leaves of tall trees, or softly whispers through bushes laden with sweet-scented flowers, creeping gently along the ground, and just fluttering the wings of the fire-flies, becomes intense.

It was a heavenly night; and the drive back to the shore and the moonlight row off to the yacht were not the least pleasant part of our day's experience. It almost seemed as if the stars, tired of flirting with the fairies on shore, had deserted the grassy slopes and fragrant groves to frolic with the mermaids, so bright was the surface of the sea with the floating lights of the medusæ and noctilucæ.

> Like mountain lake – as smooth and calm –
> The waves are hushed in dreamy sleep;
> While perfumes float from isles of balm.



CHAPTER VII.

TRINIDAD.

Monday, October 29th.

WE left the yacht at half-past five, having promised to be at the Botanic Gardens by seven. No sooner had we reached the shore than we were met by a Custom House officer, who demanded payment of ten shillings each on account of my two dogs, before he could allow either of them to land; at the same time



asserting that he should make a similar charge every day—or rather every time—that they came ashore. Our remonstrances were vain, and we therefore had to deposit our twenty shillings, and to content ourselves with making a mental note of the occurrence; while the two animals, which are not on the best of terms—being mutually jealous—exchanged angry scowls and growls, as though each were accusing the other of being the cause of needless expense and trouble.

Our first proceeding was to despatch telegrams to our kind friends in Barbadoes and Tobago—who were no doubt still expecting us—to express our regret at having been compelled to pass by their hospitable shores. This was a simple matter enough; but when we proposed to telegraph to England, to announce our arrival and to give sundry instructions respecting letters and packages, and some information as to our future movements, it was quite another affair. For a very short message we found the charge would be considerably over ten pounds, independent of the address, which would cost 5*l.*, the rate for each word being 13*s.* 10*d.* Tom positively refused to pay any such sum for what was, after all, not an absolutely necessary message, though I fear its suppression may perhaps cause some little anxiety among our friends for a time, as they will now have to wait for letters.

Telegrams and letters were soon forgotten, as we drove through the town and up past the Queen's Park, or Savannah, and saw the picturesque figures draped in brilliant colours that met our eyes at every step. It was the market-day of the coolies, who were pouring in from all parts of the island, with their curious grass-laden carts, or with prettily-shaped baskets, filled with fruits and vegetables, poised gracefully on their heads.

When we arrived at the Botanic Gardens, near the entrance to the Valley of St. Ann, we were met by the Curator, Mr. Prestoe. He had hoped to see us before the heat of the day had become oppressive; and although we

were not much behind time, it was really very trying, even at this early hour. Government House, as I have already mentioned, is situated in the midst of the gardens, the splendours of which we could appreciate far better this morning than it had been possible to do last night, attractive as they had looked in the gloaming, when we arrived, and at a later hour, when we departed, in the golden light of the moon. The fierce glare of the 'garish sun' disclosed many new and unexpected attractions, and developed a brilliancy and intensity of colour which I had never before realised or even dreamt of. The house itself, which is very extensive, is surrounded by spacious verandahs, and is completely covered by variegated creepers of graceful forms, bearing gorgeous blossoms of the most diversified hues. There were bougainvillæas of every shade, ranging from darkest purple to palest mauve; trumpet-shaped bignoniads, varying from orange to yellow; convolvuli of an infinite diversity of colour—purple, pink, blue, violet, scarlet, and yellow; aristolochiæ, with their large cool-looking shady green leaves, which were most refreshing to the eyes, especially after gazing on the flaming groups of tropæolums, the rich red, orange, and yellow blossoms of which formed a mass of colour, unrelieved by any visible leaves, that suggested the idea of a furnace-mouth, as it shimmered in the hot breeze, and seemed to cast back some of the heat and light which it had borrowed from the sun.

Intermingled with all these were fragrant jasmines, of every sort and size, twining their tendrils and diffusing their sweet scent among the more gorgeous blossoms which surrounded them. Clusters of stephanotis, so long and thick that they looked more like ropes than plants, hung about everywhere, lightly swayed by the wind, and much affected by the brilliant humming-birds that hovered indefatigably in the sunshine, occasionally stopping to plunge their long slender bills into the very centre of the wax-like petals of the

flowers, and to enjoy a long drink of the delicious honey contained in their snowy nectaries. Little recked they of the dazzling beauty of their own richly-jewelled coats, the bright prismatic hues of which surpassed in brilliancy the most priceless gems that ever adorned the diadem of earthly monarch.

There were many other pink, blue, and yellow creepers, the names of which I do not remember, and which I shall not attempt to describe, though I shall append a list—made at the time with the kind assistance of Mr. Prestoe—for the benefit of those who care for such things. I wished I had a hundred eyes, like Argus, with which to see all that these wonderful gardens contained; as many ears, with which to listen to the interesting information given by Mr. Prestoe; a mind capacious as the ocean to take it in, and wisdom to turn it to good account.



TIMIT CAP

Here stand the golden products
Of every sun and clime,
And seem to live, like lovers' vows,
In spite of space or time.
. . . . . .
And the air is full of odours
Of exotic orchides;
And there hang the strangest blossoms
From the strangest sort of trees.

After the creepers, what attracted our attention most, I think, were the yellow allamandas, white gardenias, and hibiscus, tree-like in size, and of every conceivable variety of shape and colour. There were red, pink, and snowy-white blossoms; double and single blossoms; large round flowers; small round flowers; flat, long, small, and big flowers, growing in clusters or singly. One especially rare and beautiful variety was the *schizopetalus*, a bright delicately-veined flower, the edges of the petals of which (as the name implies) were

deeply cut or indented, the long, pink, delicately-fringed stamens terminating in an exquisitely-shaped point, some three or four inches long.

The gardens—which were first established by the then Governor of the island, Sir Ralph Woodford, in 1820—are divided into three parts: the flower-garden, the arboretum and palmetum, and the orchard and 'economic' ground, as it is called. The latter contains specimens of trees and plants the products of which are used in commerce, while in the two others are objects of a more ornamental character. In the orchard the nutmeg trees are one of the most striking features. There are also several varieties of coffee-plants, including what are called Hybrid Mocha, Liberian coffee, and crackling Creole coffee (*Coffea arabica*), as to the respective merits and value of which Mr. Prestoe has lately been making some very careful observations.

In the nursery and extension grounds are crotons, bamboos, mangoes, gum-trees, malacca apple-trees, candle-trees, plantains, vanilla, peach-palms and oil-palms, and cacao-plants. A good deal of attention is now being paid to the improved cultivation of cacao in Trinidad. The quantity exported annually is 13,000,000 lbs., worth about 500,000*l.* and it is thought that by a more careful and scientific system of cultivation and subsequent treatment of the beans, the supply may be considerably increased.

The walks about the gardens are well laid out, and the trees judiciously planted; so that each variety is seen to the best advantage, except when occasionally interfered with by its neighbour's luxuriance. It was delightful to walk under the shade of rare and curious palms from every part of the globe, and beneath trees with some of which one was familiar both by name and by sight, such as the cinnamon, with its fragrant bark and its dark-green, ribbed, laurel-like leaves, and the nutmeg-tree, somewhat resembling the Portuguese

laurel, weighed down by clusters of bright apricot-coloured fruit, just bursting and showing the crimson lace-like film, which encases the familiar nutmeg, and which, when dried, becomes the mace of commerce. The well-remembered fragrance recalled vividly to our recollection the luxuriant gardens of Wock Wallak, as we rubbed the leaves in our hands and inhaled the spicy odours. Further on we were transported to China by the sight of a tree somewhat resembling a large pomegranate, covered with queer three-cornered yellow fruit. Then there was a calabash-tree (*Crescentia Cujete*) with enormous gourds growing at the top and down to the extremities of very slender branches, which looked as if they must break beneath their weight. The hard wood-like shells of these gourds, which, fortunately are lighter than they look, are used by the inhabitants of these parts for almost every conceivable purpose of domestic economy. To a great extent they take the place of ordinary crockery; and in many cases they are tastefully carved, stained and polished. I believe that kettles may even be made from them, which will stand the heat of the fire several times. The average height of the calabash-tree is about thirty feet; and its flowers are variegated with purple, red and yellow, and green.

The vegetable-ivory plant (*Phytelephas macrocarpa*) was another of the things that attracted a large share of attention. The tree itself is closely allied to the palm, and is not unlike some varieties of the latter that are more or less familiar to us. The nuts grow in clusters just above the roots: sometimes even beneath the surface of the ground. Each nut contains six or eight kernels, which must at any time be indigestible morsels; although when young they are eaten eagerly by hogs, bears, and turkeys. When perfectly ripe they are as hard as ivory, and will take a high polish. They are now largely used to supply the place of the real article (at Birmingham they are manufactured into buttons),

the scarcity of ivory having been in great measure caused by the wholesale and wanton destruction of big game by some of the so-called sportsmen of South and Central Africa. The leaves of the vegetable-ivory plant are used by the Indians as thatch for their huts.

The *Pandanus*, perched on its stilt-like legs, and looking as if it had done something wrong and were running away as hard as it could, is likewise a remarkable plant. There are a good many species of *Pandanus*—something like thirty or more—among which are the *Pandanus candelabrum*, or chandelier tree, which is met with principally in Guiana, and the *Pandanus utilis*, or useful pandanus, which is a common wild plant in the Mauritius. Its leaves are made into sugar-sacks, and also into those little bags in which poultry or fish are sometimes carried in England.

One very large spreading tree was pointed out to us as the *Bertholletia excelsa*, which bears the excellent and familiar Brazil nut. The many-cornered, polyhedral, wrinkled brown objects we are so accustomed to see in an independent condition, are packed away—or rather grow with the utmost mathematical precision—inside an exceedingly hard shell, about as big as a cocoa-nut without its exterior covering. There is a softer place at one end, which, when the nuts are ripe, bursts open, the contents being scattered on the ground. The monkeys are aware of this peculiarity of the vegetable in question; and being excessively fond of the nuts, they not unfrequently get caught by thrusting their paws into the opening shell before it has quite reached the bursting stage, and being unable to withdraw them again. It frequently happens that the entire nut, which is both heavy and hard, falls from the tree, perhaps from a height of 100 or even 150 feet, without bursting; in view of which circumstance it is considered dangerous to go into forests where the trees grow and the nuts are ripening, until the season is over. There are

large forests of these trees on the banks of the Amazon, the Rio Negro, and the Orinoco, where, after the fruits have fallen, they are collected into heaps by troops of



GROUP OF VEGETATION

Indians, called *castanhieros*; the nuts that have not already burst being split open with axes. They are then sent to Para for exportation, and are sometimes called Para nuts.

The tree which bears the sapucaia nut (*Lecythis Zabucajo*), is entirely different to the Brazil-nut tree, although its produce is very similar in nearly every respect. The trees attain an average height of about eighty feet, their tops expanding

into a large mass of dark-green glossy foliage. The outer shells in which the nuts grow are about six inches in diameter, and have a sort of lid at the top, which opens and allows the ripe contents to escape. Both Brazil nuts and sapucaia nuts are considered extremely nourishing and wholesome in Trinidad, and are much used as an article of food, especially in the mountains, where the oily nature of the nuts supplies the place of animal food, which is difficult to procure, and where the natives have not the resource of the inhabitants of the coast, in the way of an abundance of fish. The souari or butter-nuts, the produce of the *Caryocar nuciferum*, contains even more oleaginous matter. The natives crush them and make from the oil or milk a stuff called 'ghee,' which they sell in the market, and which is almost undistinguishable from bad butter.

But perhaps the most remarkable of the order of *Lecythidaceæ* to which our attention was directed was the so-called 'Cannon-ball tree' (*Couroupita guianensis*) with its straight stem, some fifty or sixty feet in height, supporting its elm-like head. It has no lateral branches; but all down its stem hang what look like giant creepers; though they are really the leaf-bearing and the fruit and flower-bearing branches, which are quite distinct. The long spikes of scarlet flowers, and their curious hood-shaped centre—which has been compared to the fist of a new-born babe, with a little pink hood drawn over it—are very pretty and effective. The shells of the cannon-ball fruit are used as drinking-vessels; and the pulp, when perfectly fresh, has a pleasant flavour.

The milk-tree (*Tanghinia lactaria*) yields a sap in colour and taste like milk, if drunk while fresh. The blood-tree (*Croton gossypifolium*), when wounded, sends forth a juice like blood: -a sort of indiarubber-like fluid, which is used as a kind of glue and varnish.

Of course there were many other equally wonderful trees

besides those which I have attempted to describe; but I must not make my book a mere *sylva sylvarum*.

After a pleasant but exhausting visit of three hours to the gardens, and some welcome refreshment at Government House, in the shape of limes, soda-water, and ice, we returned to town to breakfast at the hotel, the view from the verandah of which was most interesting. Late as was the hour, high as was the sun, and fierce the heat of his burning rays, the market was not yet quite over; and there were a good many coolies still to be seen lolling about and gossiping under the shade of the splendid double avenue of almond trees that extends through the whole length of the town. There were a few negroes, but not many—just enough to add a little shade and to throw up the brilliancy of the coloured dresses and the tones of the various complexions. The Hôtel de France, where those of our party who had remained ashore after we left them last night had dined comfortably, maintained its reputation to-day. We had an excellent breakfast, good wine, and plenty of ice and fruit, served in a nice cool room by the most civil and obliging of negro waiters. The proprietress married many years ago a French *coiffeur*, who, being unable to exist away from his beloved boulevards, returned in due course to Paris, leaving Madame, who could not tear herself from her daughter, to attend to the business. The daughter is married to a French creole, who does not appear to do much more than lounge about and smoke all day, while the wife looks after a sweet little white-faced baby, that looks as delicate and fragile as a lily. Madame devotes herself to the management of the house, cellar, and table-department; while her sister cooks dainty dishes, fit to set before a king. The result of their combined efforts and good management is that a comfortable hotel is provided for the benefit of all travellers to Puerto d'España, where formerly none existed, and where chance visitors were entirely depen-

dent upon the sometimes severely-taxed hospitality of the residents.

As affording some idea of the culinary resources of the establishment, and of the food obtainable in Trinidad, I append the *menu* of our repast :—



After a brief interval of rest, which yet was scarcely repose—for there was so much that was strange and new to see, in whichever direction one looked, that one's mind was actively occupied all the time—we started for the Blue Basin, an excursion which affords a high idea of the exquisite beauty of Trinidad. On the road we met an immense number of coolies, both men and women: the latter wearing enormous bangles, earrings, and—not by any means least in point of size or ugliness—great nose rings; or in some cases a so-called ornament that looked like a little nail driven into the side of the nose, with either a ruby or an emerald set in its head. The coolie men spend all their money in jewellery for their women, which thus becomes their sole fortune; and if they become poor, the ornaments are at once sold, though this rarely happens. What far more frequently occurs is that the woman runs away, jewellery and all, to somebody else; and then there is either a free fight, or the man, woman, and anyone else who happens to be in the way, are stabbed surreptitiously in the dead of the night, and there is an inquest and perhaps a trial for murder.

We were able to appreciate much better the beauty and interest of the fresh forms of vegetation that met our view, owing to Mr. Prestoe's lucid explanations and instruction of this morning; and it was pleasant to be able to make more intelligent remarks respecting them than it had hitherto been in our power to do, and to refer to some of the trees, shrubs, and creepers which we were continually passing by their proper names, instead of being limited to such remarks as, 'Oh, look at that lovely yellow orchid; or that brilliant red plant! Did you ever see such a strange thing? What can that brown and red flower be?'—and so forth. I scarcely know what I admired most, where everything was so novel and attractive. The graceful balisiers (*Canna indica*), with their eight- and ten-feet-long spikes of scarlet oval cup-like

flowers, just edged with yellow, in shape something like the prow of a Roman galley, such as may be seen represented on antique gold and silver plate, were perhaps the most remarkable. The callisias, with their brilliant leaves and purple edges, were also, to me, especially beautiful. Each cup or flower contains from three to four table-spoonfuls of water :— a welcome provision in a thirsty land. The pepper-plants of various kinds, and the cacao tree (*Theobroma Cacao*), from which the cocoa and chocolate of commerce are made—not from the cocoa-nut palm, as many people imagine—were also very lovely. The latter is rather a large tree, not unlike a Spanish chestnut, with hollow pods resembling capsicums, of every colour, from palest yellow to darkest crimson, growing out of the stem and branches, and is altogether peculiar in appearance. We passed through vast groves of these trees, and through extensive plantations of sugar-canes, the huge heads of which now look like extra-beautiful pampas-grass, waving in the light tropical breeze.

As we proceeded, the road got worse and worse, till at last we passed behind the signal-station that had waved us so kind a welcome when we first entered the port; and then meandered about through woods, down dales, up hills, over rocks, and across streams, till we reached Mr. Fuller's wooden house, where we found him awaiting us with some ponies to carry us the remainder of our way. He had also provided baskets of the most delicious and sweetest green oranges of the mandarin and larger descriptions, in order that we might refresh ourselves before we started.

A picturesque ride of about a mile, along a very narrow slippery path, by the side of a sparkling stream, through the tangle of an almost impenetrable virgin forest of tropical trees and creepers, brought us at last to the Blue Basin, where, on turning a corner in the wood, a fairylike scene

suddenly met our view. In the centre of a thickly wooded amphitheatre, profusely bedecked with ferns, was a very small blue lake, of considerable depth, bordered by the most brilliant taniers (*Caladium sagittæfolium*), something like arums, among which flitted humming-birds and blue butterflies: while in the centre from the top of an abrupt precipice, some fifty or sixty feet in height, a cascade fell into the basin beneath, which was full of fish.



We would willingly have lingered to enjoy the attractions of this delightfully romantic scene: but daylight now began to fade, and we were warned that it would be prudent to retrace our steps before it became absolutely dark. There was not sufficient light to ride by; and we were therefore obliged to pick our way as best we could back to Mr. Fuller's hospitable mansion, where he showed us his wonderful collection of stuffed birds, which includes specimens of nearly all the varieties found in the island. I believe that about 300 different species have been observed in Trinidad, the ornithology of which differs considerably from that of the other West India islands. The insects of the island are very numerous; and the birds which feed upon them are therefore

largely represented. It would be impossible to enumerate all the specimens shown to us by Mr. Fuller, but they included falcons, goshawks, vultures (or corbeaux), owls, shrikes, fly-catchers, merles (or blackbirds), a few varieties of warblers, swallows, grosbeaks, bullfinches, starlings, humming-birds—of which Trinidad boasts eighteen species—kingfishers, woodpeckers, toucans, macaws, parrots, paroquets, couroucoui, pigeons, plovers, herons, curlews, chevaliers, rails, water-hens, sea-swallows, pelicans, and ducks. Vultures, or corbeaux, swarm in the town of Port of Spain, where they perform the very useful office of scavengers, watching eagerly from the roofs of the houses and other points of vantage for the garbage which may fall in the street. There are two species of vultures in Trinidad, the black-headed (*Vultur papa*), known as 'the king of the corbeaux,' and the red-headed (*Vultur aruba*), called 'the governor of the corbeaux.' The latter is never met with in towns, while the former is, as a rule, only to be seen in the streets; though, whenever, in the country, some particularly savoury object attracts attention, both kinds assemble to enjoy it. Game is tolerably plentiful in the island; but it is very inferior in flavour to what we are accustomed to at home. Mr. Fuller also showed us an enormous centipede, ten inches long, and some live agoutis (*Chloromys acuti*), curious little beasts, feeding on fruits and roots.

We had a most delightful drive back through the fragrant forest, the fields of waving sugar-canes, and the tropical gardens, illumined by the light of the stars, the glimmer of the fire-flies, and the occasional flicker of a coolie's fire. It was rather late when we arrived at Government House; and we had not much time to luxuriate in our big baths, or to waste on our toilette. The dinner was pleasant, and we enjoyed some delightful music afterwards, for which the large rooms, without carpets, hangings, or curtains of any kind,

were admirably adapted, and to which full justice was done by a new piano, just arrived from Erard's.

I was glad to learn that the conscience of the black custom-house officer, who had made the trouble about the dogs this morning, had afterwards pricked him. Mature reflection seems to have convinced him that his most prudent course was to report his own conduct to the Governor, who had severely reprimanded him for his over-officiousness, and had desired him to return my sovereign *at once*. It is only fair to add that he was not entirely without justification; inasmuch as it appears that Barbadoes is more or less overrun with dogs and curs of all sorts, which have an unfortunate disposition to go mad, and that a tax has been imposed on all representatives of the canine species, with a view of diminishing their number. The result has been that many dogs have been shipped off to Trinidad, where an impost of ten shillings per head has been established, with a view of checking the influx of the unwelcome guests. The rule does not, however, apply to the casual visitor, travelling for pleasure and profit, like our canine pets, and the custom-house officer was therefore guilty of an error of judgment in this respect.

It was late before we reached the yacht; but somehow, in these climates, the night is far pleasanter than the day, and one gets into the habit of going to bed late and rising early, taking perhaps a siesta in the afternoon - when one has time to do so, which, from my own experience, is not often the case.

Truly a real tropical night is one of the things which makes life worth living, whatever may be the state of the liver. Gladly would I do and suffer much for one brief hour's enjoyment of such a scene as this, when back again among the fogs and frosts of old England. Well do I know how much and how often I have longed to live once again those glorious nights of seven years ago in the South Pacific; but, alas! they are among the things that are no more.

Tuesday, October 30th.—We started at an early hour this morning to visit the market, with which I was somewhat disappointed; although it was a novel and animated scene, and noisy enough to deafen anybody. There were, however, not so many out-of-the-way things for sale on the stalls as I had expected to find. What impressed me most was the rivalry and evident want of co-operation that existed among the vendors; and the droll little heaps, and dabs, and snippets in which everything was sold. Each peasant proprietor or owner of a hut and a patch of ground of the smallest dimensions, seemed to have brought in the produce thereof for sale, independently of the aid of any middle-man; so that we saw the most insignificant piles of capsicums or chillies, oranges, mangoes, carrots, salad, sugar-apples, cherimoyers, pine-apples, and other fruits and vegetables, offered for sale, by at least twenty vociferating dealers, standing in a row. The coolie traders, with their dark-brown skins, fine smooth black hair, and lithe figures swathed in bright-coloured shawls, their arms and legs heavy with jewelry, the produce of their spouses' wealth, were quiet and graceful in voice and action; and presented a striking contrast to the buxom black negresses, with their thick lips, gay turbans, merry laughter, and somewhat aggressive curiosity.

Our appearance seemed, as usual, to afford as much interest and amusement as we ourselves derived from the scene, quite the most attractive and wonderful member of our party evidently being my esteemed black poodle, which was evidently regarded by the negroes as a sort of very distant relation; while his personal peculiarities—particularly the tufts or knobs on his tail—delighted them immensely, judging from the loud guffaws, 'yah yahs,' and other admiring exclamations with which he was greeted, as they hopped about, almost on all fours, to have a good look at him, and to get their eyes on the same level with his.

From the market we went to one or two shops, none of which were particularly interesting, except a Chinese shop, the interior of which at once transported us back to Canton or Hong Kong. Every article was of Chinese manufacture; and the traders could speak but few words of English. There was nothing specially novel or tempting to me in the stock itself; but to those who had not visited the Middle Kingdom there was much to astonish, amuse, and attract.

Just before leaving the yacht, we had been surprised by the announcement that Mr. Crampton had come on board to call upon us. It was very pleasant to meet an old friend from England so unexpectedly. He is now in Trinidad on business connected with a gold mine on the banks of the Orinoco, of which he is the manager. He must have rather a rough time of it, I should think, living there all alone, without any sort of congenial person to speak to. He seems very well and happy, however, and to have his heart in his work. He afterwards accompanied us on several of our excursions, and gave us a great deal of useful information.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA

We had to hurry back to the yacht to receive the Governor and Miss Freeling, and Prince Henry of Prussia, who arrived in due course. After breakfast, and a pleasant interval spent beneath the awning of the 'Sunbeam,' we all paid a visit

to the 'Olga.' Prince Henry is a practical seaman. As a lieutenant, he takes charge of a watch, and carries on all the drills and exercises. He appears to be a general favourite with his shipmates, and Captain von Seckendorf says that he is quite the hardest worker on board and sets an excellent example to his youthful companions. At the same time he is thoroughly capable of enjoying all the amusements that come in his way, and of appreciating everything that he sees. The other officers of the ship are accomplished gentlemen, and both they and the entire crew of the 'Olga' look wonderfully healthy and in good case, considering how long they have been in these hot climates.

We remained some time on board, listening to the excellent band and taking afternoon tea; and in the cool of the evening we again landed and dined at the Hôtel de France.

It was in 1498 that Columbus, in the course of his third expedition across the Atlantic, discovered the island of Trinidad, the mouths of the Orinoco—which river he imagined to spring from the Tree of Life in the midst of the Garden of Eden—and the Gulf of Paria, the finest harbour in the West Indies.

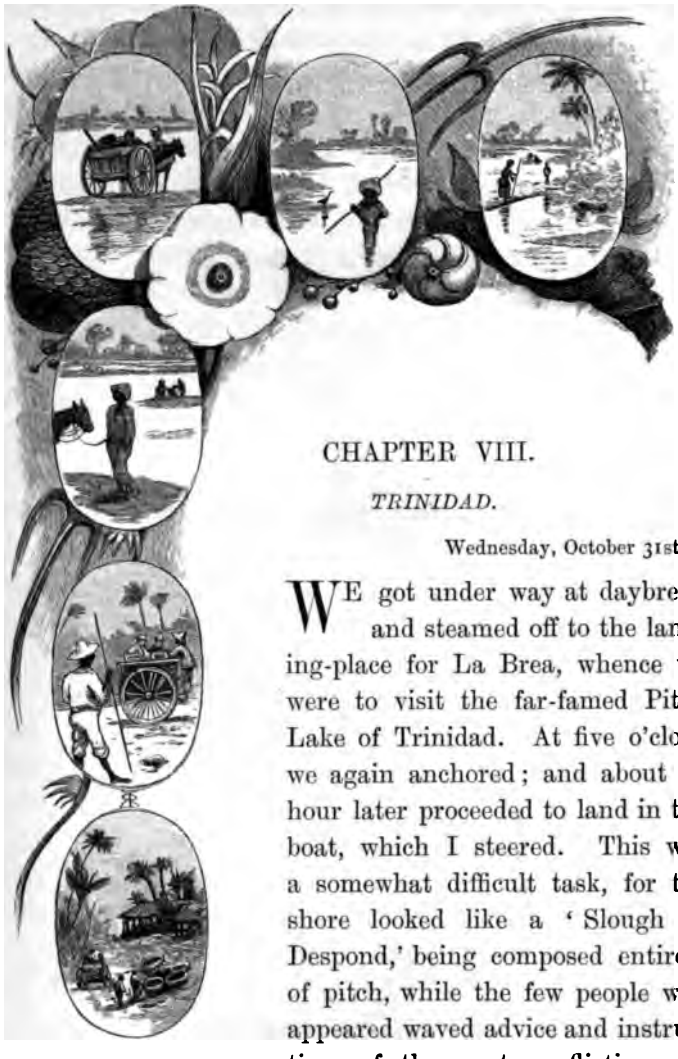
On the Constance Estate, at Icacos, is an old anchor, which is said to have originally formed part of the equipment of one of the ships commanded by the great navigator. It is an interesting relic, in an excellent state of preservation, although it looks somewhat forlorn and out-of-place in its present position.

Trinidad, although frequently visited by vessels, for the purpose of obtaining wood and water, and too often with the object of capturing slaves, was not colonised until nearly a hundred years subsequent to its discovery. It was held by the Spaniards—with the exception of a short interval of conquest by the French—until 1797, when it became for the

first time part of the British possessions in the West Indies, having been captured by a force of 7000 men, under the command of General Abercrombie.



On an island's winding shore,
There for ages long it lay
At the bottom of a bay.



CHAPTER VIII.

TRINIDAD.

Wednesday, October 31st.

WE got under way at daybreak and steamed off to the landing-place for La Brea, whence we were to visit the far-famed Pitch Lake of Trinidad. At five o'clock we again anchored; and about an hour later proceeded to land in the boat, which I steered. This was a somewhat difficult task, for the shore looked like a 'Slough of Despond,' being composed entirely of pitch, while the few people who appeared waved advice and instructions of the most conflicting and inconsistent character as to landing; so that no sooner had I given heed to the energetic gestures of an individual who appeared to possess a certain amount of authority, and had turned the boat's head in one direction, than the

equally frantic gesticulations of a person of apparently superior importance seemed to indicate that we were all doomed to certain destruction. At last, however, with the aid of Mr. Macarthy, the manager of the pitch-works, we succeeded in effecting a landing in a very sticky place, where we climbed into some of the roughest of mule-carts, that had been provided for our transport, and in which chairs had been temporarily placed. Each cart was drawn by four strong mules harnessed in Indian file; but the road was rough, and the driver had little or no control over his cattle, and, as they showed a desire to proceed in different directions, it may be imagined that the jolting was great and our progress slow.

On either side of the road was a hedge, or rather wall, of what to us were interesting, though doubtless to dwellers in the tropics comparatively common, trees, among which were numerous little huts, each standing in its own small patch of ground, full of equally strange and curious fruit and flowers, such as bananas, arrowroot, yams, manioca, and the malacca apple with its bright magenta flowers, in shape not unlike long bottle-bushes.

The nearer we approached to the lake the more pitchy did the ground become. We passed through vegetation not unlike a patch of British fern suddenly transferred to a temperature of about fifty degrees above what it is accustomed to, and thus, as it were, 'tropicalised.' The Pitch Lake itself was an extraordinary, and to my mind, a hideous-looking place, fully justifying its title—a lake of thick pitch, very like solid black mud, intersected by channels, holes, and crevices filled with water. In one spot, which was a little harder than the rest, men were busily employed in digging out what appeared to be huge blocks of asphalte, which were placed on barrows and transferred to carts for transportation to the boiling-house.

Quale nell' Arzanà de' Viniziani
Bolle l' inverno la tenace pece,
A rimpalmar li legni lor non sani,
Che navicar non ponno; e 'n quella vece
Chi fa suo legno nuovo, e chi ristoppa
Le coste a quel che più viaggi fece;
Chi ribatte da proda e chi da poppa;
Altri fa remi, ed altri volge sarte;
Chi terzeruolo ed artimon rintoppa;
Tal, non per fuoco, ma per divina arte,
Bollia laggiuso una pegola spessa,[1]
Che 'nviscava la ripa d' ogni parte.

DANTE, *Inferno*, xxi. 7-18.

We descended from our conveyances; and, armed with long sticks like alpenstocks, and accompanied by some dozen or twenty negroes carrying planks, we proceeded to cross the lake, an expedition not unattended with difficulty, the width of the crevices being sometimes considerably greater than the length of the planks on which we were to perform the somewhat perilous passage, and the negroes having to stand up to their waists or necks in the water in order to support them as best they could while we stepped across. The dogs seemed to enjoy the fun immensely; especially when, as frequently happened, some merry negro pushed them off the plank they were treading so daintily, into the water beneath, giving them a series of little baths which I rather envied them, considering the heat of the morning. We were fortunate, however, in the fact that the sky was somewhat overcast, and that there was no sun visible; otherwise the glow from this

[1] As in the Arsenal of the Venetians
Boils in the winter the tenacious pitch
To smear their unsound vessels o'er again,
For sail they cannot; and instead thereof
One makes his vessel new, and one recaulks
The ribs of that which many a voyage has made;
One hammers at the prow, one at the stern,
This one makes oars, and that one cordage twists,
Another mends the mainsail and the mizzen;
Thus, not by fire, but by the art divine,
Was boiling down below there a dense pitch
Which upon every side the bank belimed.

black, Stygian area would have been the reverse of agreeable. Even as it was, the fumes of the sulphuretted hydrogen were almost overpowering, where the pitch or petroleum came bubbling up from somewhere in the nether world, bringing with it the most volcanic smells as a kind of token of what was going on down below. So mixed was the pitch with oil and water, that it was easy to pick it up in one's hand and knead it into a ball like bread; and, what was still more curious, one could defy the truth of the old adage and touch pitch without being defiled. The children and I amused ourselves by making several balls of pitch; and yet our fingers remained as clean as possible. In some places the condition of the black mass over which we were passing was almost alarming; for if we stood still for a moment we began to sink deeply into the mud, and to feel hotter and hotter, till it seemed as if we might all be gradually sucked into one of these little tar-fountains, and remain there for the rest of our natural lives.



It took us about two hours to cross the lake, stopping at

various islands on the way, and collecting many curious plants. We passed close to the grove of Moriche palms referred to in Kingsley's 'At Last,' but had not time for a nearer inspection. 'The Tamanacs, according to Humboldt, say that when a man and woman survived that great deluge which the Mexicans call the age of water, they cast behind them, over their heads, the fruits of the Moriche palm (as Deucalion and Pyrrha cast stones) and saw the seeds in them produce men and women, who re-peopled the earth. No wonder, indeed, that certain tribes look on this tree as sacred, or that the missionaries should have named it the "Tree of Life."' We could hear the parrots screeching, and the monkeys screaming and chattering; but could not see anything of great interest; except a curious tree called a Metapalos (something like a very poor camellia), a plant called by the natives the Milk-plant, bearing a pretty red flower like a Turk's head, and some ananas, growing, after the manner of air-plants, on the stems of other trees. The Groo-Groo palms (*Acrocomia*) we also saw for the first time on this occasion. On both shores of the lake women were washing clothes and men were digging out pitch close to the borders, where it had become sufficiently hard. It was evident that a small colony of people derived their living from the lake and its surroundings—and a very good living, too, according to the statement of Mr. McCarthy's agent: the work being not nearly so unpleasant as the descriptions which I had previously read had led me to believe. The ordinary wages of the men average from 24*s*. to 30*s*. a week; while those who choose to work a little harder than usual can easily earn two dollars a day. In this prolific climate, where all that is absolutely necessary to life comes ready to hand, one or two shillings a week would be sufficient to support these labourers; and they could easily clothe themselves for a pound or two a year. As a matter of fact, however, I am afraid that drink and pleasure consume a

considerable proportion of their earnings; for when they have any money in their pockets, they cannot resist going off for a 'spree' and buying all sorts of things for which they have not the slightest use, such as tall hats—or 'stove-pipes,' as they love to call them—and black coats—which they never afterwards look at, much less wear—and other ridiculous things.

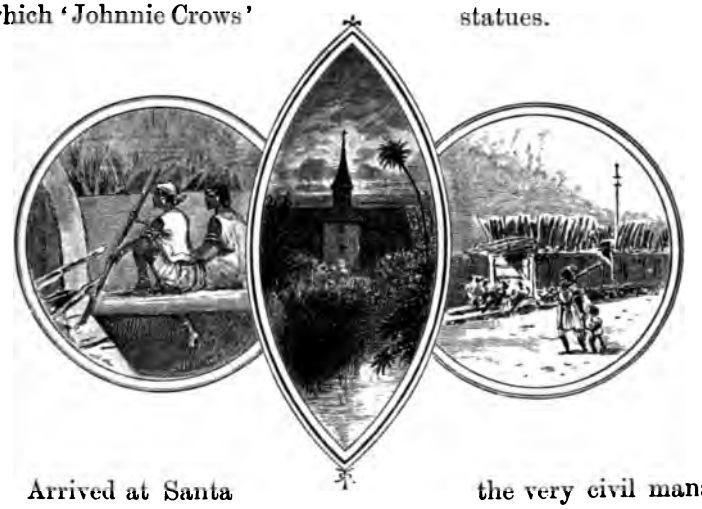
The sun was now getting high in the heavens, and occasionally shining fiercely through the clouds; and we were glad to get off the black glistening surface of the Pitch Lake, and to regain the very comparative repose—for the jolting was frightful—of our cart once more. On our way back to the shore we met Tom, who had remained on board the yacht this morning, and who was now walking up to see the boiler works, belonging to a company, where the raw pitch is transformed into asphalte suitable for road-paving and other purposes, and where the most beautiful snowy-white candles imaginable are also produced from the very black and uninviting-looking compound of which the lake is composed.

While resting under the shade of a sort of small venta, and refreshing myself with some oranges, I heard a little noise above me, and, to my astonishment, saw four bright green and blue lories, seated in a row on a beam which supported the thatch of the roof-tree. They seemed as tame as possible, ate out of my hand, and chattered volubly in Spanish. The cottage was overshadowed by a strychnine-tree and a tamarind, of which I collected some of the seeds.

We went on board to breakfast, and steamed slowly along the coast, in order to see some of its beauties, which the inhabitants of the island apparently think more of than we do, the main feature being what they here call cocal plantations, or groves of cocoa-nut trees, almost as fine as those of the South Sea Islands.

We had not time to go as far as Point Icacos, and had to return to San Fernando, the second principal town of Trini-

dad, in order to go, by the special train that had been provided for us, to the sugar *usine* at Santa Maddalena. The railway was a curious little single line, passing through sugar-estates for almost the entire distance, with nothing to break the monotony of the scene but a few palm-trees, clumps of bamboos, or dead trees, in which 'Johnnie Crows' sat perched, like black statues.



SANTA MADDALENA

Arrived at Santa Maddalena, we were received by Mr. Abel, the very civil manager of the works, who showed and explained to us the whole process of sugar-making from beginning to end. The canes are brought up in railway-trucks, and are then passed between a succession of rollers to be crushed; the women who perform the operation of feeding the rollers with canes guiding the latter as much by means of their feet as of their hands. The canes undergo a great deal of crushing and several subsequent boiling processes; the syrup being pumped up and down in order to crystallise it and to get rid of the molasses; until finally what a few minutes before we had seen enter in the form of whole sugar-canes came out looking exactly like coffee-sugar; the refuse, by a most ingenious arrangement of machinery, going to feed

the furnaces. The heat of the boiling-houses was frightful, and the smell of rum and molasses quite overpowering; so that I was thankful when I could feel that we had done our duty and had seen the entire process of sugar-making from beginning to end; although doubtless the raw material undergoes some further refining or cleansing before it is fit for the European market.

The manager's house is well situated on an eminence commanding a good view of the surrounding country, and stands in the midst of a beautiful garden, divided only from the adjacent fields by hedges of pomegranates and roses. The large trees of hibiscus were covered with the finest flowers of the kind that I have ever seen; while the croton, stephanotis, tuberoses, and a Brazilian shrub, with pretty yellow flowers like jasmine and primrose-coloured bracts, the name of which I do not know, were so lovely as to be more like a dream than anything real.

On our way down the hill to the shore we came across a procession of parasol-ants; curious little insects of which I had often read, but which I had never seen before. One string of them was proceeding steadily along the steep road towards the pomegranate and peach trees, while another stream was returning in the opposite direction. Arrived at the trees, each ant bit off a portion of one of the leaves and then turned round and marched back again, carrying his burden over his head, as if it were in reality a shelter from the sun instead of a part of his own building materials that he was carrying off.



It has been said that 'Barbadoes abounds in lizards; Guiana is overrun with frogs; but Trinidad above all is remarkable for the number and variety of its communities of



PARASOL ANTS

ants.' About twenty distinct species are well known; but there are probably several others besides. Some frequent towns and houses; others are only to be met with in the woods. The length of their bodies is in some cases as much as three-quarters of an inch. The stinging black ant—one of the kind to be found in houses—is perhaps the most abundant. They build their nests either underground or at the roots of plants, which they generally kill. The black ants are very fierce, and will rush out and sting severely anyone who happens to be unfortunate enough to disturb them. There is also a red stinging-ant, which is much smaller, but the sting of which produces a very uncomfortable burning and itching sensation, something like the stinging of a nettle. They have a great partiality for sugar and olive-oil, and make very short work of a store of those articles if they have the chance of doing so. Another curious variety is appropriately called the 'crazy ant.' He always seems to be in a violent hurry, and yet to be unable to make up his mind which way he wants to go, moving forwards, backwards, and sidewards in the most purposeless and insane manner. M. de Verteuil remarks that they are particularly fond of syrup and sugar; but that they are also carnivorous. 'Nothing is more amusing,' he says, 'than to observe thousands of them carrying along large cockroaches, worms, or other dead insects. If they encounter a crawling worm,

immediate notice is circulated among the tribe, and in a short time hundreds of them march to the attack; their huge adversary rolls and contracts in self-defence, but, although tossed about, the ants hold fast; fresh recruits come to the rescue; and, after a struggle of more than half an hour, the giant is subdued and carried to the nest, part of the host pulling forwards, and part raising up, so as to lighten the draft. Once arrived at the entrance of the nest, which is generally small, and cannot admit the booty, the ants cut their prey into small pieces, which they carry down, one only, or a dozen or more, taking charge of each piece, according to the size. The crazy ants neither bite nor sting.'

The most formidable of these insects appears to be the 'hunter-ant,' or *fourmi chasseuse*, whose sting is rather a serious matter. They go about in armies or tribes, arranged in the most regular and systematic manner, and kill every living thing that happens to be in the line of march, such as young birds, scorpions, crickets, cockroaches, and other small creatures. Sometimes they even enter houses, where they destroy rats, mice, and other vermin. They must be wonderfully intelligent creatures, to judge from some of their proceedings. For instance, when, in the course of one of their forays, they come to a rivulet which they wish to cross, they contrive to form a sort of suspension-bridge, composed of their own bodies, over which the remainder of the army passes.

The parasol-ants we saw to-day do not sting, but bite, and are quite capable of using their sharply-pointed saw-like mandibles with considerable effect. They are most destructive to vegetation; but are rather delicate in their tastes, preferring particular plants, such as the young cacao, the orange-tree, yam, and manioca. Still, nothing seems to come amiss to them, and it is only by constant vigilance that roses, vines, and other plants in the gardens near Port of Spain are preserved from their destructive attentions.

In order to save us from the fatigue of a long hot walk, our tramcar had been sent to meet us; but on its way it had unfortunately run off the line. This mishap caused a very long delay; but ultimately, with the help of many coolies and niggers, armed with crowbars, jacks, and levers, the car was lifted on to the rails again; and we proceeded in it on our return journey through the sugar-cane fields, where the fire-flies were flitting and dancing and hovering as usual. In whichever direction we looked there was always something amusing to see from the windows of the car. Near one station that we passed, I noticed a little Madrassee boy, bearing on his shoulder a huge bundle of sugar-canes, four times as big as his own body, and laden besides with what was probably his father's *machete*, also considerably out of proportion to himself. His clothes, like the image of Brutus at the funeral of Junia, were 'conspicuous by their absence'; and his little brown naked figure, standing out in strong relief against the sunset sky, formed quite a pretty picture.



Arrived at San Fernando, we found a large crowd assembled, all anxious to see us. One very smart nigger lady audibly expressed great indignation that more 'adver*tise*ment'[1] had not been made of our coming; so that the people from the country might have a chance of seeing the 'conditioners.' What the last word meant I do not pretend to know; but it was evident that we were objects of great interest to the crowd, which pressed around us and followed us to the boat. The manager of the railway and several other people came on board with us, and were much delighted

[1] The accentuation of 'advertisement' on the penultimate syllable is common, not only in the West Indies, but in the United States.

to have the opportunity of seeing the yacht, of which most of them had read, and about which they knew a great deal more than I should have expected. I think San Fernando is, if possible, even hotter than Port of Spain. At night especially the heat was almost unbearable; and we all felt completely exhausted after our long day's work.

Thursday, November 1st.—We left the yacht at six and started at 7 A.M. in a saloon carriage attached to a special train, through the high woods towards Port of Spain. The names of the stations on the little line of railway are, Claxton Bay, California, Couva, Carapichaima, Chaguanas, Cunupia, San Josef, Caroni, and San Juan. We passed at first over a somewhat flat, marshy country, full of curious plants that were strangers to me, and inhabited by a great many wild-fowl, scarlet ibises, sea-fowl, and some black and yellow birds, the names of which I have forgotten. The vegetable 'walls' of the virgin forest on either side of the line were so thick that it was impossible to see the marvels that were doubtless concealed beyond them. Nothing can give so really good an idea of the scene as the description in Kingsley's 'At Last'; though I think that, perhaps, as a rule, he raises the expectations of his readers almost too high.



CLAXTON PIER

'. . . . You will be struck by the variety of the vegetation, and will recollect what you have often heard, that social plants are rare in the tropic forests. Certainly they are rare in Trinidad, where the only instances of social trees

are the Moras (which I have never seen growing wild), and the Moriche palms. In Europe, a forest is usually made



SEA FERNS, SWAMP, SAN JUAN

up of one dominant plant – of firs or of pines, of oaks or of beeches, of birch or of heather. Here no two plants seem alike. . . . . Stems rough, smooth, prickly, round, fluted, stilted, upright, sloping, branched, arched, jointed, opposite-leaved, alternate-leaved, leafless, or covered with leaves of every conceivable pattern, are jumbled together, till the eye and brain are tired of continually asking "What next?" The stems are of every colour—copper, pink, grey, green, brown, black as if burnt, marbled with lichens, many of them silvery white, gleaming afar in the bush, furred with mosses and delicate creeping film-ferns, or laced with the air-roots of some parasite aloft.'

Among the trees were bread-fruit, cecropias, plantains, mimosas, cacti, silk- and cotton-trees, and palms of every variety, all covered with gigantic lianes, looking like huge serpents suspended from the boughs, besides pines and orchids of the most delicate hues and graceful shapes. Suddenly from the midst of the thickest part of the forest we quite unexpectedly emerged upon a series of wide savannahs, the grass of which was as green and as luxuriant as that of an English park, and where herds of fine cattle might be seen grazing under the trees with which the meadows were studded.

At the second station we reached we received a telegram from Sir Sanford Freeling, informing us that in consequence of a domestic bereavement, of which he had just heard from England, the breakfast this morning, at which he had invited us to meet Prince Henry of Prussia, had been postponed, but that the proposed ball to-night would take place as arranged, on account of the inconvenience and disappointment its adjournment would have caused.

On arriving at Port of Spain, therefore, we breakfasted at the hotel; and directly afterwards drove out with Mr. Crampton to pay a visit to Sir Joseph Needham, who had asked us to spend a long day with him and see his large estates, which, I believe, are among the finest in the island.

The drive through the town of Port of Spain is always interesting. The 'Johnny Crows' alone are an inexhaustible fund of amusement; especially on an extra-hot day like this, when they fluff and plume and dust themselves without cessation; except when they hang themselves out—not to dry, but to cool—from some convenient perch: assuming all the time the most extraordinary attitudes and conducting themselves generally in an absurd and eccentric manner. As soon as we emerged on the road which runs along the sea-shore, we were met and refreshed by a delicious sea-breeze,



which made the drive, with the sparkling blue sea on one side, the tropical vegetation on the other, and the hills and mountains in the distance, towards the centre of the island, altogether delightful. Our coachman did not know his way,

and drove us on nearly to San Josef, one of the stations we had passed this morning, instead of turning off the main road to San Antonio.

It was pleasant indeed to escape from the burning rays of a tropical sun into the cool umbrageous forests and shady glades, where new wonders of every kind met our admiring gaze. These refreshing woods were watered by clear limpid streams, running their course between huge grey boulders and large masses of caladiums and other water-plants, and over-shadowed by black and white bamboos and other moisture-loving trees, plants, ferns, and creepers, living and intertwining in rich and luxuriant confusion. The rivulets and purling brooks, which we had to cross at frequent intervals, looked as if they might be the home of many a trout, though I fear that in this respect appearances were deceptive; and that they contained nothing more than lilies and wild weeds.

After proceeding for some distance through the forest we came to the beginning of the plantation; and, passing clump after clump of stately cacao-trees, which became more and more dense as we advanced, we arrived at a clearing which many years ago had been transformed into a garden. The beauties of that garden, and the kindness and hospitality of our reception by our host, it would be vain to attempt to describe. He had prepared every possible delicacy for every variety of taste. There were tea, coffee, cocoa, wine, cold meats, fruits of every kind, besides orangeade, lemonade, and lime-juice, which the old negro servants hospitably pressed upon us. Those who have never tasted orangeade or lemonade as made in the West Indies can have little idea what such compounds in their perfection are like. They would be appreciated anywhere; but between the heat of the day and the thirst engendered by our long drive, they appeared to us simply ambrosial.

After a short rest, we went for a walk through Sir Joseph's grounds, obtaining occasional views of the central ridge of mountains, which runs in a W.S.W. direction, from Point Manzanilla to Pointe-à-Pierres, and which includes Mount L'Ebranche, 718 feet high. The loftiest mountain in the island is the Tocuche, in the northern range, between Maraccas and Las Cuevas, the height of which is 3,012 feet.

Sir Joseph Needham has been trying for years to improve this tract of land by judicious clearing and replanting; so that, as the trees die down, others may grow up to replace them. His efforts have been attended with the most satisfactory results; and his estates are now not only by far the largest in Trinidad, but his plantations are in the best order, and the produce—whether of tree or shrub, plant or tuber, creeper or cane—is amongst the finest in the island.

The orange, lemon, shaddock, pomelo, and every description of citrus, were weighed down by their own golden fruit: while the passion-flower's twining stems, gigantic as they really were, seemed quite incapable of supporting their burden, notwithstanding the assistance derived from the branches of the trees to which they clung, and which they decorated with their brilliant falling petals, as well as from the other creepers, so thickly interlaced as to form a perfect wall of foliage and flower. The vanilla plants seemed to thrive marvellously well in the damp, stifling heat; the tamarind-trees were covered with long pods: while yams, sweet-potatoes, arrowroot, cassava, and manioca, and, in fact, every variety of crop that we passed, seemed to be in an equally flourishing condition. They were to a great extent shaded by huge forest-trees, the number of which was so great and their diversity so endless that I tried in vain to master their names.

Sir Joseph Needham also grows sugar and coffee, but only in comparatively small quantities, the chief article of

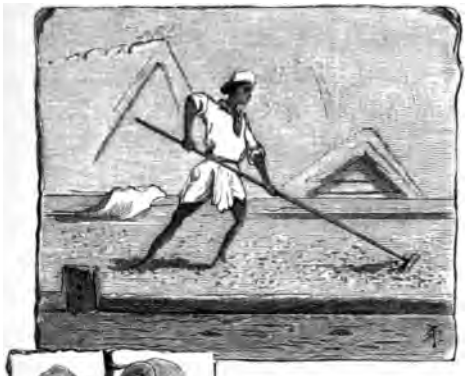
cultivation being *Theobroma cacao*, from which the cocoa and chocolate of commerce are manufactured. Having driven, in the course of the last few days, through miles and miles of cacao plantations, in some of which the trees were very young, in others of great age, and in others again in all the pride of maturity and beauty—their stems and lower branches thickly covered with brilliant crimson, purple, scarlet, orange, lemon, and green pods, from four to six inches long, and having something of the shape of a small vegetable-marrow or very large capsicum—I was particularly interested to see them here in every stage and process of their growth, and to hear all that Sir Joseph was kind enough to tell us about their culture and the preparation of the cacao for export.

Next to sugar, cacao is the most important production of Trinidad. The quantity of sugar exported from the island in 1881 was 98,000,000 lbs., of the value of 694,000*l.*: that of cacao 11,474,000 lbs., valued at 290,000*l.* Over 52,000 acres of ground were under cultivation for sugar in 1879, and about half that extent for cacao and coffee. There are two distinct kinds of cacao, known respectively as *creole* and *foreign*; the former being the most delicate and yielding the best pods. Cacao plantations can only be formed successfully on virgin lands – that is to say, where no previous crops have been cultivated. Sir Joseph pointed out to us extensive clearings on the opposite side of the valley, which he informed us had been allotted to the coolies, who cultivate for their own benefit the 'shadow-plants' which have to be grown in order to protect the young cacao-plants, and which suffice to supply their simple wants. The virgin forest, consisting of a dense impenetrable mass of vegetation of all kinds, is first cleared by the coolies, and the ground is then prepared for the reception of the cacao-pods, which are planted in rows called 'cacao-walks.' The first protecting crop that

is grown generally consists of sweet-potatoes; then yams, then maize, then fruits, such as oranges, lemons, and peaches. Then come the *bois immortels*, or *madres de cacao*, which grow slowly, and which, when allowed to do so, attain an enormous size. As a rule, however, they are cut down as soon as the cacao-trees are supposed to be strong enough to need no further protection. At certain periods of the year the *madre* or *immortel* is thickly covered with bright scarlet blossoms, which, mingling and contrasting with the violet-red leaves of the young cacao-trees, the scarlet, yellow, green, and crimson pods, hanging from the stem and lower branches of those of more mature growth, and the richly-coloured orange and yellow flowers of the flamboyante (*Poinciana*), produce a wonderful effect. The young cacao-trees have a good many enemies besides the sun—one being the north wind; another, the irregular showers that sometimes fall during the dry season; and last, but not least, a multitude of destructive little birds, beasts, and insects, among which the parasol-ant occupies a prominent place. The cacao-plants are transplanted three times. At the end of five years they are taken in hand by the European cultivator, who only allows them to bear a light crop during the first two years. At the age of twelve they are fully productive; and they go on bearing for a period of from ten to forty years; though in some cases the time of fruition is greatly extended. In fact, several trees were pointed out to me as being over a hundred years old, and as still producing satisfactory crops. The height of the trees varies between fifteen and thirty feet, but some attain a much greater altitude. The cacao-pods, as I have mentioned, grow on the stem of the tree itself, and on the principal or lower branches, thus producing a very curious effect. Two crops are yielded annually, in June and December; the pods being cut off by means of a *machete*, or chopper, fastened to the end of a pole. When cut open, the interior

of the pod is found to be filled with small black seeds, from fifty to a hundred in number, imbedded in what looks like custard, which, when quite fresh, tastes like the most delicious lemon ice-cream, with a delicate *soupçon* of vanilla-chocolate. I know nothing more agreeable in the way of refreshment than to have two or three large cacao-pods set before you in some cool shady spot, where the cream-like contents can be quietly discussed and enjoyed. I suggested to Sir Joseph that it seemed a great pity that this delicious substance, which is also very nutritious and wholesome, should be completely wasted—as is the case; and he quite agreed with me, and promised to consider the possibility of utilising it in some way.

The pods, having been cut in half, are laid out in the sun in long trays, which, at night, or in case of danger from rain or blight, can be placed under the shelter of the adjacent mat-covered huts. After being allowed to ferment for a few days, the seeds are separated from their creamy surroundings, washed, and again spread out in trays to dry. Each pod is then broken into four or five pieces, which again are carefully dried, and which are finally raked and sorted on a clay floor. This last process completes



CACAO RAKING



PASSION-FLOWER FRUIT

the operation and transforms them into the cocoa-nibs with which we are all so familiar. It has been asserted that on the colour of the clay-floor just referred to depends to a great extent the ostensible quality of the cocoa, a particular shade of brown being the most highly appreciated in the market.

It is a curious fact, and one showing a certain want of enterprise, and also a decided amount of prejudice, on the part of the Trinidadians, that although sugar, cacao, and vanilla are cultivated, one may say, side by side, on many estates, not a single ounce of chocolate is manufactured in the island. The raw materials are all sent over to France, whence all the manufactured chocolate consumed in Trinidad is imported, though both the inward and outward duties are high. A company was once formed, it is true, to make chocolate on the spot; but nothing would induce the islanders to use it, or to purchase any which was not enveloped in the familiar wrapper of some well-known and favourite French manufacturer. Even the bottle containing some of the celebrated *crème de cacao* liqueur, of which I had often heard, but which I tasted to-day for the first time, bore the label of a Paris firm, by which the contents were doubtless concocted, instead of, as I first fondly imagined was the case, by one of the black-handed Abigails who waited on us.

On the opposite side of the road to where the cacao was drying, coffee-berries were undergoing a somewhat similar process. A good deal of coffee is grown in Trinidad, 144,000 lbs. having been exported in 1881; but it is not so important an item of production as sugar or cacao; and we had already seen a much larger plantation in Brazil, when we visited Baron Bonito's *fazenda* at Santa Anna, during our stay at Rio de Janeiro, in 1877. The leaves of the coffee-shrub are of a rich dark glossy green; the flowers, which grow in dense white clusters, when in full bloom, giving the bushes the ap-

pearance of being covered with snow. The berries vary in colour from pale green to reddish orange or dark red, according to their ripeness, and bear a strong resemblance to cherries. Each contains two seeds, which, when properly dried, become what is known to us as 'raw' coffee. In Trinidad, as also on the large Brazilian estates, the berries are simply dried in the sun, and are afterwards passed through a mill, which crushes the shells and allows the separation of the seeds. A more elaborate system is adopted in some other places. The outer pulp of the berries is removed by a machine called a pulper; the mucilaginous matter that remains is soaked off by immersion in water; and the parchment-like film that surrounds the dried seeds is removed by means of a mill and a winnowing-machine.[1]

It is supposed that the coffee-shrub is a native of the South of Abyssinia, the name being derived from the province of Caffa. Thence it was introduced into Arabia, from which country all the coffee used for more than two hundred years was supplied. It was transported to Batavia by the Dutch, who sent a plant home to Amsterdam about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The question of who first introduced it into America and the West Indies has never yet been quite clearly settled: the French asserting that it was planted by them in Martinique, and the Dutch claiming credit for having taken it to Surinam. Whichever statement be correct, it is

[1] There are few popular errors so widely spread as the delusion that the beverage called coffee is made from a roasted and ground *berry*. As I have shown, it is from the roasted and ground *seed* that coffee is prepared. The originator of the mistake seems to have been the illustrious Francis Bacon:—'They have in Turkey a drink called coffee, made of a berry of the same name, as black as soot and of a strong scent.' Lord Bacon's mistake may be due to the circumstance that the earliest coffee imported into England was what is known in commerce as 'coffee in the husk'; *i.e.* the seeds still surrounded by their membranous endocarps. It is not the less surprising to find it gravely stated in Latham's edition of 'Todd's Johnson's Dictionary' that coffee is 'an infusion of the berries.' It is no more an infusion of the berries than it is an infusion of the leaf.

almost certain that from the progeny of one single plant the whole of the coffee produced in Brazil and the West Indies is derived. And from the progeny of one horse and one mare, shipped to Paraguay in 1535, were there not bred those countless herds which have since spread over the whole southern part of the Western World, and, passing the Isthmus of Panama, have wandered into North America?

On the plantation, as in Trinidad generally, the acalypha seemed to flourish in a marvellous manner; and—perhaps as much as, if not more than, many of the 'little stove-plants' of home, which one sees growing here as forest trees—astonished us by its extraordinary development and size. These trees, of which there are many varieties, often form a prominent feature in the landscape, with their dark-brown leaves, covered with bright splotches of red and yellow. To the casual observer, they are not at all unlike crotons. In fact, many people persist in calling them by that name, though they really belong to the nettle tribe, as their name, derived from the Greek, indicates. By botanists they are classed among the *Euphorbiaceæ*. One variety, which bears green leaves, with yellow and white markings, is called the 'geographical-tree,' or sometimes the 'picture-tree,' because it is said to be always possible to trace in imagination a map or a picture upon the surface of each leaf. The foliage is much used for table decoration—even more so than flowers, not only on account of the curious and beautiful appearance of the plant, but because the peculiarity of the leaves, to which I have just referred, may possibly afford a fertile subject of conversation, especially to shy people.

Two other trees, which we noticed particularly, I ought not to forget to mention—the milk-tree (*Tanghinia lactaria*), which yields a sap in colour and taste like milk, if drunk when fresh; and the blood-tree (*Croton gossypifolium*), which, when cut with a sharp knife, spurts forth what looks like

arterial blood. It is in reality an indiarubber-like juice, which is much used as a substitute for ordinary glue and varnish.

Having spent a considerable time in seeing all that was interesting in the plantations, we returned to the house to rest, and found another hospitable repast awaiting us.



There were all sorts of dishes peculiar to the island, besides exquisite fruits, as cool as if they had just come out of an ice-house, and as though the thermometer outside had stood at 30° instead of 90° *in the shade*. The house, surrounded on all sides by the verandah, where we sat afterwards, was exactly what I had always imagined the residence of a West India planter to be like. I felt, as I sat in the cool shady room, and looked at the gay vista of flowers, fruit, and foliage that was visible through every opening, as though I must be living among the scenes of one of the story-books which I had read so often, or that I was now absolutely realising one of the many visions of childhood. The entire house was

built of various species of the many fine woods with which Trinidad abounds. The rooms, which opened into one another, had walls of mahogany, were ceiled with cedar, and walled and wainscoted with some other kind of wood; while the heavily-carved doors were yet again of another variety. Even the dinner-table was without a cloth, and shone like a mirror. How the beautiful natural rings and markings of the wood would have delighted a *connoisseur*! I had heard of, but had never seen, such a table before. In our grandpapas' days mahogany dinner-tables were, I have been told, very frequently ringed and marked, not naturally but artificially, in connection with port-wine bumpers.

The active negro servants and the more shy and reserved coolies appeared to consider themselves, and to be regarded, quite as members of the family, and to take the greatest pleasure and interest in ministering to our wants, calling our attention to each dish, and pressing us to partake of it.

Looking along the verandah, where we afterwards enjoyed our coffee, we could see all Sir Joseph's multifarious feathered and farmyard pets assembled. There were peacocks, chickens, ducks, and geese, besides pigs, tame sheep, and goats, among which bright-eyed, and brightly, though scantily dressed, coolie children ran and scampered about; while a large brown basket, heaped with gorgeous pods of the cacao, and another filled to overflowing with every variety of the citrus, gave a bright touch of colour to the foreground of the picture.

Presently a band of coolies employed on the estate came up to the house in order to dance and sing for our entertainment. It was a very pretty sight; and I believe that if we could have understood their language we should have been greatly amused, many of their songs being spontaneous productions, improvised in honour of our visit, and sung in alternate verses by the deep voices of men and the shrill

voices of women. Some of the latter wore really handsome bangles, anklets, and nose-rings, of clever workmanship, and evidently of considerable age. Sir Joseph Needham persuaded one or two of them to sell their cherished ornaments, which I was very glad to acquire as a remembrance of a most delightful day.



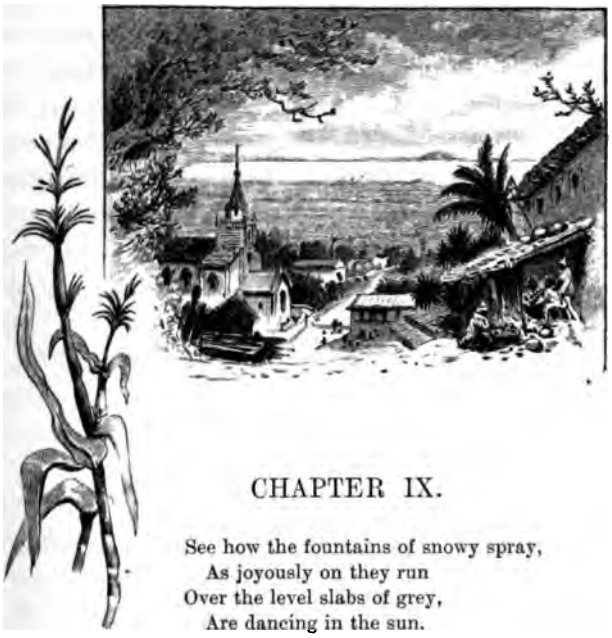
We were greatly interested in hearing a description of the grand coolie *fête* —the 'Hosein' or 'Tadja' — which takes place annually at San Fernando in November. It must be wonderful to behold a procession of over five thousand coolies marching down to the sea-side, with tom-toms, drums, and other instruments of Oriental music; dancing, and fencing with swords in the street at intervals, and carrying aloft over a hundred 'masques' or temples, ingeniously made of bamboos, tied together with string, covered with coloured paper of various designs, and ornamented with gilt and tin foil. Most of these temples are from fifty to sixty feet high—some even larger; and on reaching the quay the whole of them are

thrown into the water and destroyed. Whilst the procession is marching, rice is constantly thrown at the temples by coolies shouting 'hosein,' or 'hosah.'

It was quite dusk before we commenced our homeward journey. Our horses were tired in spite of their long rest; and the difficulties we met with in getting to the main road were numerous and laughable. Sometimes our steeds would gallop for a short distance, and then suddenly stop; sometimes we stuck in the middle of a stream, with one wheel of the carriage high on a boulder, and the other in a deep hollow; sometimes we ran up a bank, and sometimes we were turned out altogether: but ultimately we succeeded in reaching the main road, and all was plain sailing till we got to Port of Spain, where we lost no time in returning on board, as thoroughly tired out as we ever felt in our lives.



TRINIDAD.



CHAPTER IX.

See how the fountains of snowy spray,
As joyously on they run
Over the level slabs of grey,
Are dancing in the sun.

Friday, November 2nd.

WE landed at 7 o'clock and found carriages awaiting us, in which we drove with Captain and Mrs. Baker to see the Maraccas Falls, about thirteen miles from Port of Spain. As far as San Josef our way lay along a portion of the road over which we had passed yesterday; but it was so beautiful that we were glad to have an opportunity of seeing and admiring it once more.

San Josef is the ancient capital of Trinidad, and is celebrated as the scene of the final struggle between Raleigh and Berreos, which resulted in the capture of the latter. The church, as seen through some fine silk cotton trees, is picturesque, and the view from the interesting churchyard over the

plain beneath is very fine. To-day being All Saints' Day, we passed a large number of people on the road, driving, riding, and walking in the direction of the churchyard, bearing wreaths and garlands of flowers to be laid on the graves of their relatives and friends. One poor girl had been carried all the way from a village beyond Maraccas. She was dying of fever; and her friends, of whom about forty accompanied her, took it by turns to carry the hammock along the hot dusty road, in order that she might be enabled to perform the pious duty of placing her floral offerings on her mother's last resting-place, near which her own would probably ere long be. It was a touching sight. She looked so young and gentle, her brown skin was so clear, her dark eyes so large and lustrous—rendered unnaturally bright by the fever which was inwardly consuming her, and which brought a hectic flush to her poor wan cheeks!

After a time we reached our first halting-place, a sort of police-station in the midst of the forest, where those who cared to do so partook of sherry and bitters, or of an excellent 'cocktail,' compounded by Mr. Crampton, or, better still, of the most deliciously refreshing green oranges, far superior to anything of the kind we ever get at home. The 'cocktail' met with such warm approval that I think some of my readers may like to have the recipe. The quantity is *supposed* to suffice for two people, though I think it would be more appropriate for four or even more:—Rum, one large wineglassful; syrup, two small dessert-spoonfuls; Angostura bitters, half a teaspoonful; two fresh eggs, raw. The whole is mixed with powdered ice, and stirred or 'swizzled' until it froths well. There was another compound, called 'Crampton's tonic,' which also appeared to give great satisfaction; the ingredients in this case being half a bottle of brandy, two ounces of sugar, two bottles of soda-water, a dash of Angostura bitters, a wineglassful of Dom (a liqueur made from

the young shoots of the palm-tree), and a pound and a half of ice, broken into very small pieces—not bigger than a nut (a hazel, I mean, not a 'cannon-ball')—and then stirred



FLYING ANTS



briskly with a 'swizzle-stick,' rubbed rapidly between the hands. I believe the latter process is half the battle of the success of the compound, and I mean therefore to take home some 'swizzle-sticks.' They are cut from some kind of creeper, close to a joint, where four or five shoots branch out at right angles to the stem, so as to produce a star-like circle, resembling the spokes of a wheel, each radiating twig being about two inches long. Cocktails of all kinds are a great institution in Trinidad; having no doubt been originally introduced from the northern mainland.



From this point it was a lovely ride

through the forest, although the road was steep and the sun was hot. A woman emerged from the first cottage we passed on resuming our journey, and broke off a great bough of Cape jasmine, between three and four feet long, covered with fragrant white flowers, which she proceeded ruthlessly to strip. She then presented the stem gracefully to me to serve as a switch, with which to urge on my somewhat lazy steed; but I need scarcely add that I begged for the flowers too.

As we approached the falls the scenery became more and more enchanting, and, if possible, even more tropical in character, the humming-birds increasing in number the higher we mounted. Suddenly we arrived at a little hut, which had been roofed in this morning only, in anticipation of our visit, although the framework has long been in existence. It reminded me a good deal of similar erections in far-off Tahiti, and of the pleasant feasts which we had so often enjoyed in them. The posts of the hut were formed of growing bananas, the roof being thatched with the broad leaves of the same plant.

From this point a sharp turn round a projecting rock brought us face to face with the Falls of Maraccas themselves, which consist of a veil of sparkling spray, falling from a height of 340 feet over a steep precipice, clothed from top to bottom with the most luxuriant foliage and vegetation imaginable, including great tanier leaves, bougainvillæas, passion-flowers, lianes, scarlet plantains, orange-coloured arrowroot, ananas, and orchids of every kind. The shady forest was delightfully cool in comparison with the dusty road; and by the side of the fall the air was so fresh, even to chilliness, that, agreeable as it was at first, we felt glad to get back into the sunshine after a little while.

On our way, Mrs. Baker unfortunately slipped and sprained her ankle rather badly. For a time she was quite helpless,

and I do not know what we should have done if Miss Liddell, who happened to be with her, and who had taken a great interest in our 'Sunbeam' ambulance lectures, had not bandaged the limb so skilfully that, with a little assistance, she was able to limp down the hill until she reached her pony.



The ferns we saw in these woods were finer than any we had previously observed; and we should have liked to collect some specimens, if they had not been practically inaccessible, and if the heat had not been so great as to prevent our caring to make any unnecessary exertion. Allnutt Boissier was the only one of the party who had sufficient energy to take any steps in the matter. He secured the services of a couple of coolies, and, provided with large baskets and armed with *machetes*, managed to obtain some very fine roots, not only of ferns and orchids, but of many other rare and curious



plants, which we hope to coax into growing in colder climes. The *machete* is an almost indispensable article of equipment in making excursions in the interior of the island. It is used by the natives as a sort of walking-stick and axe or cutlass combined. In fact, in many places, where the paths are not much frequented, it is necessary for the traveller to hew a way for himself through the dense mass of vegetation which, in the course of a few months even, completely obliterates all traces of a road.

A little rest and refreshment under the trees at the police-station, while the horses were being changed, were most acceptable. How unlike one's pre-conceived ideas of an ordinary police-station was this romantic cottage, not only near, but actually in a wood! Here we bought two old *machetes* as curiosities. While I was making my own bargain I was rather amused to observe the trickery of one of the men with whom we were dealing. He had two *machetes*—one very new (possibly from Birmingham) in a spotless case of red leather, which we first saw, and which he evidently

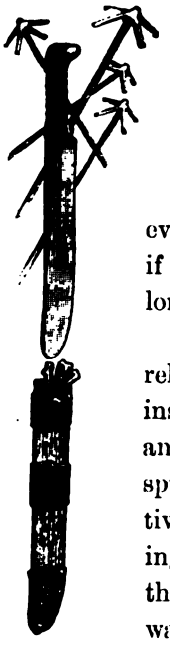
prized very much—the other, a really good old Indian blade in a dirty case. At the last moment, unperceived by us as he thought, he slily exchanged the new *machete*, which he had sold us, for the old one, which he had probably had in his possession for years, but which was in reality exactly what we should have tried to buy had we seen it in the first instance. As it was, the result of the transaction gave satisfaction to both parties: he went away delighted at having, as he thought, deceived us, while we were equally pleased with our new acquisition.

During the halt we were surrounded by the very few inhabitants of the valley, laden with baskets of luscious fruit and bright flowers, which they were only too glad to dispose of in exchange for a few small coins, and with which we filled our carriage; so that, as we passed swiftly through the now deliciously cool night air, we left behind us a stream of sweet odours—at least so we were assured by those who followed us.

Captain Baker's horses were still quite fresh, but the others were tired, and would have preferred to spend the remainder of the night in drinking and rolling in the numerous streams we crossed to continuing their labours; and I fear that a good deal of whipcord was required in order to stimulate them to further exertion.

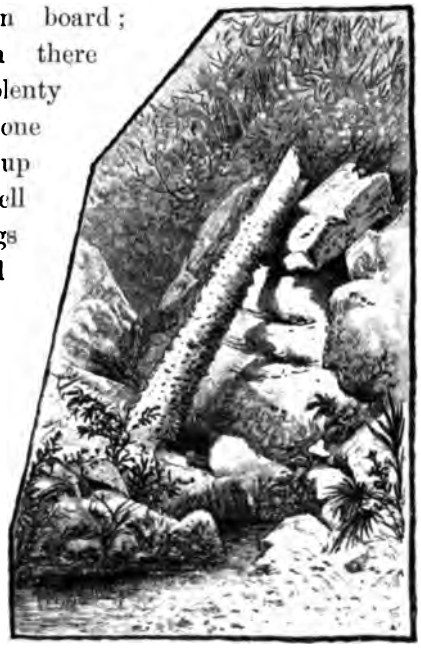
Later in the evening we went to the ball given by Sir Sanford Freeling in honour of Prince Henry of Prussia. Our host only appeared for a short time to receive his guests, and then retired, leaving them to the enjoyment of a most delightful dance, while his daughters did not appear at all downstairs; though we had a pleasant little chat with them on the airy verandah.

The rooms were pleasantly and, to us, surprisingly cool, and the atmosphere was altogether a good deal less oppressive than that of many London drawing-rooms in 'the season.'



Every window was wide open; there was no gas, but there were plenty of candles instead, judiciously defended by glass globes alike from draughts and from insects; a perfect floor, excellent music, and agreeable company; in fact, everything would have been most enjoyable, if we had not felt quite so tired after our long day's work.

Saturday, November 3rd.—It was quite a relief, on waking this morning, to think that, instead of having to start off somewhere on an early expedition, we had arranged, in spite of many invitations, to have a comparatively quiet morning on board; though there was plenty to be done in the way of settling up accounts, writing farewell letters, and getting things ready for the homeward mail. Nearly everybody who could do so had slept on shore after the ball, so that we were quite a little family party on the yacht.



MARACCAS FALLS

The amount of letter-writing and other business accomplished did not,

however, quite equal our hopes and expectations; partly in consequence of the visits of numerous friends, who came to say good-bye, bringing us welcome presents of flowers and fruits. Mr. Prestoe, from the botanic gardens, brought off a real clothes-basketful of his choicest specimens of exquisitely beautiful orchids and rare blossoms, some of which would be worth almost a king's ransom in England at this or indeed at any time of the year. Scarlet hibiscus, gardenias, jasmines of all kinds, allamandas, mixed with the foliage of the rarest crotons, the colours of which graduated from the most delicate lemon to orange, scarlet, and purple;—these formed the foundation, above which was a marvellous collection of orchids, some of which looked almost as if they might belong to the animal instead of to the vegetable world, so closely did they resemble butterflies, beetles, and all sorts of queer-looking things, growing on slender stalks, interspersed with phalænopsis of various kinds, specimens of the 'Holy Ghost' orchid, with the little dove brooding in the centre, and the brown slipper-orchid, fit *chaussure* for Cinderella or a fairy-queen.

Sir Joseph Needham kindly and generously sent us off two boat-loads of fresh fruit and vegetables, to say nothing of a plentiful supply of ducks, chickens, and eggs. His gift included a heap of gorgeous cacao-pods, of every shade of colour, from darkest purple and brown to palest lemon and green; piles of cocoanuts, oranges, limes, lemons, avocado-pears, custard or 'sugar apples,' as they call them here; bunches of bananas, capsicums, chillies, gherkins, tomatoes, yams, sweet potatoes, and many other fruits and vegetables, the names of which I am unable to remember; besides fifty pounds of coffee, grown on his own estate. The whole formed a most acceptable offering to take to sea with us in this hot climate, and one which will be much appreciated by all, including family, guests, servants, and crew.

The Governor having been so good as to send his steam-launch for us, we went ashore, to breakfast with the rest of the party, make our last purchases, and to perform the much less agreeable duty of bidding our last farewells to those who, though we had only known them for a week, had already come to be regarded, owing to the great kindness they had shown to us, as friends of much longer standing.

Prince Henry and the other officers of the 'Olga' embarked at two o'clock; and the frigate weighed anchor at three, though she did not actually sail till an hour later, some time being occupied in swinging at the buoy, in order to adjust her compasses. The 'Olga,' which is rigged as a barque, is well adapted as a cruiser for general service. Her lines are very graceful; she sits well on the water, and has a high freeboard. Six ships similar to her are now being built for the German navy. They have a displacement of

2,100 tons, and a speed of from 13½ to 14½ knots, and carry eight four-ton guns, besides boat-guns, Hotchkiss guns, and torpedo tubes.

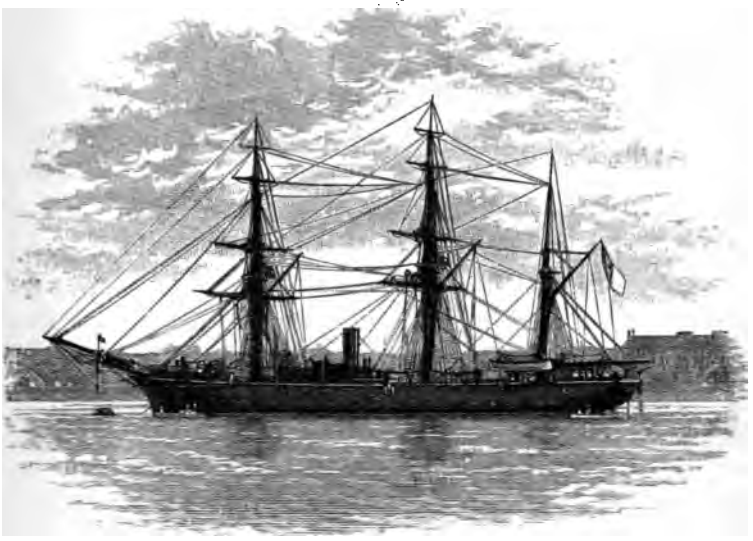
At four o'clock an interesting and encouraging inaugural meeting was held in the Council Chamber of Port of Spain, for the purpose of establishing a centre of the St. John Ambulance Association, under the presidency of Mr. Pyne, the Colonial Secretary, in the unavoidable absence of the Governor. The resolution to form the centre was unanimously adopted by the many influential people present, including the owners and managers of several sugar estates.

In the room where the meeting was held, there is what would be a valuable collection of birds and reptiles, if they were only properly named and catalogued; but as none of the specimens have labels attached to them, and the catalogue has unfortunately been lost, their interest is somewhat diminished, and the visitor has to find out what he can for himself. Among other things there is a boa-constrictor twenty-five feet long; a coral snake, the beautiful colour of which has completely faded; a snake, the bite of which had been known to kill a man in four hours, and many other reptiles, both venomous and harmless, from this and neighbouring islands, such as alligators, crocodiles, and lizards, besides all sorts of queer beasts and insects. There are some very curious birds, too, such as the King of the Corbeaux, and the Governor of the Corbeaux: the vulture-like bipeds which I have already referred to; pretty woodpeckers with scarlet heads; jet-black flycatchers, with pure white heads, like racing caps, that we have seen flying about; humming-birds, and all sorts of graceful feathered creatures. In one large cabinet is a collection made entirely by the late Governor of Trinidad, which includes many interesting specimens, especially of the various kinds of spondylus, found on the eastern side of the island.

The Council-Chamber itself is a spacious apartment, with windows on three sides, and with the most enormous round table that I ever beheld, in the middle, furnished with the usual supply of inkstands, pens, blotting-books, and large sheets of foolscap paper, in readiness for a meeting. Though, of course, constantly used, this hall of council does not appear to be often swept; and the amount of dust and cobwebs everywhere was something astonishing. The ceiling is formed of square panels, cut from the various woods of the country.

Directly the meeting was over, we had to hurry away, pick up the things we had left at the exceedingly comfortable Hôtel de France, and say farewell to our good landlady, Madame Giesen. It had been a pleasant surprise to us, after what we had heard, to find such a good hotel in the island. The cooking and wines are excellent; the rooms, with their wide balconies, cool and airy; the attendance thoroughly efficient, and the general civility extreme; while the personal anxiety shown by the landlady for the comfort of her guests was specially gratifying in this somewhat 'free and easy' colony. Of course the general arrangements of the house are all West Indian in style; and it must not be expected from my description that the visitor will find luxuriously furnished apartments, with Turkey carpets and rich curtains—which, as a matter of fact, would be very uncomfortable additions; for they would harbour all manner of centipedes, snakes, and other afflictions. I think that few things strike one so much on first coming to the tropics, as the utter bareness of all the interiors, from the Emperor's palace, or the Governor's residence—as the case may be—downwards. The rooms contain not a scrap of superfluous furniture, and not a hanging nor a mat that is not absolutely wanted. A West Indian boudoir, crammed with upholstery and 'curios'—as our boudoirs are—would very speedily become an ark, unpleasantly full of all manner of creeping things.

We embarked at half-past five: many friends coming to see us off at the pier. Captain Bingham and Mr. Crampton alone accompanied us on board; but they could not remain long: for the anchor was already weighed and steam was up; and we were soon swiftly gliding away from the Port of Spain, along the shores of the beautiful Island of Trinidad. Never shall we forget the spot where we have beheld so much that is majestic and picturesque. Despite the pains I have taken to observe carefully all that was best worth seeing during our brief visit, everything has been so varied, so novel, and so strange to me, that my mind almost fails to grasp the full significance of the scenes on which I have gazed; and I can only reflect with feelings of admiration on all the lavish loveliness of nature, and wonder if it be possible that anything can exist more enchanting in this fair world of ours.



THE OLGA



TESTIGOS AND MARGARITA

CHAPTER X.

VENEZUELA.

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon:
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

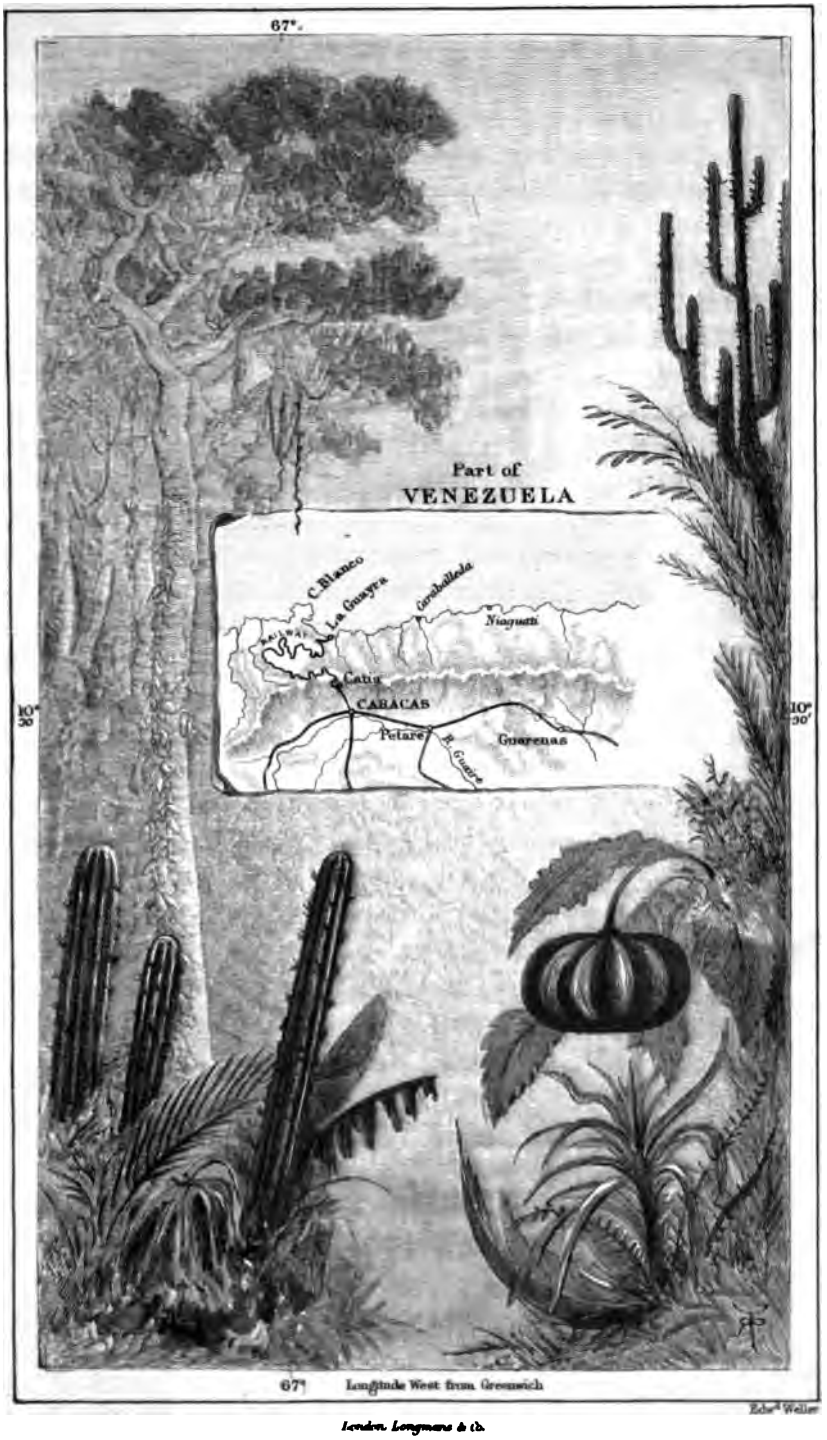
Sunday, November 4th.

THE sunrise this morning was marvellously fine. We had come out last night by the Boca Grande, an opening on the West of the Dragons' Mouths, which form the northern entrance to the Gulf of Paria. At eight A.M. we found ourselves in sight of the Testigos Islands. The sky was cloudless, as usual; and as we were steaming before a light wind, the full power of the sun was felt. We passed

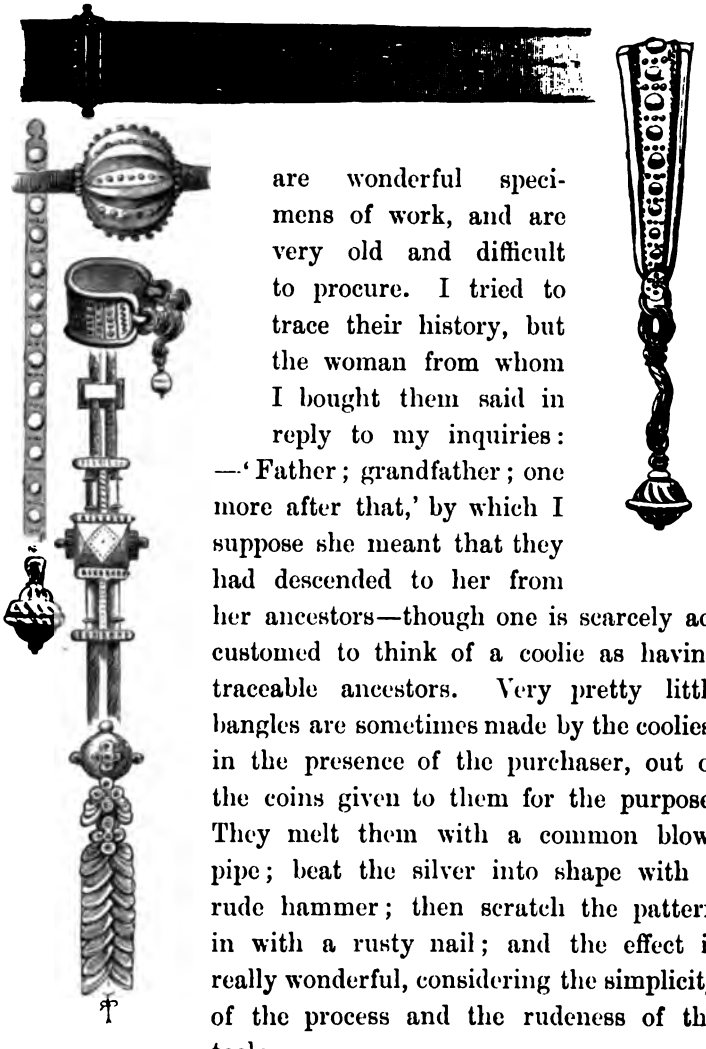
to the south of the islands, which abound in land-tortoises, and form breeding-places for a few turtle. Spermaceti whales also occasionally disport themselves in the vicinity. We saw something 'very like a whale' in the afternoon, as we steamed along the north coast of the Island of Margarita, but could not quite make out, even with a glass, whether it was one or not.

There is a good channel to the southward, between Margarita and the mainland, twenty miles in width, in the centre of which lie the islands of Coche and Cubagua. Margarita itself extends about forty-five miles east and west, and the mountains at each end attain a considerable elevation. The centre consists of a lagoon and a low marshy tract of land, which—just as at Tahiti—divides the island into two parts, and causes it to look from a distance like two distinct islands. At the western extremity Mount Marana rises to a height of 3,000 feet. The principal manufactures of Margarita are hammocks and cotton stockings. The former are well known for their good quality, and some of those we have been using lately came from here. Pearl fishery was formerly one of the principal occupations of the inhabitants of the island, but this branch of industry has now considerably declined. We could not see any houses or discern any traces of cultivation, notwithstanding the rather interesting fact that Margarita, which forms a province of Venezuela, is supposed to be more thickly populated, in proportion to its size, than any other part of South America.

My purchases from the coolie-women on Sir Joseph Needham's estate include a gold necklet, which would favourably compare in workmanship with many of the gold ornaments from the ancient tombs of the Incas of Peru, and two silver bracelets of a sort of treble-curb-chain pattern, ornamented with dragon heads, by means of which they can also be transformed into a necklace if desired. The bracelets



London. Longmans & Co.



are wonderful specimens of work, and are very old and difficult to procure. I tried to trace their history, but the woman from whom I bought them said in reply to my inquiries:—'Father; grandfather; one more after that,' by which I suppose she meant that they had descended to her from her ancestors—though one is scarcely accustomed to think of a coolie as having traceable ancestors. Very pretty little bangles are sometimes made by the coolies, in the presence of the purchaser, out of the coins given to them for the purpose. They melt them with a common blow-pipe; beat the silver into shape with a rude hammer; then scratch the pattern in with a rusty nail; and the effect is really wonderful, considering the simplicity of the process and the rudeness of the tools.

Some of the other things that have been given us are very interesting. The ordinary grass hammocks are made principally by the Indians of the upper Orinoco, and are very comfortable to sleep in, with the addition of a rug as a

protection from the hard knots. Mr. Crampton presented me with a fine cotton hammock, each thread of which is hand-spun by the Indian women. It may be packed into the smallest possible compass; and is so soft and warm that you can roll yourself up in it, and require no other covering. With a pole through the loops at the top, and resting on four cross-pieces - the supports being carefully inserted in old preserved-meat tins filled with water—you can sleep in such a hammock in tolerable security from any insects, except those that fall from the roof overhead, or the tree above you, according as you elect to sleep under the blue vault of heaven—for the sake of fresh air, facing possible, but unknown, dangers —or in the far greater security, but closer atmosphere, of a house. The conical Timit caps, made from the delicate brown net-work that covers the spathe of the Bussu palm (*Manicaria saccifera*), gaily decorated with parrots' feathers, and worn by the Indians as a head-covering, are also very curious, and are quite new to me. My collection of gifts further included some curious little opossums, with longer ears than I have generally seen, and very long tails, which they use in the same manner as does a kangaroo. Another of my acquisitions is a pretty little grey monkey; and the forecastle is, I believe, quite full of parrots, green and yellow lories, and all sorts of small coloured birds. Our live-stock includes several ducks, partly Muscovy, partly East Indian (a combination to which, perhaps, Russia would not object); some chickens, so small that it is difficult to keep them inside the coops; and sheep, of which six go in the space usually devoted to two. Altogether we had quite a long Sunday afternoon's inspection of all the pets. The quarter-deck looks unusually picturesque, with hammocks slung under the boom, foreign bird-cages hung up in convenient spots, animals of all sorts disporting themselves, and ladies and children in bright dresses sitting about; while

from the rigging are suspended bananas, cocoa-nuts, and fruit of various kinds and brilliant colours.



Monday, November 5th.—'Remember, remember, the 5th of November!' Assuredly I shall remember Guy Fawkes' day in the tropics. Anything less like our idea of that generally foggy anniversary in London cannot well be imagined. A fiercely hot sun was tempered by a cool northerly breeze, which sent such heavy rollers on the cocoa-nut fringed shore that it seemed more than doubtful if we should be able to land on our arrival at La Guayra, where the surf is sometimes tremendous.

We could see the little island of Centinella, or Sentinel Rock, early in the morning: and as we approached nearer and steamed close along the coast of Venezuela, with its fine richly-wooded mountains, and little strips of cultivated sugar-cane and cocoa-nut palms, we were reminded vividly of the approach to Hilo, in Hawaii. Oddly enough, we had also experienced similar anxiety on the morning when we came in sight of that island, as to the probability of being able to

land. After mid-day the northerly breeze appeared to moderate, and the sea to abate, and by the time we were off the pretty bathing-place of Macuto—consisting of little villas, dotted about among gardens, beneath the shelter of a high cliff—our hopes of landing began to rise considerably. The roadstead of La Guayra was full of ships, including three large steamers, two English and one French. What the latter came here for, I do not exactly know; for France has neither trade nor citizens in this country, and has broken off friendly relations with Venezuela, for some occult reason, and has withdrawn her Minister.

While we were slowly steaming about to pick up an anchorage, we had ample time to look over the side of the vessel and admire the colour of the water, which is clear as crystal, and of a bright greenish blue tint, very different from the muddy sea near Trinidad. I never saw water teeming to such an extent with life of every kind. Fish of all sorts and sizes swam close to us; while the patches of sargasso weed that floated past literally swarmed with them. We got some on board and found they were quite little things, from half an inch to an inch long, in colour and shape very much resembling the gold and silver fish of China and Japan, made familiar to us by the specimens we have in our fish-ponds at home. There were also some violet and blue medusæ, and thousands of horrid-looking cream-coloured jelly-fish, bigger than a man's head; while in one of the Indian canoes which we passed we noticed a sort of sucking-fish, (*Echineis remora*), which is used in catching other fish. Arrived at the field of operations, the fisherman lets go an anchor and puts the sucking-fish, attached to a long line with a buoy at the end of it, overboard. It sees other fish at a great distance, darts after them, and attaches itself to them by means of the sucker on the top of its head. The Indian easily raises his little anchor, paddles



MACUTO

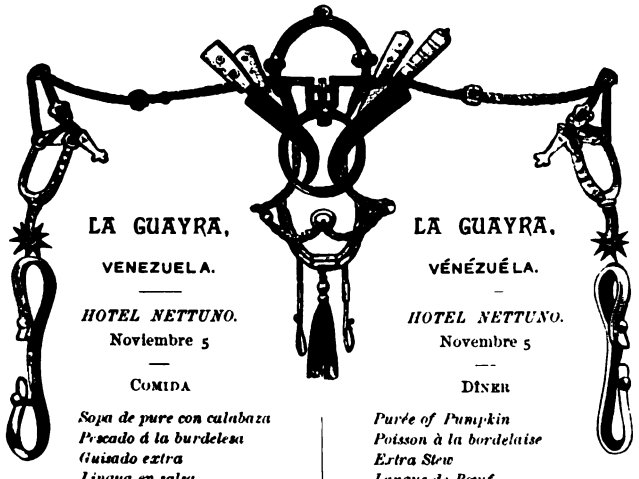
leisurely after the remora, removes the captured fish into his canoe, and repeats the operation until he has caught as many fish as he wants. Thus, one of the ugliest and most incapable-looking of creatures is made by savage instinct to become of some use in procuring food for the superior animal.

Soon a large boat, containing the harbour-master and custom-house and quarantine officers, came alongside. We had been told in Trinidad that these functionaries would require not only a list of our passengers but also of *all* our provisions and stores, which it would have been rather a difficult matter to supply; but, as we expected would be the case, the statement proved to be entirely incorrect—at least, as far as yachts are concerned. The harbour-master, after having been shown over the yacht with the other officials, and having expressed great interest in the inspection, took us ashore with him in his big boat, which was much more suitable for landing through the surf than our own would have been. The rollers were not very formidable after all; but still a good deal of delicate management was required in order to bring the boat alongside the wooden pier. The rudder was unshipped, and the men lay on their oars till a great roller took us in; when as many of the party as had time to do so sprang out before the return wave swept the boat back. This operation had to be repeated five times before we were all landed.

In the town itself there was not much to be seen, though the view up to the hills behind was decidedly fine. La Guayra, like many other South American towns, is in a generally dilapidated condition. It contains two *plazas*, ornamented with bronze gas lamp-posts of the most modern approved Parisian pattern, some handsome trees and some pretty flower-beds. There are a few good shops in the very untidy tumble-down-looking main streets; and the Hotel Nettuno, kept by civil Mrs. Delphine, is really not at all bad. It has nice, open, airy rooms and a pretty *patio* full of flowers —among which some exquisitely scented white Lima lilies were conspicuous. The smells from the street, on the other hand, were somewhat offensive to unaccustomed nostrils; but the proprietor of the hotel took pains to assure us that these odours were 'particularly wholesome': especially when, as at present, mingled with the scent of the stables underneath the house, and wafted into the rooms by the fresh cool sea breeze that was just springing up. The hotel was undergoing some repairs, and the floors and ceilings were therefore not quite so clean as they might have been; but the beds looked white and inviting. The dinner, of which I annex a Spanish *menu* with translation, was excellent. The wines were very fair in quality, and had been deliciously cooled with ice brought down by train from the ice-making machine at Caracas.



HOTEL NETTUNO



LA GUAYRA,

VENEZUELA.

HOTEL NETTUNO.

Noviembre 5

COMIDA

Sopa de pure con calabaza
Pescado á la burdelesa
Guisado extra
Lingua en salsa
Sesos fritos á la milanesa
Asado
Frizoles negros
Roast Beef
Papas á l'inglesa
Plantanos horneados
Dulce y queso
Cafe y té

LA GUAYRA,

VÉNÉZUÉLA.

HOTEL NETTUNO.

Novembre 5

DÎNER

Purée of Pumpkin
Poisson à la bordelaise
Extra Stew
Langue de Bœuf
Cervelles frites à la milanaise
Baked Beef / *Black Beans* } *à la Vénézuela*
Roast Beef
Pommes de terre à l'anglaise
Baked Plantains
Conserve et fromage
Café et thé

Mr. Cage, the English Vice-Consul, who had kindly met us on landing, was dining at the *table d'hôte*. The American Consul and his sister, Mr. and Miss Bird, and another American gentleman and his wife, who had been in the West Indies and on the Spanish main, on and off, for seventeen years, were also of the party; so that we were able to gather a good deal of information about this interesting part of the world. All the English-speaking guests were placed together at one end of the table; and about thirty people of different nationalities, and various shades of complexion, at the other.

After dinner we made our arrangements for riding to-morrow to Caracas, which mode of travelling we were assured would not take much longer than going by train. Then we returned on board in the big boat again; for it was still

rough, and re-embarking was more difficult than landing had been. The Venezuelan boatmen, wishing to pay us special honour, followed the example of Spanish oarsmen under similar circumstances, and took very long strokes, making a pause after each, during which one could count from twenty-three to twenty-five; then taking another long stroke and so on. It was no doubt meant as a great compliment; but it gave the boat a most unpleasant motion on the somewhat heavily rolling sea, causing many of us to feel extremely uncomfortable, and all of us to be glad to find ourselves once more on board the 'Sunbeam'; even though she herself was by no means steady, under the influence of the long ground-swell.

Tuesday, November 6th. —We rolled heavily all night, and I never felt much more sea-sick and altogether miserable



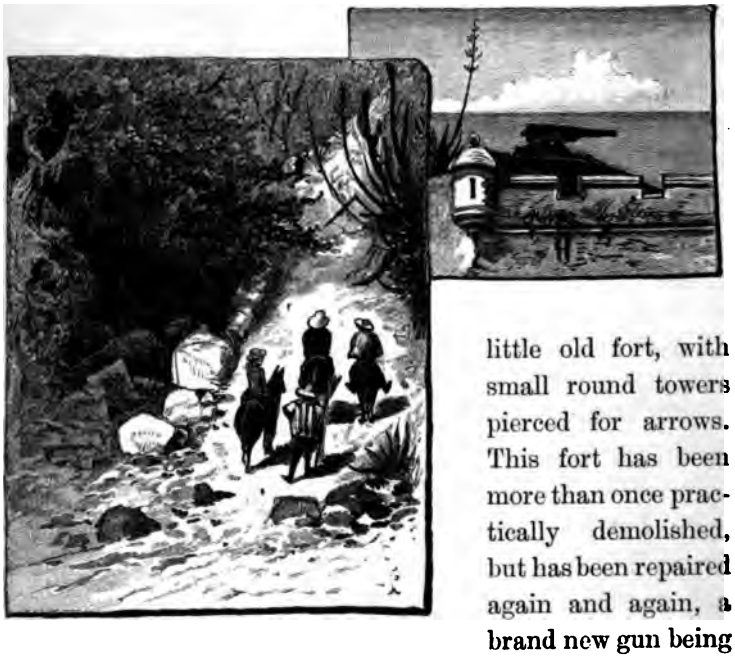
than when I rose at 3 A.M., and by the light of a solitary candle (we hardly ever have more, because lights of any sort immediately raise the temperature of the cabin in which they

are used, and attract the mosquitos) tried to find some cool riding habiliments for our excursion. A little before five I heard with joy the sound of oars approaching; and for once in my life was really glad to leave the 'Sunbeam.' Our passage ashore was again rough; and on arriving at the pier I utterly collapsed, and had to remain perfectly quiet for some time. Tom wanted me to give up the expedition altogether; but I did not wish to do that if it could possibly be helped. Luckily, perhaps, for me, there was some little delay about the mules, saddles, and so forth, and by the time they were ready, and I had been three-quarters of an hour on shore, I began to feel better, though very weak and limp, and in anything but a fit state to enjoy such a long and fatiguing expedition as that to Caracas and back was bound to be.

As I sat, or rather lay, motionless on the wharf, great red rats and black rats, and other curious creatures, came scampering round about and almost over me in their hurry to gain their felonious holes and lurking-places before dawn. Bats both large and small abounded, and spiders were innumerable; but all were in equal haste to retire—not for the night, but for the day. My own saddle would not fit the wretched little humpbacked but 'very quiet' mule that had been provided for me; and the only alternative was to make use of a decidedly mediæval specimen of a Mexican lady's saddle, with no third pommel, and a broken crutch and tree. In addition to these defects the off-pommel was so completely worn through as to have ceased to be anything but a sharp iron spike, not at all suitable for holding on by; while the stirrup was utterly useless.

In process of time most of the preliminary obstacles were overcome; and we began to climb the narrow steep streets of the town. The mules evidently did not at all approve of the excursion, for one or other of them obstinately stopped at

every turning we came to, and either stood quite still, twirled round and round, or kicked furiously, according to the brute's particular temperament. We had only an ambiguous kind of Venezuela muleteer as a guide, who did not know the road very well; but at length we got really clear of La Guayra, and proceeded by way of the now dry bed of a mountain-torrent, past a

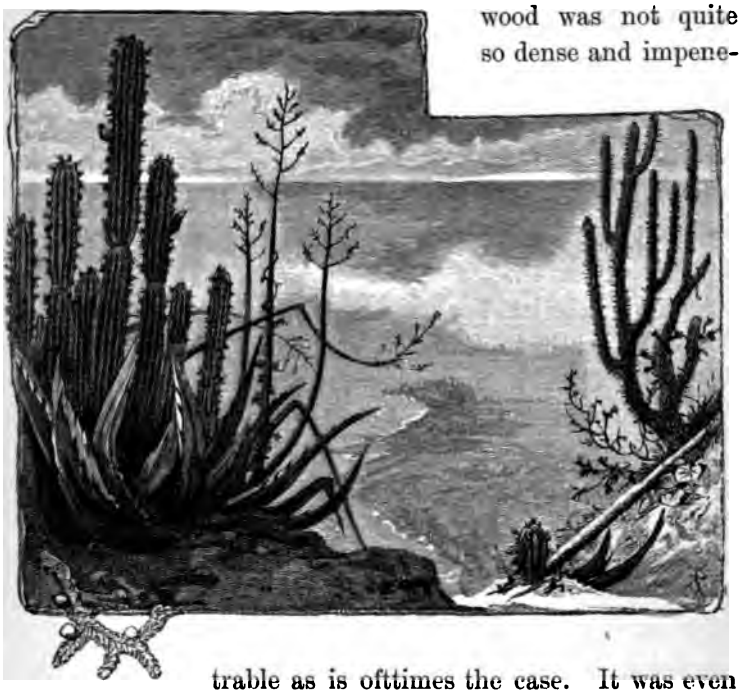


little old fort, with small round towers pierced for arrows. This fort has been more than once practically demolished, but has been repaired again and again, a brand new gun being finally put on the top to command the bay and the shipping at anchor. Our upward path was a steep rough staircase, the vegetation on either side of which chiefly consisted of mimosas and acacias of various kinds, some with little white tassels, some with long white and yellow spikes of flowers, all more or less like the familiar bottle-brush of the English greenhouse. There were also magnificent banks of aloes in every stage of maturity, varying from an inch high to splendid plants with tall stems of yellow flowers, so regularly shaped

as to look almost like giant candelabra, waiting in the wilderness until the time should come for them to be cut down, and to offer their dumb services for the illumination of the next entertainment in the President's ball-room. The enormous cacti formed another striking feature in the landscape. Ten, twenty, thirty, and even forty feet high they reared their straight hairy angular stems, from which grew scarlet, white, and yellow flowers, and branches which looked exactly as if they had been strangled by a piece of string tied too tightly round them. Ipecacuanha, covered with bright red and yellow flowers grew in profusion; and bushes covered with apricot blossom, trees made gay with bunches of yellow cassia (from the leaves of which senna is made), blue, red, purple, and white convolvuli (*Ipomœa*), and other plants of sorts unknown to us, grew and trailed and crept everywhere.

As we mounted to a height of 2000 or 3000 feet, the change in the quality of the air was inexpressibly delicious, especially after the species of hot steam bath we had been living in for the last few days, under the rays of the burning sun. The path to Caracas fortunately lies all along the shady side of the mountain; and this made the ride delightful, especially at so early an hour in the morning, when every leaf and blade of grass was still dripping and glittering with the heavy night-dew, and emitting delicious fragrance as our mules, pushing their way through the bushes on each side of the narrow and evidently very little frequented path, trampled them under foot. Our progress was sometimes rather hazardous; for the edge of the perpendicular precipice on one side, from 1000 to 2000 feet deep, was completely concealed by the abundant vegetation, which the mules occasionally stopped to eat. More than once I was startled at finding my mule suddenly crane his head over to get at the top-shoots of some shrub growing just below the path, in the fissure of a

precipice, garlanded with lianes, ipomæas, allamandas, hibiscus, begonias, and all manner of flowers and creeping ferns, orchids, and parasites. One could not think much about the danger, however, for the beauty of the scene and foliage increased at every step; and I simply let the reins lie on my mule's neck, and gazed around with wonder and admiration at the tangled mass of luxuriant verdure beneath our feet, above our heads, and on every side, as we wound our way upwards. This tropical forest was more beautiful than any others I had seen; for the reason that, growing on the side of the mountain, the wood was not quite so dense and impene-



trable as is ofttimes the case. It was even possible now and again to see through the forest and to catch glimpses of the plain lying at our feet: the blue sea sparkling in the sunshine beyond, and the mountains in the distance. Over our heads were grand trees,

with stems rising clear from the mass of vegetation out of which they sprang, to a height of at least a hundred feet. Some were quite unencumbered even by a single branch, and thus displayed to the best advantage their natural strength and majesty. Others were so overgrown and enveloped by orchid climbers, pine-apples, and similar plants, that their noble proportions were lost sight of in the more evanescent gracefulness of the parasites, by the smothering tendrils and life-sucking fibres of which they were surrounded and enfeebled.

There were great silk-cotton trees with beautiful foliage and hanging pods; the lignum-vitæ, the wood of which is so hard that it turns the edge of the keenest tools and resists the sharpest nail; the guaiacum, with a wood almost as hard and valuable; the roble (*Catalpa longissima*), a tree very like an elm; and a graceful fan-like palm, the leaves of which are used for so many different purposes that the tree derives its name in each district from the particular use to which the leaf is there most generally put. Thus it is sometimes called the fan-palm, because travellers use the leaves as fans; the horse-palm, because they are used for driving off flies; the thatch-palm, and the hat-palm, the young shoots making excellent sombreros or panamas. I believe its proper name is *Copernicia tectorum*. We also saw many specimens of the travellers' palm, each leaf of which, however dusty or arid may be the spot in which the tree grows, yields, when cut by the thirsty traveller, from half a pint to a pint of water. Then there were ferns of various kinds, some of enormous size; and several specimens of the curious Pashiuba or Paxiuba palm, mounted on stilt-like roots, which to my mind always presents the appearance of a gigantic spider trying to get its legs out of the mud, and run away with the tree on its back. In the plains below we could see the beautiful mimosas and alcornocos, the feathery heads of which afforded grateful

shade to the sleepy and thirsty herds of cattle that were reposing beneath.

After riding for more than two hours we made our first halt, under a large sand-box-tree, the tall thorny stem of which, with its large leaves, insignificant red spikes of flowers, curious green turban shaped nuts of this year's growth, and brown ones of last year, we examined with much interest. The nuts are divided into segments, and look something like corrugated iron outside, being so hard and heavy that they are frequently used for paper-weights. The Latin name of the tree, *Hura crepitans*, is derived from a troublesome habit its fruit has of spontaneously blowing itself up.[1]



Another hour of travelling, through what now began to appear to us somewhat like an interminable forest, brought us to a little hut or shelter, but apparently no nearer to the

[1] It is remarkable that when ripe and exposed to a dry atmosphere this fruit bursts with much violence, and with a sharp crack or report as of a small pistol. The action is shown by the curiously curled portions of the individual cells of the fruit; and these sides or walls of the cells when once thus curled and parted, can never be reduced to their original form, or joined together again. Sometimes a strong wire passed round it will keep it together and quiet for a time, but I have known this insubordinate fruit to explode even after a year or more of bondage.

end of our journey. Thence we went on mounting, always mounting, through plantations of fine coffee, protected by the usual 'shade-trees,' or *Madres-de-coco*. Coffee will not grow in the valleys of Venezuela, but flourishes on the higher land of the mountains. We also passed several cacao plantations, the trees in which all looked exceedingly healthy and thriving. The visual effect in looking up some of the mountain slopes—entirely covered with the dark shining leaves and snow-white flowers of the coffee-plant, the berries being about the size of cherries, and of every conceivable shade of colour—was very striking. The banks on either side of the path were a mass of ferns. I never saw so many varieties of adiantum, or such splendid fronds—some of them three or four feet long, as I ascertained by measurement—while the exquisitely graceful *Lygodium scandens* trailed from tree to tree, or hung in graceful festoons hundreds of feet long, down the rocks, mixed with many other kinds of ferns and orchids.

Throughout the ascent we had heard the enchanting songs of birds. The notes of three of these feathered songsters in particular attracted our attention, though we never caught sight of the vocalists. One resembled the song of a large deep-noted nightingale, all its sweet trills and harmonious 'jug-jug' enhanced in beauty and supplemented by a murmur as of a gurgling stream. Another reminded me of a sweet-noted missel-thrush, singing in the spring-time; while a third recalled the robin, as he sends forth his little lay of rejoicing when the winter snows are past and all once more is bright and green. There were, of course, countless other birds, but none so remarkable in song as these. The humming-birds might be seen, sucking honey from every flower, in the plains and during the first part of the ascent, but they did not seem to mount very far up the mountain side. Pretty little black, yellow, blue, and grey birds flitted across

our path, together with the brightest orange, pale-yellow, black and red and blue butterflies, dragon-flies, beetles, and other insects. We could not say we had actually seen any snakes; but I fancied once or twice that I noticed one gliding away off the path, and felt sure that in all the pretty rocky water-courses, running through the damp plains which we crossed, many snakes must lurk.

At every step, now, the scenery changed, till at last we emerged into an open space, planted with sugar-canes, bananas, sweet-potatoes, and other crops. Here we discovered the origin of some extraordinary noises we had heard on the way up, mingled with the much more harmonious songs of birds. A large flight of locusts was hovering about; and, just as they do in Chili and Peru, and in fact all through South America, where these plagues ravage the country, the inhabitants were beating tom-toms, tin trays, frying-pans, saucepans, and anything of the kind they could lay hands upon, besides shouting, blowing horns, and firing guns, to drive away the flight of ruthless devastators, whose brilliantly transparent wings, quivering and fluttering in the sunlight, glittered like silver snow-flakes. Beautiful as they are to look at under such conditions, the mischief these insects do is terrible to contemplate. In the present instance traces of their visit were only too apparent in the big banana-leaves, reduced to a single mid-rib; the sugar-canes and other crops levelled to the ground, and every tree stripped of its leaves and twigs and smaller branches. Even the hardy wild-plantain (*Canna*



indica) with its brilliant yellow stem and scarlet flowers—in shape like the prow of an ancient galley—was reduced to a bare stem and branches. Soon after this we reached another little habitation, one side of which was a school-house. The other we hoped might prove to be some sort of *venta*, or place of refreshment; for by this time we were faint and famished, as may well be imagined, having started without any breakfast and without any stock of provisions; for we had relied on the assurance of those whom we consulted that the journey would only occupy two hours and a half. Unfortunately our hopes were speedily crushed. There was not even a *puchero* or a *tortilla* to be had; nothing more substantial than a glass of cold water—very grateful in itself, but not sustaining. While the mules were partaking of light fluid refreshment, and were resting in the shade of the palm-leaf-thatched verandah, we went to see the school, which I fear we all for the moment rather wished was a *school of cookery*, where dishes are occasionally offered to visitors not only to taste, but to eat. Notwithstanding our disappointment, we were impressed with the fact that the establishment seemed to be conducted on excellent principles: the reading and writing of the pupils being highly creditable to both pupils and teacher. The latter, a very pleasant man, gave us two curious flowers which had been brought to him as an offering that morning by some of his little scholars. We did not know the names of the flowers; and as he could not inform us, we decided, owing to its peculiar shape, to call one the 'Crook flower of Caracas,' and the other the *una-hora-y-media* (an hour and a half) which period we were told the journey from here to Caracas would occupy. Our hearts sank within us when we heard the news—at least, I can answer for my own, as I remounted my inferior and by this time very weary quadruped, and settled myself as best I could on my most uncomfortable of saddles.

From the school-house we descended slightly, and, going along the neck of the pass, 7500 feet above the sea, we arrived at the spot about which we had heard so much and had come so far to see. Not exactly 'a palace and a prison on either hand,' but on either side Caracas or La Guayra, as the case might be, visible at once in the two valleys, one 3000, the other 7500 feet below our feet. It was an extraordinary, but I can scarcely call it a very beautiful view. Its extent was very great, embracing many hundreds of miles of country, stretching far away into Venezuela; but the landscape was far too barren to be really picturesque. Surrounded by extensive plantations of sugar-cane, which made a bright oasis in the dry and thirsty plain, Caracas looked the very type of a South American town, laid out in square blocks, with streets, all running at right angles—north, south, east, and west—of low, one-storied, white, stone-walled, red-roofed houses, exactly the colour of the surrounding earth and mountains. An occasional church or public-building rose above the otherwise totally flat surface of the capital of Venezuela. Everybody we have hitherto met since landing here talks of it with the greatest enthusiasm as the most beautiful city in South America; the reason for which, like a great many other things, I cannot understand.

From the spot whence we beheld this extensive view, the path made a rapid turn, and we began to descend rapidly, passing on our way through an enormous drove of grey donkeys, carrying packages of goods of all sorts, brought by steamers to La Guayra for Caracas. By the side of a stream at the bottom of the first hill, another large drove of donkeys, also heavily laden with barrels of wine and other commodities, were being watered. The grey animals, with their grey loads, resting beside the brown river, which purled and bubbled over its stony bed, the green bank of the stream, overgrown with light-coloured ferns, the dark leaves of the coffee-

plantation beyond, and the bright blue sky overhead, formed a striking scene, in which were many contrasts of light and shade and colour.

It was here that a little incident occurred, which was rather amusing as it turned out, but which might have had a somewhat serious termination. Tom had walked down the hill, and had sent his mule on before him, finding that he could get along on foot much quicker than by riding. As we passed the herd, I thought I saw his mule feeding among the



donkeys, and asked Allnutt to bring him on. He, having no stick, passed the message to Mr. Pritchett, who was still further behind, and who promptly seized the mule by the bridle, and dragged him along after him by main force. Soon he heard violent cries and strongly worded oaths in a language which, though unacquainted with Castilian, he inferred was Spanish, uttered by some one who was evidently pursuing him. He stopped, and by a strong mental effort

managed to comprehend that Tom's mule had gone on before, and that the animal he was now trying to carry off was one of the poor donkey-men's own mules. The aggrieved owner having to some extent relieved his outraged feelings by the use of the most forcible epithets he could think of, and the innocent cause of his righteous indignation having duly explained (in dumb-show) and profoundly apologised, they took off their hats to one another; and Mr. Pritchett cantered as gaily after us as the tired state of his mule would permit, fortunately before recourse had been had to the stern arbitrament of the knife.

In about an hour we reached another rest-house, where we found some pretty birds hanging up in cages, including four little grey creatures with long tails, like American mocking-birds. From what I afterwards heard, they were, I believe, of the same kind as our liquid-noted nightingale songsters of the morning. I endeavoured to purchase them, but am sorry to say I failed in the attempt, chiefly because I was really too tired and exhausted to give proper attention to anything. From this point the descent by what had once evidently been an excellent paved road, but was now a mere mass of boulders and sand, heaped together higgledy-piggledy, in sharp zig-zags, at an angle of about 45°, was exceedingly rapid. The sun was scorchingly hot; and more than once I felt as if I really could not struggle one step further, but must throw myself off my mule under the shade of the very first tree or point of rock we came to, and lie there, if not to die, at least to faint. Anything so fatiguing as coming down that break-neck, rocky, sandy staircase of a road, I never experienced; especially without any support from pommels or stirrup. I must in justice say that my poor little mule, though very tired, and stumbling constantly, picked his way most carefully, and carried me safely, though with many false alarms, to the bottom. Here, so tired and stiff as to be for

the time quite helpless, I was lifted off and carried to a hospitable cottage, where I was refreshed by some cold water. This was exactly seven hours after we had left the yacht.

Our journey, however, was not yet done. Poor Sir Roger was very tired too; and when we remounted and proceeded through the streets of Caracas, which we shortly afterwards reached, he was pursued by all the ill-conditioned curs (and a *very* ill-conditioned body they were), in the place, much to his annoyance and to mine also. Having lost my stick in the course of the descent, I had nothing whatever to keep the mongrels off with; and as Sir Roger took refuge under my mule's legs and my habit, I thought there would shortly be a real street *pronunciamiento*, if not a revolution. The entrance to Caracas is by no means imposing, the transition from the open country to the streets not being marked by any walls or gates. The town itself looked very much the same when we approached it as it had done from the distant heights. On our way we passed a church which had been considerably battered in one or more of the many fights that have taken place here; and also noticed some beautiful gardens, over the walls of which the flowers escaped in wild luxuriance into the streets beneath. I never shall forget a peculiarly bright blue ipomœa, which was one mass of flowers; and a bright rose-coloured pink bellissima—a plant that, despite frequent efforts, has, I believe, never yet been



ENTRANCE TO CARACAS

introduced into England. It was just as if two curtains of turquoise blue and rose Du Barry had been thrown over the wall, and tied together here and there with a trailing wreath of leaves or sprays of white jasmine flowers.

Our guide did not know his way in the least; but, being far too proud to say so, he led us a wandering *Polonaise à l'Espagnole* all over the town until one by one the mules refused to move any further, and I insisted on asking the first respectable person that we met to direct us to the Hotel St. Amand. Here we ultimately arrived at half-past twelve, quite exhausted. It is a long, and desperately fatiguing journey from La Guayra to Caracas, even with good mules. We had very bad ones; but I think that in any case the traveller would accomplish the expedition more comfortably by taking a longer time about it, and by providing himself with refreshments to consume on the road. An early start—which is always desirable in the tropics—would enable one to loiter on the way and enjoy the beauties of the scenery thoroughly, instead of being compelled to press on as we had done, deluded by the fond hope and the false assurances we received that we were comparatively close to our destination. It is difficult to obtain correct information about anything in these countries, and the most extraordinary and inconsistent replies are almost always given to any question asked. It is *un costumbre del pais*, apparently—a local custom—to equivocate and to delude.

When at last we reached the large Hotel St. Amand, we found that our telegram had been received, and that every preparation had been made for our arrival. We experienced some little difficulty, however, in obtaining a bedroom, and, having procured one, we had still more trouble to procure the necessary appliances for washing our hands. The landlord had to go through an elaborate pantomimic performance, in order to make the waiter understand that

'La Senhora' really *must* have a clean towel. I suppose it is not the custom of the country to provide such an article; but they finally brought me *six* very nice ones.

We supposed at first that the rest of the party who were to travel by the train from La Guayra had arrived at half-past nine, when they were due, and had breakfasted, and gone out; but on making inquiry we could hear nothing of our friends. We also had hoped to arrive about the same time, and to return from Caracas by the afternoon train; but as that was now quite impossible, we decided—as Tom expressed it—to 'coil down for the night' as we were, and return by the seven o'clock train on the morrow. After waiting some time, the three gentlemen went out in different directions to search for our friends. I was very thankful we had decided that they were not to accompany us, for I am sure our long rough ride would quite have exhausted those not well accustomed to riding, and would have been too much even for the children. The missing links turned up shortly afterwards, having had nearly as long a journey by rail as we had had by road. A heavy truck laden with machinery had been attached to the train, which the engine was quite unable to pull up the many steep inclines; and they had consequently been rather more than five hours on their way, instead of the ordinary period of two and a half. The scenery along the line was described in glowing terms; but the travellers' enjoyment of the trip had been materially lessened by the pangs of hunger that assailed them.

Colonel Mansfield, our Minister Plenipotentiary here, who had heard of our intended visit, and who called to see us at the hotel, insisted on carrying us off at once to his own house, where luncheon was hospitably prepared for the whole party, and where I need scarcely say how pleasant it was to sit down at last to a well-appointed meal in a deliciously cool room. Colonel Mansfield introduced us to his daughter, with

whom he lives almost entirely alone, as there is absolutely no society here—a want he deplores very much on her account, though they seemed very happy by themselves with their books and work and various occupations.

After breakfast and a great deal of conversation, we were all so exhausted as to be obliged to beg for a little repose during the heat of the day, before proceeding for a long drive round and about the town. There is a fine Plaza, called Bolivar, after the illustrious general of that name, and in the centre is his statue, on the pedestal of which is the following inscription:—

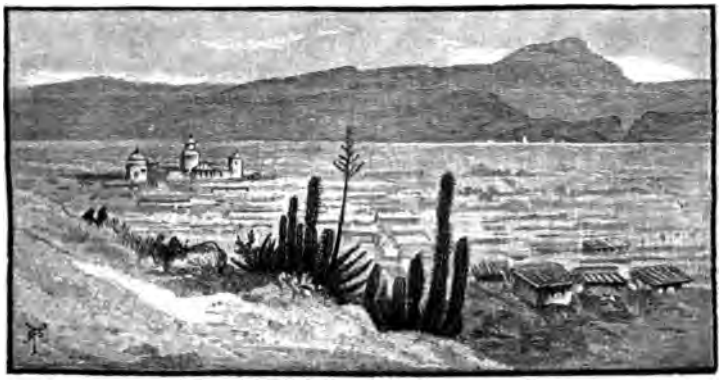
EL GENERAL ANTONIO GUZMAN BLANCO,
PRESIDENTE DE LA REPUBLICA,
ERIJÓ ESTE MONUMENTO
EN 1874.

Simon Bolivar, Libertador de Venezuela, Nueva Granada, Ecuador y Perú y Fundador de Bolivia.

The monument is in honour of Bolivar, but nobody would think so unless he read the inscription very carefully.

Caracas also contains some good gardens, a cathedral, a church or two, a bull-ring, and, of course, a very fine Presidential Palace—or rather two, one in the centre and one just outside the city. It seems rather a discrepancy that the President of the Republic of Venezuela should receive 50,000*l.* a year, while the President of the United States only has 10,000*l.*, and the Premier of England 5,000*l.* The present president, Guzman Blanco, is said to possess a private fortune of one million. Three beautiful country-houses are maintained for him by the State, besides his residences at Caracas and a villa by the sea for the bathing season; and altogether he lives in the greatest luxury, and rules as the most absolute

despot. Although nominally only President of a Republic, the Cortes, or so-called representatives of the nation, confer unlimited powers on him each succeeding year; so that he is



in reality an absolute dictator, allowing no one to dispute his will for an instant, and ruling the Venezuelans with a rod of iron. I dare say they require a firm hand; and he certainly keeps them in better order, and altogether manages them more ably, than previous presidents have succeeded in doing, with the consequent advantage that there have been fewer revolutions in his time than in that of preceding governments. Having been already re-elected three times, his period of office must, according to the constitution of Venezuela, expire next year; and considerable anxiety is already felt in the country as to what will happen when he retires. Fifty thousand a-year is a big plum for any one man to enjoy, especially in a comparatively unimportant Republic like this; and so long as this inducement is held out, there will surely be a certain amount of fighting and struggling for it.

One or two examples of the arbitrary mode of government of President Blanco may be given. Soon after the railway between Caracas and La Guayra (in which he holds a great

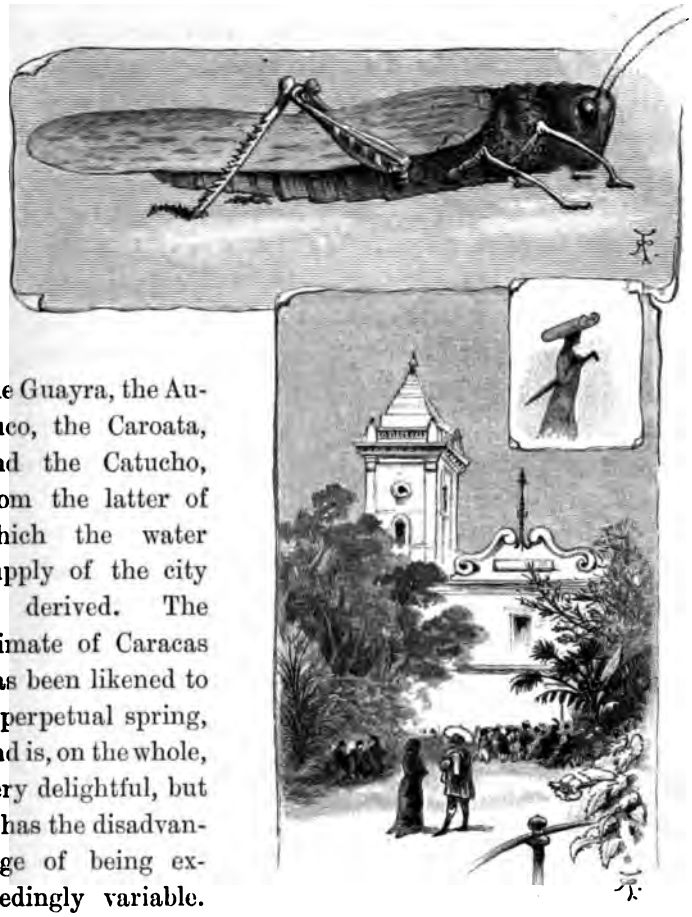
number of shares) was opened, he issued a decree that all vehicular locomotion on the excellent coach road, which had always been hitherto used, should be entirely stopped, thereby, of course, bringing grist to the railway mill, but throwing hundreds of people, with their mules and carts, out of employment. A few days ago the resident engineer of the line reported to the President that a fish-plate had been placed on the rails with the evident object of upsetting the train on its passage over a very narrow viaduct, built by the American contractor who commenced, but did not finish, the line. General Blanco immediately, without instituting any inquiry with the object of discovering the offenders, and without making any distinction between rich and poor, ordered everyone living within a radius of half a mile of the scene of the attempted outrage—in all sixty persons—to be locked up for a month. Such a drastic measure will possibly have the desired effect of stopping similar crimes in the future; but as regards its legality there may be a considerable diversity of opinion. More than one ultra-democratic American has been heard to say that he never saw, or wished to see, a country better governed in every respect than Venezuela, or a better-managed town than Caracas, to whatever cause this result might be attributed.

The public-gardens in the upper part of the city are tastefully laid out and planted. They have evidently been modelled on the plan of those of Santa Lucia, at Santiago, in Chili, and command extensive views of the city and surrounding country and mountains. At the highest point is a statue of the great man, Guzman Blanco, himself. The plains, covered with large fields of sugar-cane of a bright tender green, the exact tint of which I never saw elsewhere, are now looking their best. A few miles off, up the valley, is a nice little watering-place, where the President is at present staying, at one of his country houses. In the public-gardens the

same din was going on that we had heard in the morning on the mountains, with a similar object—that of driving away an army of locusts. As a matter of fact, the greater part of the horde of pests had already been dispersed or killed, although not until they had succeeded in stripping some of the ornamental trees of every leaf. The ground was strewn with dead locusts, among which I picked up one of the largest specimens I have ever seen. We measured him on the spot, and found he was exactly four inches and a half long from the base of the neck to the tip of the tail. I am sorry that I did not think of spreading out his wings and taking their size; but he was slightly crushed, and somewhat greasy and nasty to handle. The bodies of these creatures are so full of grease that it frequently happens that they interfere with the working of the trains if they get on the line. It is astonishing how very few, when crushed, will make the rails sufficiently slippery to prevent the wheels of the engine from biting, more particularly on a steep incline. To such an extent is this the case, indeed, that 'Train stopped by locusts' is, I believe, not at all an uncommon telegram to be received at Caracas; while the wages of the men who have to be employed constantly in keeping the rails properly sanded form a considerable item in the annual expenditure of the railway company.

Mr. Fraser had kindly offered to place a special train at our disposal at five o'clock, and to attach the President's car to it for our use. This arrangement enabled us to see all that was to be seen in Caracas, and to return to La Guayra the same evening.

The capital of Venezuela is not a particularly interesting place, although it contains several spacious houses, besides at least eight churches, five convents, and a theatre. Its great recommendation is the healthy position which it occupies, in a valley at the entrance to the plain of Chacao, 2900 feet above the sea. This valley is watered by four small rivers,



the Guayra, the Auauco, the Caroata, and the Catucho, from the latter of which the water supply of the city is derived. The climate of Caracas has been likened to a perpetual spring, and is, on the whole, very delightful, but it has the disadvantage of being exceedingly variable. Still, the contrast between the atmosphere of this city and the stifling heat of La Guayra, only five or six miles distant as the crow flies, though more by the mountain-path, is something almost incredible. The mean temperature of the air is 72°, the thermometer rarely registering more than 75° in the hot season, and 66° in the cold; although the temperature occasionally rises to 85° and descends to 52°. The changes, such as they

are, however, are very rapid, and it has been said that the inhabitants experience several seasons in one day. The rainy months are April, May, and June, but the downfall here is not so heavy as in many tropical regions. One great disadvantage, which Caracas shares in common with a great many other parts of South America, is the frequency of the earthquakes to which it is subject. On March 26, 1812, a terrible catastrophe occurred: nearly the whole of the city being destroyed, and 12,000 of its inhabitants perishing. It was Ascension Day, and the churches were crowded. The air was still, the sky calm, and nothing occurred to give warning of the fearful event which was imminent. Suddenly a shock was felt, sufficiently severe to set all the church bells tolling. Then all again became quiet, and it was thought the danger was past. But the hope was vain; for in a few seconds afterwards a tremendous subterranean noise was heard, followed by a series of awful shocks, which nothing could resist. The grand procession, which always takes place on Ascension Day, had not yet begun to pass through the streets, but nearly four thousand people were killed in the churches alone. The barracks of El Quartel de San Carlos disappeared almost entirely, and a regiment of soldiers, drawn up under arms in readiness to join the procession, were all buried alive.

Humboldt, in describing the event, says: 'The night of the festival of the Ascension witnessed an awful scene of desolation and distress. The thick cloud of dust which, rising above the ruins, darkened the sky like a fog, had settled on the ground. No commotion was felt, and never was a night more calm or more serene. The moon, then nearly at the full, illumined the rounded domes of the Silla; and the aspect of the sky formed a perfect contrast to that of the earth, which was covered with the bodies of the dead and heaped with ruins. Mothers were seen bearing in their arms their children, whom they hoped to recall to life. Desolate families were wandering

through the city, seeking a brother, a husband, or a friend, of whose fate they were ignorant, and whom they believed to be lost in the crowd. The people pressed along the streets, which could be traced only by long lines of ruins.'

The cathedral, a large but by no means beautiful building, supported by enormous buttresses, was the only edifice of importance which escaped the effects of the earthquake. It is situated on one side of the Plaza Mayor, or great square; the other sides being occupied respectively by the Archbishop's palace, a college, and a prison. In this square a market for provisions and fruits is held, and in an inner square, beneath a colonnade, are some of the chief shops of the city.

One point by which the visitor to Caracas is impressed is the very large number of empty houses to be seen in nearly every street: the explanation being that the proprietors are too poor to live in them themselves, and too proud or obstinate to let them at a reasonable rent. The result is that, although there are plenty of houses wanting tenants, rents are as dear as if the supply were unequal to the demand.

The railway-station, where we arrived in due course, consists of a series of long sheds with corrugated iron roofs. I remarked that I thought they must be very hot; but the reply was, 'Oh, dear, no! it is never hot here,' thus confirming what we had already been told respecting the climate.

Mr. Fraser mentioned to us, in the course of conversation, that the number and variety of the coins that pass through the hands of the railway company in the course of a brief period are very remarkable; and he expressed his regret that it was not possible to buy up some of the oldest and rarest, as he was sure a valuable and interesting collection might be made in a comparatively short time. The old Spanish doubloons, or *onzas de oro*, have been made so familiar to us by Marryat's novels, the stories of the pirates of the Spanish main, and the numerous rumours and

romances of treasure lost and treasure trove—of rich galleons sunk with cargoes of countless thousands on board—of caves, the floors of which glittered with untold heaps of the precious coins, and where the explorers 'found bars of gold, and coin untold, and gems which to count were vain,' and have been invested with such a halo of romance, that it was curious to see these pieces of money—by irreverent travellers from the United States termed 'cartwheels'—if not exactly in common use, at all events in considerable numbers.

The railway from Caracas to La Guayra is a wonderful piece of work—a real triumph of engineering skill over the difficulties of nature. I believe there is only one other like it, and that is somewhere in the Himalayas. Its great peculiarity is its very narrow gauge, of three feet. In other respects it much resembles the Oroya line in Peru, which rises 15,640 feet into the Andes (or about the same elevation as the summit of Mont Blanc), and the line in Mexico from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, which, at a distance of 110 miles from the sea, at Vera Cruz, ascends to a height of 8000 feet, mainly on gradients of 1 in 25, and 1 in 33, occasionally combined with curves as sharp as 325 radius. The distance from La Guayra to Caracas as the crow flies, cannot be more than five or six miles: but the line is twenty-three miles long; which fact will afford some idea of the turns and twists which it has to make.

The scenery is superb. The curves of the line are so sharp that, as we stood on the end break, the engine looked as though it belonged to another train which was coming in the opposite direction and was about to run into us. It was a wonderful journey, through splendid mountain gorges, with valleys opening out from them at every turn. Sometimes the line scarcely seemed to run on *terra firma* at all, the rails being laid on wooden brattice-work, firmly secured against the side of the mountain, with supports below like a sort of half-

bridge, over what appeared to be a fathomless abyss. We crossed many mountain torrents, on real bridges, all built of wood, bratticed with iron;
some of them very long,



and all of course very narrow. In many instances the curves in the middle were so sharp that the carriages seemed to hang over as we turned; and it appeared as if one

or two passengers too many on the same side might cause the whole train to capsize and topple over into the gulf beneath. I was very sorry when the light first began to fade, then to die away altogether, and the brief tropical twilight came to an end, leaving us nothing but the light of the bright young moon and the stars, by which to see the wonders of nature and the marvels of engineering skill. It really made one feel proud of the human race to see this triumph of mind over matter—man's ingenuity conquering nature's obstacles in this extraordinary manner.[1] Perhaps, after all, though we could not observe so many details, the general beauty of the landscape was enhanced by being seen by moonlight. I never beheld anything grander than the mountains or lovelier than the glens, all sparkling with fire-flies, as we glided down the steep incline towards the glittering sea, where the long rollers were slowly tumbling in and breaking heavily, in a long line of broad white surf.

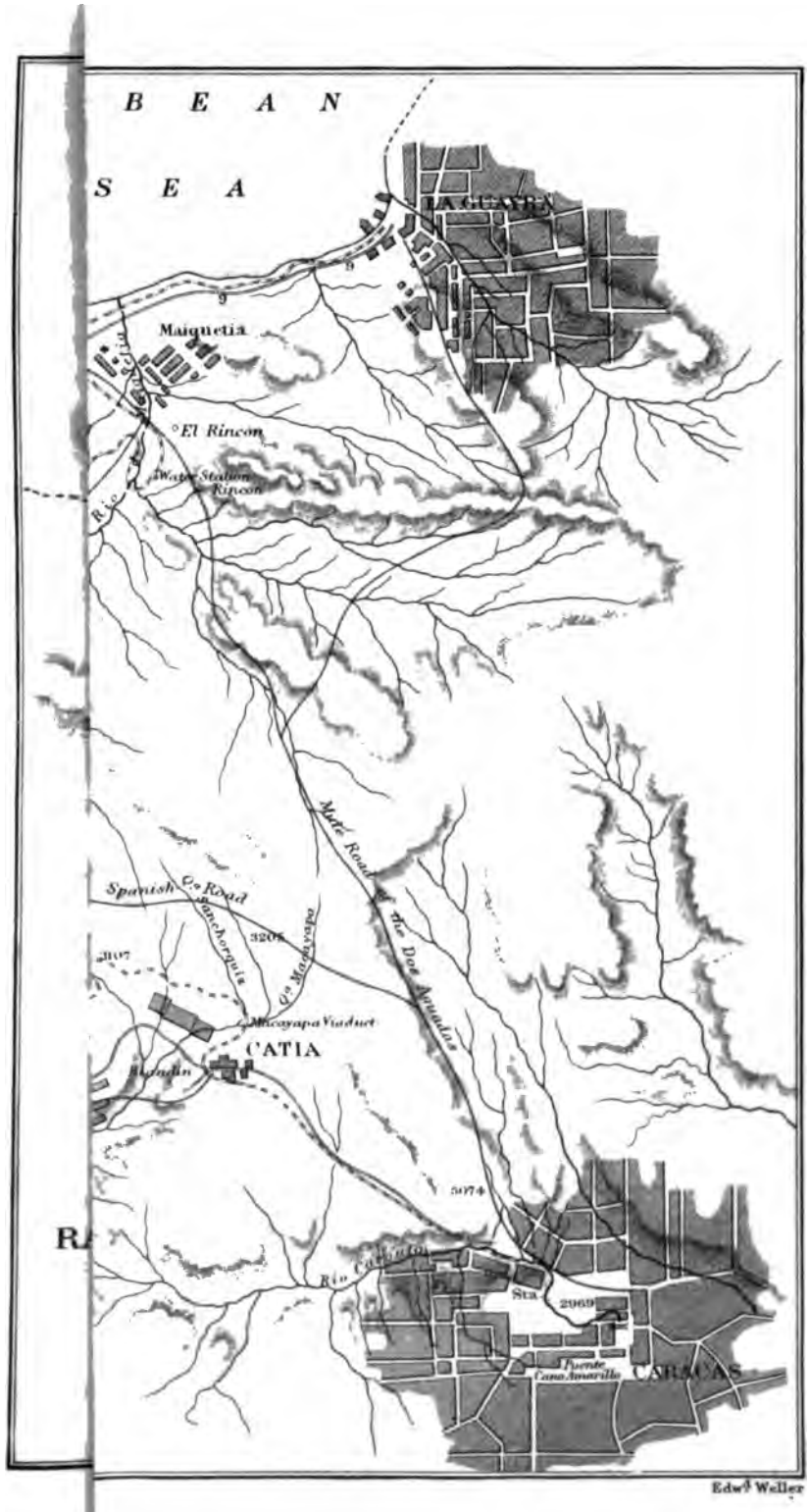
[1] By the courtesy of Mr. James Livesey, the Chief Engineer of the La Guayra and Caracas Railway Company, I am enabled to give a few particulars of the line, which I think will be found interesting.

'For a distance of nearly twenty miles there is a continuous gradient of 1 in 27, with a succession of curves and reverse curves, of 130 feet radius, from one end of the line to the other. To convey an idea of the aerial character of the railway at certain points, it may be stated that the line is there carried along a mere ledge cut into the face of the perpendicular rock some 3000 feet high and that a biscuit dropped from the train would fall 1800 feet before touching the ground. On such a railway, it requires a steady hand and strong nerve to conduct the trains, and both drivers and guards must be provided with means to meet all emergencies. The greater proportion of the traffic being "up," the waggons are all heavily laden. Each waggon carries as a rule from ten to fourteen tons, and is provided with two powerful brakes, a hand screw brake and an automatic continuous brake; the apparatus being so arranged that both the engine-driver and guard have command over the train, or any passenger may in an instant put on the brakes throughout the train. If, by accident, a carriage or waggon should break adrift, not only is the brake on that waggon instantly applied automatically by the very fact of its breaking away, but the brakes are applied *throughout the train*, which is then brought to a standstill. The engines weigh thirty-three tons each, and are capable of drawing up a load of eighty tons, exclusive of their own weight. The concession for the line having been granted in 1880, the work was commenced in January 1882, and was expeditiously executed by Messrs. Perry & Co.'

We arrived at La Guayra in an hour and fifty minutes after leaving Caracas; having come slowly over several portions of the line in order to be able to admire the scenery. At the station I noticed, but did not like to speak to, a man whose arm, although supposed to be in a sling, was really without any support at all, and was hanging helpless by his side. I made some inquiries about him, and found he was one of the railway servants, who had been severely stabbed in a street brawl more than six months ago. His arm had been bad ever since, poor man, and was likely to remain so another six months unless it were better attended to. I therefore showed Mr. Fraser how to bandage the limb properly; and subsequently took the opportunity of sending him from La Guayra an ambulance hamper, one or two books, and some papers. He expressed great interest in the work of the St. John Ambulance Association, and even if he should be unable to establish a centre in Venezuela, as he hoped might be the case, he may succeed in diffusing a great deal of useful information among the young Englishmen employed on the railway.

The sea was so rough that, although our own cutter was waiting for us, Mr. Cage took us off once more in the big boat. The embarkation was almost as tedious as our landing had been yesterday; for only one person could jump or be thrown into the boat as it approached the shore on the top of each wave, and many of the party got wet up to their knees in the process.

The difficulty of communication between vessels and the shore, in what is called the chief port of Venezuela, may appear remarkable; but it must be remembered that La Guayra is a roadstead rather than a port. The sea is constantly agitated, the violence of the wind, the strength of the tideways, and the bad anchorage all combining to render it an unpleasant place for ships to visit. It is, moreover, as I have already mentioned, a very unhealthy place: yellow fever and


B E A N
S E A
LA GUAIRA
Maiquetia
El Rincon
Water Station Rincon
Spanish Co Road
Co Macuyapa
Macuyapa Viaduct
CATIA
Mule Road of the Dos Aguadas
Sta
2969
Puente Casa Amarilla
CARACAS
Edwd Weller

typhus being more or less prevalent throughout the year. The mountains separating La Guayra from Caracas descend almost directly to the sea; and it is upon the narrow, flat, intermediate strip of land that the town has been built; the houses being backed by a steep rocky wall. It is by no means a picturesque place, and has no attractions of its own. Our sole object in visiting it was, of course, to make the wonderful journey to and from Caracas, and to see something of the latter city.

At 9 o'clock Mr. Cage came on board again with a pair of edible turtles—funny little creatures, about four inches in length, and nearly as broad as they were long. Two black mongooses, with light brown heads and necks, something like small polar bears in shape and action, but with long black tails like a fox, arrived at the same time: likewise a curious little white-faced sheep of Venezuelan breed, and three lambs; besides ducks, chickens, pigeons, and doves. Meat will not keep more than a day or two in these latitudes, so that we are obliged to take a plentiful supply of live stock on board.



MONGOOSE

An hour later we were under way; the big shore-boat was brought alongside for the last time; we bade adieu to our kind friends, and our vessel's head was pointed towards Jamaica. But, unfortunately, the land-breeze, on which we had relied to give us a push-out from under the high land, had now fallen very light; and, instead of going out to sea, we slowly drifted towards shore and were becoming almost imperceptibly embayed behind Pedrera Point, to the westward of the Bay of La Guayra. Presently we heard a shout from those in the boat, who had seen our danger, and had come back to give us a friendly warning not to allow ourselves to

drift ashore unknowingly, as might easily have happened, for the low coast was nearly hidden by the shadow of the high mountains behind. An unlucky frigate met with this fate a few years ago and was totally wrecked; for, although the trade wind does not actually blow home under the high mountains of La Guayra, it sends a heavy sea, with tremendous force, on shore. We were advised to get a boat out to pull the yacht's head round if the land-breeze did not come very quickly. For about a quarter of an hour we were in considerable anxiety as to the fate of the vessel; then a few light puffs came, increasing gradually in strength, till, by midnight, we were well clear of the point, and bowling along in the delightful and beneficent trade-winds, at the rate of some nine or ten knots an hour.

Our stay in Venezuela was so short that I have only attempted to describe what actually came under our notice; but perhaps a few particulars as to the country generally may not be without interest. The name of Venezuela (or Little Venice) originated with the first discoverers of the large lagoon, or rather, gulf—for it is connected with the sea by a narrow channel—of Maraicobo, who noticed that the villages were built on piles in the midst of the water. A large part of the country consists of mountains, interspersed with vast *llanos* and wooded plains. With regard to climate, it is divided into three regions—hot, temperate, and cold. The first comprises all land of less than 2000 feet; the second, that between 2000 and 7000 feet; and the third all above 7000 feet in height. The hot zone is by far the most extensive, and includes all the *llanos*, where the climate is tropical and where large numbers of horses, cattle, mules, and donkeys are bred. The principal wild animals were at one time the jaguar and the puma, but they are now rarely met with. Tiger-cats, tapirs, and ounces are more common, and the forests abound in almost every kind of monkey.

The industries of Venezuela are not very important. There are some gold mines on the Orinoco and elsewhere; but they are difficult of access; and the quantity of ore produced is not large, though the gold-fields themselves have been officially described as 'unquestionably the richest in the world.' Coarse cotton-cloth, hammocks, and straw hats are almost the only manufactures.

In his report upon the finances and commerce of the country for the year 1881, Colonel Mansfield states that, although the public Budget exhibits a favourable aspect, the general wealth of the Republic is undergoing diminution. This he attributes to a great extent to the very low price of coffee, which has entailed heavy losses both on the cultivator and the exporter. The expense of transporting the coffee to the coast from the more distant estates is great, and until railway communication is opened between the interior and the various ports, it will be difficult for the Venezuelan coffee-grower to compete successfully with his Brazilian rival. The cultivation of cocoa is a more profitable industry. The Tonquin (or, more correctly, Tonca) bean—the finest of the *Dipterix odorata*, so much in favour with our grandfathers for the pleasant scent which it imparted to snuff—is also grown in considerable quantities and with satisfactory results in the districts of Guayana. The principal exports of the country are coffee, cocoa, hides and skins, certain kinds of woods—specially logwood, zapatero wood, and quince wood—gold, silver, copper, and minium. The *divi-divi* (*Cæsalpinia coriaria*), a small tree twenty or thirty feet high, is somewhat extensively cultivated for the sake of its pods, which are much used in tanning. A considerable quantity of these pods are also exported annually.

As in the case of most of the countries of South America, the population, which numbers a little over 2,000,000, is of a mixed character, and is composed partly of the aboriginals

and partly of the descendants of the Spaniards and negroes, with many intermixtures and combinations. Some of the Indian tribes are still practically independent; others acknowledge the established government; while others, again, have become more or less civilised. About 35,000 foreigners are domiciled in Venezuela, of whom 11,500 are natives of Old Spain, and 4,000 British subjects, for the most part of West Indian origin, and employed in the mining districts. The United States are only represented by seventy-eight persons. The slave trade was prohibited in 1830, but it was not until 1854 that the slaves were finally emancipated.

Venezuela was for centuries a dependency of the Crown of Spain; but in 1821, after a long war with the mother-country, the independence of the colony was secured through the exertions of Bolivar, whose statue we saw at Caracas to-day. At first Venezuela was united with New Granada and Ecuador, and formed part of the Republic of Colombia; but it is now an independent State, with a constitution modelled after that of the United States.





CHAPTER XI.

JAMAICA.

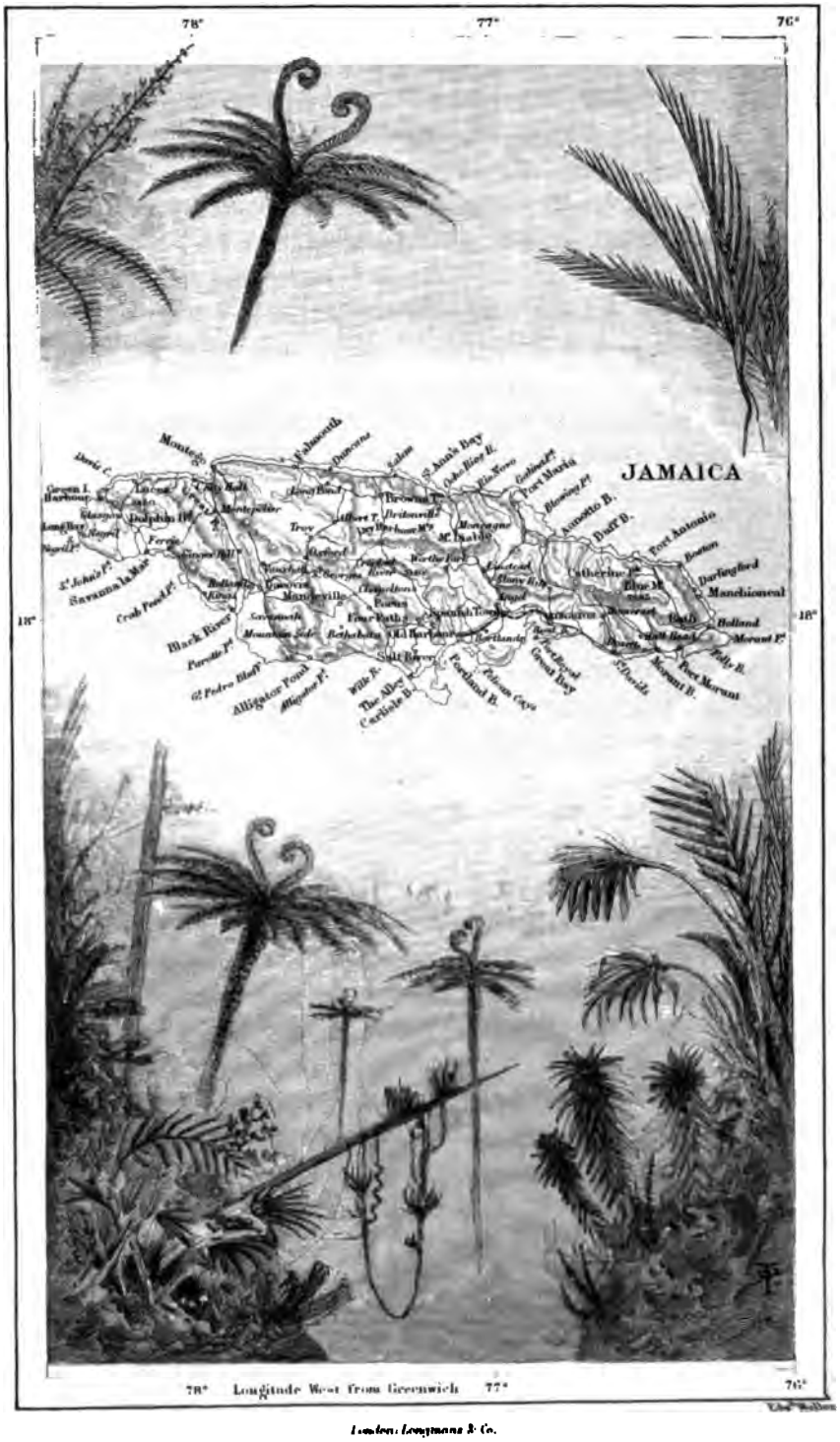
The climate's delicate, the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle.

Wednesday, November 7th.

AT noon we had run ninety-three miles on our course, and were still bowling along merrily. Six hundred miles from Port Royal, we saw the little island of Buen Ayre, a

dependency of Curaçoa, about thirty miles off. Curaçoa is one of the islands belonging to the Dutch, from which oranges are sent to Europe to be made into the well-known liqueur. It has a fine well-protected harbour, but is otherwise uninteresting. The island of Buen Ayre is about thirteen miles long by three or four broad. The trees on the shore grow in curious little clumps, which look at a short distance rather like the martello towers on our own well-loved Sussex shores. Close to and just outside the town and fort of Buen Ayre is another islet called Little Buen Ayre.

In the evening we had the delight of seeing the most remarkable sunset that I have ever beheld. In the West the sun was sinking behind a glorious pile of golden and rosy clouds, resting on a bed of daffodil sky such as I am sure (could we conceive such a thing as stellar consciousness) the morning star might love to fade in or the evening star to rise from, and which melted into the most tender blues and greens. Across this swept upwards a streak of deep red like a giant comet dyed in blood. To the southward was a tremendous mass of heavy clouds with a curious projection like a black island with a prominent headland. This imaginary island seemed to open at intervals and to admit a flood of light, which illumined the headland and the surrounding sky with bright flashes of yellow sheet lightning and sulphurous blue forked lightning. To the eastward a grey cloud discharged a passing shower, while over our heads the young moon shone serene and clear in a cloudless blue sky, as if such things as rain or thunder-clouds had no existence. The whole scene filled one with wonder and awe at the mysterious loveliness of the atmospheric effects of nature. The night which followed was very fine, with a strong breeze. I went out on to the bowsprit with Tom to see the yacht tearing through the water at the rate of at least twelve knots. Every sail was drawing, and



London: Longmans & Co.

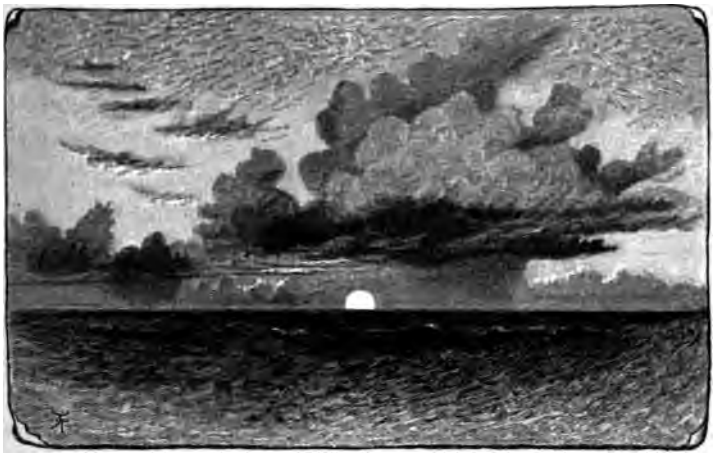
the curves of each were exquisitely graceful and full of beauty.

Thursday, November 8th.—Another delightful day, with a pleasant breeze. About half-past two we approached a long stream of discoloured water; and as the official sailing-directions impress strongly on the navigator the desirability of investigating any strange appearances in the possible vicinity of coral-reefs, in case a new shoal should suddenly have cropped up, orders were promptly given for the dinghy to be lowered, and Mr. Humphreys and two men proceeded to examine the phenomenon more closely. The sailors said it was caused by fishes' spawn, but this seemed very improbable, and proved to be a mistake; for when Mr. Humphreys brought back a bucketful of the water, and a small quantity was examined under the microscope, it became evident that the strange appearance was due to the presence of some vegetable substance. It was further reported that there were a good many cocoa-nuts floating in what looked like thick yellow scum; so that the discoloration was probably due to a current from some river charged with vegetable matter. The breeze had fortunately slackened; but the crew of the dinghy had a hard pull to catch us up, and were very grateful for the line attached to a life-buoy which we threw over to tow them in.

Friday, November 9th.—At noon we had made 219 knots; and although the thermometer did not show any great difference in the temperature, the fresh breeze kept us cool and made us feel unusually lively. Baby made rather an amusing remark on Sunday to somebody who was grumbling considerably on account of the heat. 'It is only because you have nothing to do,' she said: 'you would be much better if you had. I feel just the same, because I have no lessons to learn to-day.' It is quite true that the less the heat is thought of, the less it is felt, and that work is an excellent

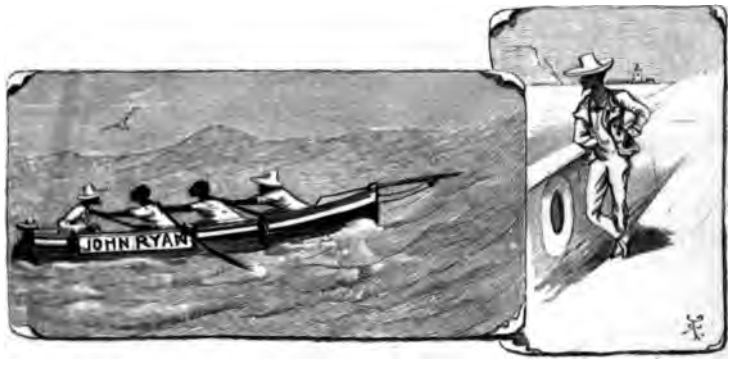
antidote for the sultriness, provided always that the full glare of the sun is avoided.

Saturday, November 10th.—A fine sunrise was followed by black clouds and slight showers. At 7 A.M. we sighted the



high land of Jamaica. Without altering our course, we closed with it and by noon were showing our colours to the light-house at Cape Morant, just on our starboard bow—not a bad landfall.

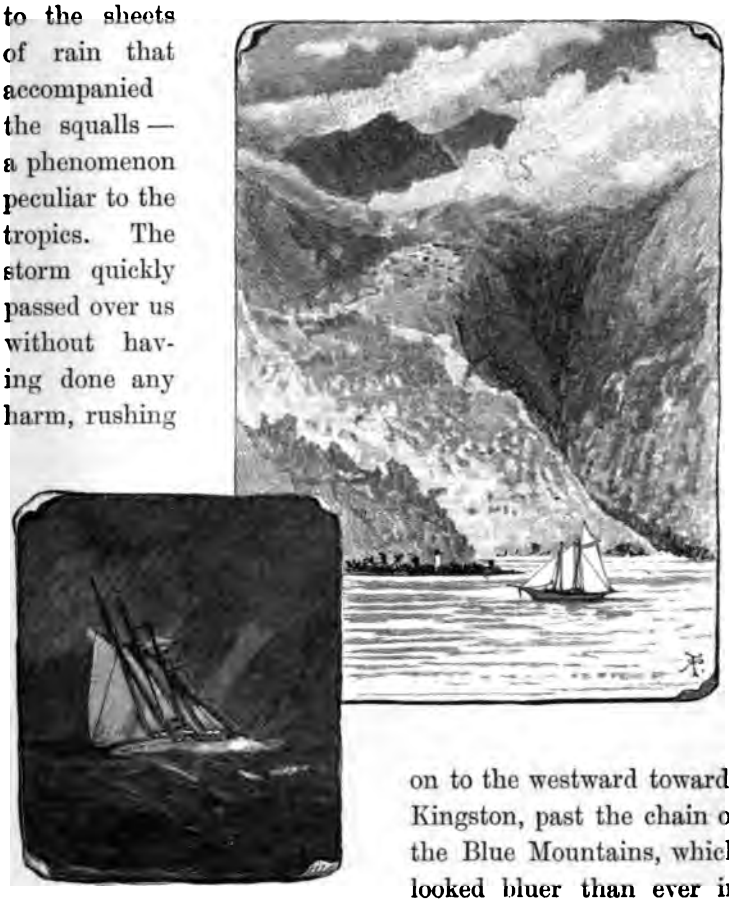
Soon after passing Cape Morant, a pilot's boat (the 'John Ryan') put off from the shore, containing a very pleasant-spoken negro pilot, who was full of information of all kinds—whether correct or not I should hesitate to decide. Scarcely anybody in these parts seems to have any idea of time or distance; and most of the literature on the subject of the West Indies, many volumes of which I have perused during the last few weeks, is written from a statistical, 'romantical,' or 'missionarial' point of view, and contains comparatively little practical information and advice. A sensible and



accurate guide-book to this part of the world would be an immense boon, especially to travellers who have only a very short time to spend here. I wish Mr. Murray would send some capable person out to compile such a work. It would be a very pleasant occupation for the fortunate author, and I think that I should not mind undertaking the commission myself—for a consideration.

Our first view of Jamaica impressed us greatly; and no wonder; for we were gazing on the celebrated Blue Mountains, which deserve all the epithets of admiration that have ever been bestowed on them. Rising from a richly-cultivated plain, principally of sugar-cane, we could revel in the light and shade and colour of their sides and low peaks, intersected by fertile valleys; while their summits, between 7000 and 8000 feet high, were hidden in masses of floating clouds and wreaths of driving mists. About two o'clock we observed an immense wall of black cloud advancing swiftly behind us—evidently a heavy squall of rain, driven before a strong wind. It was grand to see the storm-cloud rushing on, hiding the sun and lashing the waves into fury, while the peculiar hoarse roar of a tropical wind was heard in the rigging. We had by no

means too much time to make our preparations before the black squall was upon us. Our pilot was in a great state of excitement, and flew about wildly. Tom took the helm; and the men let go the topsails, triced up the tack, lowered the peaks, and having all the ropes and gear ready on deck, reduced sail with the greatest possible rapidity. It was really a fine sight, though we could scarcely appreciate its full effect, owing to the sheets of rain that accompanied the squalls — a phenomenon peculiar to the tropics. The storm quickly passed over us without having done any harm, rushing

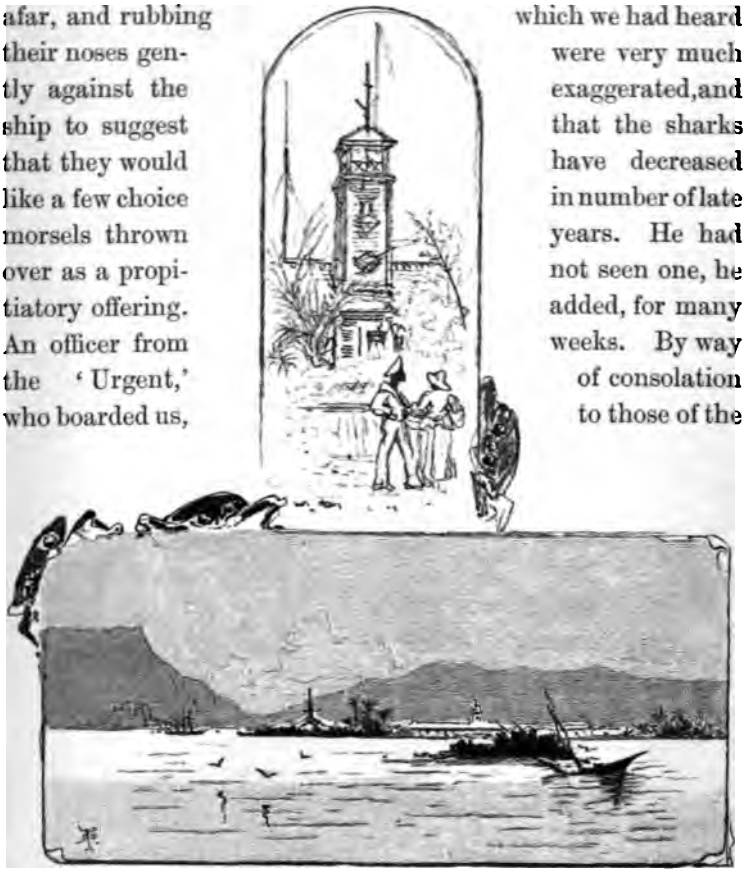


on to the westward towards Kingston, past the chain of the Blue Mountains, which looked bluer than ever in contrast with the inky clouds.

When all the excitement was over, and I was busily occupied in making arrangements for landing, the pilot insisted on telling me a long story of how, just before he had caught sight of us in the distance, his men had captured a nice young shark, and how they had it in the boat when they came alongside, and what excellent things shark-steaks were. Although not particularly interested in the matter, I quite agreed with him, and expressed regret that we had not secured the fish in question. This did not seem to satisfy him; and at last I found out that his idea was to call attention to the fact that he had been about to dine off what he had evidently anticipated would be an excellent shark-steak at the very moment that he had sighted the 'Sunbeam,' and that, having been disappointed in his meal, he was now extremely hungry and would much like some dinner. It was one of the most circumlocutory ways of approaching a subject I had ever met with, but I think that the result was ultimately satisfactory to him.

Port Morant and Morant Bay are a long way from each other and from the point of the same name, which is the eastern extremity of Jamaica. Passing by them and the richly cultivated plains and hills of St. David's, we reached Cow Bay, and saw the white houses of Newcastle, built on one of the many spurs of the Blue Mountains. Newcastle is the sanatorium of Jamaica, where most of the troops are quartered; the situation being so high that the barracks look from the sea more like stones that have slipped off the top of the mountains and have stopped at the foot of the first gentle slope from want of sufficient impetus to go further, than veritable human habitations. The first view of Port Royal, of which we had not heard very encouraging accounts, agreeably surprised us, and we really thought it extremely pretty as seen by the evening light. The outlook across the gulf to Fort Henderson and Fort Augusta also had a very pleasing

aspect. On the other hand, we were somewhat disappointed to find that all the tempting hooks, pieces of pork, and other bait, which we had hung out from the stern as we approached the land, failed to induce a single specimen of the traditionally celebrated Port Royal sharks to pay us a visit. We had been led to expect that they, having sent their pilot fish on before to report, like sister Anne, if any one was coming, would advance, like a shoal of dolphins, to meet us as we entered the harbour, and would attend us to our anchorage, scenting new prey from afar, and rubbing their noses gently against the ship to suggest that they would like a few choice morsels thrown over as a propitiatory offering. An officer from the 'Urgent,' who boarded us, told us that the stories which we had heard were very much exaggerated, and that the sharks have decreased in number of late years. He had not seen one, he added, for many weeks. By way of consolation to those of the



party who had never beheld a shark in their lives, and who were most anxious to do so, he further remarked that this was the right time of the moon for the 'tigers of the sea' to be about. Alligators, too, he said, were much less numerous than they used to be; whereas I had been led to expect, from various accounts which I had read, that one had only to row up any river a little way from its mouth, or to pass through a mangrove swamp, in order to see quite a number of the huge creatures snapping their hideous jaws on either side of the boat. The Commodore (Captain Prattent), who visited us later, confirmed these statements as to the sharks and alligators, but could not give us much information as to the best way of accomplishing our proposed inland journeys, on which subject we asked his advice. He, however, promised to find out everything for us, and kindly placed his steam-launch at our disposal during our stay at Port Royal.

From sharks to lawn-sleeves is rather an abrupt transition; but it so happens that the chief topic of conversation on our arrival at Jamaica was the presence in the island of no less than seven bishops—the orthodox Revelation number—and there would have been nine, had not Bishop Holly been detained at his post in Hayti by the internal dissensions of that sable and unhappy Republic, which seems to be always in political hot water; while the Bishop of the Bahamas was prevented from coming by the illness of his wife. The object of this unusually large gathering of church dignitaries is to hold a synod for the election of a primate for the whole of the West Indies. Advantage has been taken of their presence at Kingston to discuss the question of missionary enterprise in the various dioceses, and in particular to arouse public interest in the mission to the Pongas, in Western Africa.

A banquet in honour of the distinguished members of the colonial episcopacy is to be given in Kingston to-night,

to which entertainment the Commodore had been invited: and he kindly undertook to obtain for us some information respecting our proposed excursions from the friends he would probably meet.

After a long sea passage, the weather-beaten yachtsman arrives in port tired and weary, and sorely needing rest. How grateful a few hours of uninterrupted repose! But ardour civility sometimes denies the well-deserved boon: and such was our experience this evening at Port Royal. It was, accordingly, very late before we were able to go to bed. Even then the night was so lovely that one almost grudged leaving the deck, though I could hardly keep my eyes open.

Sunday, November 11th.—The aspect of Port Royal at sunrise did not by any means diminish my favourable im-





pressions of the previous day. At 5.45 the steam-launch came alongside to take four of the party to Kingston, about seven miles distant, to attend the early service at the cathedral, where three bishops, and I don't know how many clergymen, officiated, and where there were over 200 communicants. A charity sermon of considerable length and force was afterwards preached by one of the bishops.

To judge from the very primitive

mode still adopted of lighting the channels leading to Kingston, the casual visitor would scarcely suppose that it was an important port: but the trade of the place must in reality be considerable; for before seven o'clock this morning four large steamers outward bound from Kingston—the 'Arran,' 'Alpen,' 'Douro,' and 'Jacamar,' three English and one Spanish—passed us. Soon after nine o'clock Commodore Prattent and my cousin, Major Edward Woodgate, who is Brigade-Major here, but is doing the work of Adjutant-General, came to fetch us to attend service on board the 'Urgent.' We had a good sermon about flags in general, and those carried at the Battle of *Hastings* in particular, which was rather a curious coincidence.



It was deliciously cool on board the 'Urgent'; and through the large port-hole near which I sat I could see the greenish-blue sea lapping against the side, and little fish pursued by big fish swimming about in shoals. Presently I heard a great splash, which the man on watch told me afterwards was caused by a shark in chase of some of

the larger fish. After service we walked round, and Tom inspected the ship with the commander, Captain Tudor. Then we all went to breakfast with Commodore and Mrs. Prattent, at the Admiralty House, Port Royal; a nice airy residence, built with a view to catch every breeze that blows, not only from all quarters, but from each of the thirty-two points of the compass—an arrangement which is productive of the most delightful thorough-draughts. It is also fitted with numerous baths, supplied with clear-running water.

The Admiralty House itself is surrounded by a luxuriant garden, and is airy and spacious. It contains several fine paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of which, a portrait of Lord Rodney, is the property of the Jamaica Government. At one corner of the house is a square signal-tower, with a very steep flight of steps reaching to the top; the view from which well repays the labour of getting there. In one direction the vista extends over the Palisades and the narrow neck of land connecting Port Royal with the mainland, and in another towards the distant Blue Mountains. The walls of the staircase of this tower have been papered by the signalman, who is a very religious man, with large texts from Scripture. At the top we were rather surprised to find the only picture was a portrait of our old friend Mr. Henry Edwards, M.P. for Weymouth. I fancy that he must have shown some kindness to the signalman before the latter left England, and that it was in gratitude for favours received that the worthy fellow had hung the portrait in this place of honour. On the Palisades is the cemetery of Port Royal; and the head-stones of the graves, like the tablets in the church, tell a melancholy tale of the ravages committed by yellow fever. I cannot help thinking that the town has obtained a worse character than it deserves, owing to the fact that ships bring their invalids from many other places and leave them here to die in the hospitals. The negroes do

not like going through the Palisades; and after dark nothing would induce them to pass the mangrove-swamps or cockle-ponds, for fear of 'Duppies,' or ghosts, of which they have a most intense horror. Black crabs abound in the Palisades, and are very fierce. It is said that they will even attack men, as they march hungrily up from the sea in search of food. The cemetery, which was once a sad wilderness, is now carefully looked after and maintained, and is tastefully planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. There is a clean, well-ordered hospital at Port Royal, the prettiest building in the place, capable of accommodating 130 patients, though at present I am glad to say it only contains five.



DOCKYARD LOOK-OUT.

Close by the Admiralty House are some extensive turtle-pounds (or ponds), where a large number of these excellent creatures were snapping and flapping about, waiting to be taken out, cooked, and eaten. Prime joints, or rather cuts, of turtle, cost sixpence per pound, while a whole turtle can be purchased at the rate of fourpence per pound. Some were of enormous size, weighing five or six hundred-weight apiece, and even more.

The town of Port Royal itself is a miserable place, though

it is reputed to have been, before the great earthquake of 1692, 'the finest town in the West Indies, and at that time the richest spot in the universe.' It might be added that it was also the head-quarters of the buccaneers, and the store-house of all their plunder. The post-office is a most primitive edifice, the (negro) postmistress being even more primitive than the establishment over which she presided. The doctor spent more than two hours and a half at the office yesterday, in the apparently hopeless task of registering some letters. The postmistress did not know the rate of postage to charge, how to weigh the letters, or what the total postage amounted to: the necessary calculations and operations having finally to be completed by the doctor himself. All she could do was to produce some penny stamps, done up in sundry little screws of dirty newspaper, from various equally dirty drawers. I only hope that the numerous important documents of all kinds that were intrusted to her dusky fingers may ultimately reach their destination in safety.

Port Royal has indeed had a chequered history. Since the period of its greatest prosperity, it has not only been destroyed by the earthquake already mentioned, but, immediately after its restoration, by a terrible fire and an explosion of gunpowder, which took place in 1703. Once more the town was more or less rebuilt; and again was it levelled to the ground—this time by a terrible hurricane, which, on August 22, 1722, swept most of the houses into the sea. This calamity was in time forgotten, and Port Royal became a flourishing place during the war at the end of the last century. In 1815 another fire broke out, and destroyed nearly the whole town; since which it has ceased to be of any commercial importance, though it has continued to hold the position of a strongly fortified naval station. In 1880 a very severe hurricane was experienced, which did a great deal of damage, and the traces of which are still plainly visible.

At Green Bay, near Port Royal, is the tomb of one Lewis Galdy, who was swallowed up by the great earthquake of 1692, and who, as recorded on his tombstone, was, 'by the providence of God, by another shock thrown into the sea and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him, and much lamented at his death.'





The ruins of the original town of Port Royal are occasionally visible under water in clear weather; and it is said that relics are often found among them by divers.

The streets of the existing town are dirty and narrow; and the smells which have to be encountered in passing through them are almost overpowering. The Port Royal mosquitos are notorious for their voracity; and our experience of to-day quite justified their evil reputation.

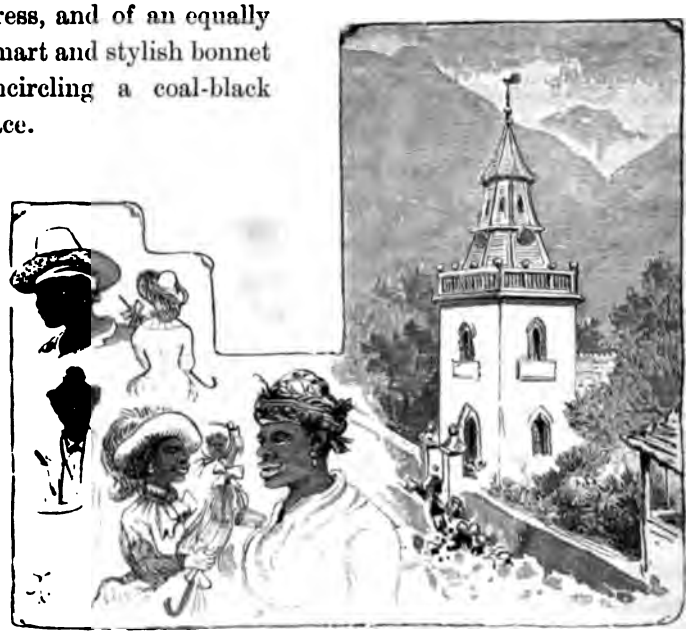
About one o'clock we embarked in the steam-launch, and proceeded up the narrow tortuous channel, marked by posts and beacons, to Kingston. As we approached we could see a great many ships in the harbour, most of them flying American colours. One was a peculiar-looking schooner, something like the 'Sunbeam,' but with three steel masts all of the same length, one of them being hollow, so as to serve as a funnel for the small engine of 240 horse-power. A short distance from the town lay, high and dry, a steamer that had been

wrecked in the harbour and towed across to the opposite side.

We landed at the market-wharf, where some buggies met us, in which we drove through part of the town on our way to the cathedral. Our first impressions of Kingston, which were fully confirmed by subsequent experience, were that it is the most desolate collection of tumble-down wooden houses, with rickety verandahs, leaning over rotten stone pavements and broken-down steps leading to streets full of holes and ruts, that we ever saw. No one would ever imagine that it is the capital of an important island and the seat of government. Always a miserable town, it has become ten times more so since the disastrous fire, which took place on December 11, 1882, and by which a great part of the business quarter was destroyed. On that occasion nearly 600 houses were burnt down, the total loss of house property amounting to between 150,000*l.* and 200,000*l.* Kingston has, like Port Royal, the original capital of the island, been very unfortunate in the way of conflagrations, having been partially destroyed on four separate occasions.

The cathedral, or, rather, the parish church, as it is here called, is an old-fashioned brick building, with no pretensions to architectural beauty. When we arrived, the second service —which must have been a very long one, for it began at eleven and now it was considerably past two—was just over. The appearance of the congregation, as seen on entering the church, was that of an ordinary London assemblage of the same kind; but when the worshippers had finished their devotions and turned round to leave the church, it was strange and even startling to observe that the dainty clothes and dashing bonnets and feathers of the ladies were worn by jet-black negresses with woolly hair, chignons not always to match, and powdered faces. Half grotesque, half ghastly is the effect produced by violet powder, applied by a

negress just as a white person might use rouge. It would be difficult to imagine a droller sight to unaccustomed eyes than that of a smart dress, made in the newest fashion, draping the strapping limbs of a negress, and of an equally smart and stylish bonnet encircling a coal-black face.



Three of the bishops and the rector, Mr. Downer, were still in the church; and the latter very good-naturedly showed us all over it. It contains some good monuments; the most interesting of which is perhaps the gravestone of Admiral Benbow, who in 1702 received what ultimately proved to be a mortal wound in an unsuccessful naval action with the French Admiral, Du Casse. The tomb bears the following inscription:—

Here lyeth interred the body of John Benbow, Esq., Admiral of the White. A true pattern of English courage. Who lost his life in defence of his Queen and Country, November y^e^ 4th, 1702, in the

52nd year of his age, by a wound in his leg received in an engagement with Mons. Du Casse. Being much lamented.

The church, as usual in the case of similar edifices in the West Indies, is fitted with high pews—most unsuitable for the climate, I should have thought—made of very beautifully-grained dark mahogany.

The Kingston Parade Garden, close by, is full of rare plants, flowers, and trees; the latter being in many cases covered with crimson, white, and yellow orchids, pines, and air-plants. In the basin of the central fountain were many large pink water-lilies, and some specimens of the sacred bean of India. From the Garden we drove through more unpaved, sandy streets, and past more untidy houses, till we reached the comparatively open country of the Liguanea plain, beyond the racecourse, where the road was bordered by hedges of cactus and dagger-plants, or by fences wreathed with jasmine, and light-blue and small scarlet convolvuli—the latter of so brilliant a colour as to be almost dazzling in the bright sunlight—poincetias of enormous size and the brightest colouring, lovely scarlet bois-immortel, and scarlet and yellow flamboyante. The last-named, though now past its prime, has enough flowers left to show what its full beauty must have been. We were told that the present month is not the time for wild-flowers; but I do not think that there is much to complain of in this respect; for beside the flowers mentioned there are many hundreds of other varieties to be seen: while a golden tinge is given to the whole landscape by the bushes of allamandas, now one mass of yellow bloom.

We presently arrived at two cross-roads, and, turning off by a little lane, found we had arrived at Elm Tree Cottage, where Major Woodgate and Judge Curran (whose wife is at present in England) live together. Nothing could exceed the kindness of both our hosts in offering to place their residence and all that it contained at our disposal during our

brief stay in Jamaica. Attached to the house is a small stable, containing two or three good nags, which are used as chargers and polo-ponies. Adjoining this are some out-houses; and last, but not least, in one of them a stone bath, big enough for Moonie and Baby to swim two or three strokes in, and with a mountain-stream running right through it; so that it is always full to the brim with fresh water as cool as can be expected in this climate, and clear and sparkling, except after rain, when the torrent brings down mud from the high mountains. On each side of the windows in front of the house are two fine specimens of narrow-leaved yellow crotons (*angustifolia*), which looked just like fountains of living gold, as the wind gently stirred their leaves. The view between them to the distant Blue Mountains, with their ever-changing hues and tints, is very grand. How anybody could have expressed a want of admiration of the Blue Mountains on account of their *monotonous* appearance I cannot imagine. During the short time we have been here I have never seen them for half an hour in the same likeness; the lights and shadows are always changing, but always retain a blue colour of constantly varying gradations.



ELM TREE COTTAGE

As soon as it became a little cooler we went for a drive to Halfway Tree, the fashionable quarter of Kingston, to call on the Attorney-General and Mrs. Hocking, who live in a pretty little house, replete with every English comfort, and furnished with an amount of luxury and elegance which, bearing in mind

the difficulty and expense of transport, and the climatic obstacles to be overcome, produced an impression of agreeable surprise. In the garden in front of the house, a great white creeper grows picturesquely over a mango-tree; stephanotis and convolvuli, clerodendrons, bauhinias, and pea-shaped flowers (*Leguminosæ*) of every colour, abound; while beds of English roses, eucharis, tuberoses, and other hot-house plants are shaded by akees, with their pretty scarlet fruit, to say nothing of mimosas, magnolias, star-apples, and mangoes. These latter in their turn are covered with pineapples, air-plants, and orchids. Then we went to call on the Acting Governor, General Gamble, and found him sitting with Mrs. Gamble in a well-shaded room, surrounded by bishops and other dignitaries of the Church, to whom we were duly introduced, but whose features it was impossible to distinguish in the very 'dim religious light' that pervaded the apartment. This circumstance made no difference, however, in the kindness of our reception; and conversation soon became general, tea and cocktails being meanwhile handed round. Then the General proposed a walk through the house and garden. It is a fine large mansion with a dining-room built quite apart, connected with the house only by a passage without walls, open to the air on all sides, shaded by lofty trees and flowering shrubs, and still further protected from the rays of the sun by creeping plants, which surround and overhang the posts of the verandah. The garden is full of interesting plants, some of which were quite new to me, and is surrounded by a park, or, 'pen,' as it is called here, of green turf shaded by mango-trees, which no doubt produce delicious fruit when ripe, for they are of the kind known locally as 'Number elevens,' which are quite the 'A. 1' quality in Jamaica. Unfortunately one mango crop is just over, and the other has scarcely begun; so that we do not get very many, much to the children's disappointment—to say

nothing of our own; for is not the mango one of the most luscious fruits that grow?

It was nearly dark when we bade adieu to our kind host and his friends, and drove out through the park and along a road fringed with lignum-vitæ, jujube, and all sorts of interesting trees, till we reached Major Woodgate's house once more, where he and Judge Curran entertained some of us at a most excellent and very cheery dinner. The rest of the party who had not already gained experience on the subject in the morning went to see what Miss Susan Burton's 'Jamaica Hotel' was like, and were well pleased with the result of their investigations.

Later on we drove by another route to Market Wharf, passing finer buildings than those we had seen in the morning; although nothing much to boast of, even with all the glamour of tropical moonlight thrown over them. We all met on board the launch, and steamed quickly back to the yacht at Port Royal.

Monday, November 12th.—At 3 A.M. I was awakened by a flood, not of silvery, but of golden moonlight. A little before five o'clock we were all in the launch again, *en route* for Kingston, some of the party singing 'We're off to Charlestown so early in the morning.' These very early starts are somewhat tiresome at the time, and are apt to result in fatigue and even exhaustion towards the end of the day, especially if no opportunity occurs of indulging in a siesta; but the view of the dawn and of the sunrise effects is ample compensation for a good deal of trouble and inconvenience. The shades of blue on the mountains this morning, varying from darkest violet and purple to palest azure, and including china, indigo, turquoise, Japanese, dark, light, and pale blue, were exquisite. Never were mountains so appropriately named as these; for not only their summits but their valleys were tinged and filled with every imaginable shade of azure.

We landed again at Market Wharf, and packed ourselves into buggies—excellent carriages for this climate and for these roads. They are of American origin and are very light, running on four large wheels: the body being in some cases sheltered by a movable hood, when they are called 'kittereens.' They hold three persons besides the driver, and a good deal of luggage.

We passed the Jamaica Institute, one of the latest works of the Government of the island. It comprises a library, reading-room, and museum; and the scheme of the Institute makes provision for the reading of papers, delivery of lectures, and the holding of examinations on subjects connected with literature, science, and art; the award of premiums for the application of scientific and artistic methods to local industries, and the holding of periodical exhibitions illustrative of the industries of Jamaica. The success of the new institution is now a well-established fact; although the space devoted to the museum, which occupies the lower floor of Date-tree Hall, and contains an interesting collection of curiosities, corals, shells, geological and natural history specimens, is not by any means adequate to the purpose. Among the curiosities are the bell of the old church at Port Royal, submerged during the earthquake of 1692, and an iron cage in which criminals were at one time confined and left to die of starvation. The library is on the upper floor, and is fast outgrowing the space allotted to it.

In the Chief Justice's house close by may be seen, framed and glazed, the original papers referred to in a well-known West Indian story, which is narrated in Michael Scott's 'Cruise of the Midge'; and which I confess I had hitherto regarded as a mere sailor's yarn. It is that of the pirate whose vessel was pursued and captured, and who threw his papers overboard during the chase. He and four of his crew were undergoing their trial for piracy, and the case for the

prosecution had already been stated; but there was a missing link in the evidence of their guilt, and the jury would reluctantly have been obliged to acquit them, had not a ship arrived in port just at the critical moment, bringing the identical papers which had been cast away by the pirates, and which had subsequently been recovered from the stomach of a shark, hooked as the vessel was coming into port.

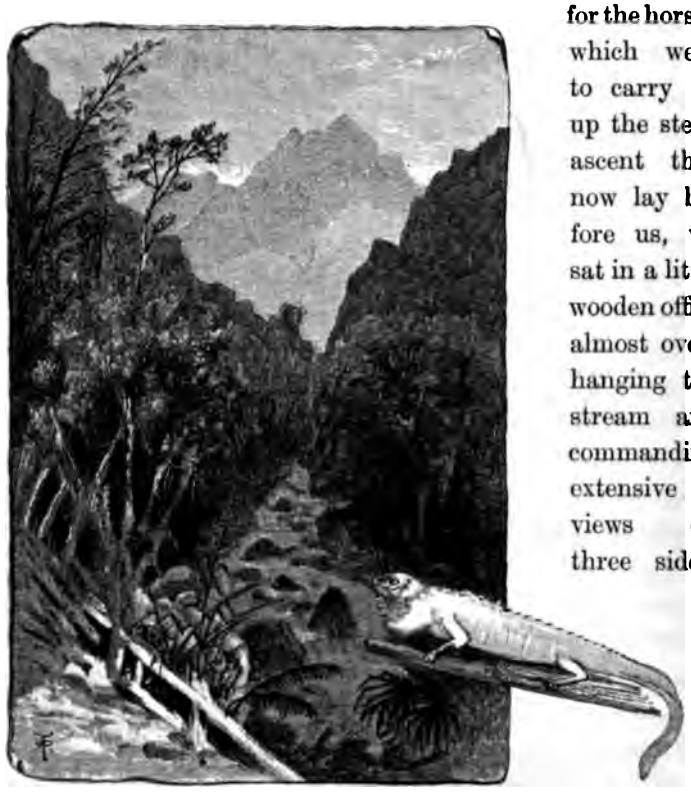
We picked up Major Woodgate at Elm-tree Cottage, and drove with him to Halfway Tree, passing on our road the Up-Park Camp Barracks, which contain the headquarters of one of the West India regiments. These barracks are admirably situated in the best possible position for enjoying the full benefit of the sea breeze; they also command an interesting view of the harbour, and contain a fine swimming-bath of clear running water. The buildings themselves, though large and airy, are not picturesque, but are eminently suited to their purpose. They stand, not on the ground, but on dwarf pillars of brick; an arrangement which ensures a perfect current of fresh air and the thorough ventilation of the lower floor. A wide verandah extends along both stories on the south side of the buildings, shading them effectually from the sun, and affording a cool lounging-place for the men, quite open to the sea-breeze, which there is nothing to intercept. The



officers' quarters are rather in advance of the main building, and are well arranged; while in front of all are the field-officers' quarters, of more substantial construction. The whole group of buildings is surrounded by the parade-ground, which resembles a beautiful English park, covered with bright green turf and studded with splendid trees, among which tamarinds, the imposing silk-cotton tree, and the shiny-leafed akee, with its peculiar and beautiful red ovate fruit, are conspicuous, contrasting picturesquely with each other and with the dark blue, red, and white Zouave uniforms of the soldiers of the West India Regiment.

Thence we crossed the slopes of the Liguanea plain, where all the 'pens' or country houses of the principal merchants and residents of this part of the island are built, to Gordon Town, about nine miles north-east of Kingston, near which there are some well-arranged and valuable Botanic Gardens, originally formed by Mr. Hinton East, and presented after his death to the Government by his nephew, Mr. Edward Hyde East. Considerable attention has been devoted to the subject of botany by the Government of Jamaica, and during the last century many important plants have been added to the resources of the island. It is remarkable that, although the vegetation is so varied and prolific, nearly every plant the products of which possess any commercial value has been introduced from elsewhere. The best varieties of the sugar-cane were brought here in British ships of war by Captain Bligh, late in the last century, and at different times the coffee-plant, mango, cinnamon, nutmeg-tree, cherimoyer, and many others have been introduced from more or less distant parts of the world, either by the Spaniards or by their successors. The scenery throughout the drive had been lovely; but just here the foliage on either side of the river Hope (from which the water-supply of Kingston is derived) was superb. The effect of the great, broad-leaved, light-green bananas among

the palms and the ferns on the other side of the river was wonderful; while the stream itself, rushing, and brawling, and forming miniature cascades at the bottom, was in places almost hidden by great bushes of datura (or pondiflora, as they call them here and in Chili), completely covered with large trumpet-shaped fragrant flowers of the purest white. While we were waiting for the horses which were to carry us up the steep ascent that now lay before us, we sat in a little wooden office almost overhanging the stream and commanding extensive views on three sides.



Here we were much interested in watching some little lizards, with light-green bodies, brown tails, and curious bright orange-coloured pouches, which they could dilate and contract at pleasure, from the condition of being almost invisible,

to the diameter of an inch. Nobody seemed exactly to know why they performed this operation; but they looked exceedingly pretty as they puffed their red throats in and out, and ran up and down the walls.

At last, after considerable delay, caused first by the tardy appearance of our Rosinantes, and next by ill-fitting saddles and missing girths, straps, and stirrups, the whole cavalcade was mounted and *en route* for Newcastle. We went along a very good road under shady trees till we got to the Picket-House, with its pretty gardens and its modest garrison of a sergeant, corporal, and eight men. This climate must be delightful to lovers of horticulture, for everything that is planted, whether belonging to the temperate or the tropic zones, seems to thrive; and splendid beds of roses, carnations, lilies, and other familiar outdoor flowers, may be seen growing side by side with allamandas, stephanotis, caladiums, crotons, dracænas, jujube, litchi, mangoes, and bois-immortel, and shaded by tropical trees, the branches of which are full of rare orchids. The mountain road to Newcastle is very good—as, indeed, it ought to be, for all the military and other stores are conveyed over it to the camp on the backs of mules. It looked so smooth and wide that I was surprised when the sergeant who led the way warned us to be careful, as a lady had fallen backwards over the precipice into the river a few weeks ago, and several horses and mules had met with similar accidents at various times. It seems, however, that the road, being cut out of the solid face of the rock, and then made up with a bank of earth, which is held together by vegetation, is occasionally undermined by the rains, and at the least touch of a horse's hoof it crumbles away and perhaps hurls the unfortunate passer-by into the depths below. But the scenery was so beautiful, and there were so many interesting objects of endless variety to admire, that it was impossible to think much of this danger. We

crossed and recrossed the river at frequent intervals; the water at the fords running over a bed of stones, by the side of which negresses were busily engaged in washing clothes.



I was sorry to notice that the influence of modern æstheticism (or what is impertinently called æstheticism) has penetrated even here, and that the negresses are rapidly giving up the bright red and yellow colours that suited them so well, and adopting duller and more sombre hues, not half so becoming to their dusky forms and features—if they only knew it. As we mounted higher, the road became narrower and more difficult. We were constantly riding round projecting corners of rock, overhung with orchids, where there was scarcely room to pass, or climbing up narrow rocky paths, almost like staircases, but always delightfully shady, and frequently bordered by fruit-trees, the civil owners of which seemed only too glad to offer us some of the delicious produce, generally refusing to accept any payment in return. Several times we

met horses and mules coming down, which we should have had considerable difficulty in passing, but that their owners were kind and considerate. Once we passed a whole string of polo-ponies going down to the Up-Park Camp, to be ready for their masters to play polo this afternoon. The game is very popular in Jamaica; and polo meetings are held about once a week. Reaching a yet higher altitude, we emerged from the grateful shade of the trees, and the heat became intense; but at last we arrived at a neck of the mountain commanding views over land and sea, with a pretty little church on the opposite side of the valley occupying a wooded knoll in the foreground. Here we rested for a time and enjoyed a most refreshing breeze. Yet a little higher, and there was a complete change of landscape, which was now even still more enchanting, extending to the Liguanea plains, Kingston, and Port Royal: the bay in its unruffled placidity looking more like an inland lagune than part of the open sea.

I suppose we must have appeared rather hot and weary when, leaving the cool forest glades lower down, we emerged on the bare mountain-side; for several negro women of whom I asked the way replied, in what was evidently meant to be an encouraging tone, 'Oh, not too far, missy, not too far!'



Even when we at last reached the town of Newcastle itself, the parade-ground and mess-house of the military canton-

ment, near the summit of Mount Ararat—as the mountain on which they stand is called—seemed to be an interminable way off. The last mile always seems the longest, and this one appeared to be unusually lengthy, in the now blazing morning sun, and in our somewhat weak and weary state. But we were gladdened by the sight of gay gardens surrounding the distant houses, and it was not long before we found ourselves at our destination.

The camp at Newcastle is the station of the white troops in Jamaica, who consist generally of a battalion of a regiment



and part of a battery of artillery. It is situated about 4000 feet from the level of the sea. We were much amused by the inscriptions over the officers' quarters, which are all distinguished by sign-boards suspended from adjacent trees, and bearing such names as 'Poverty Flat,' 'Jumbo's Lair,' 'The Penitentiary,' and 'The Ark'; the latter standing on the highest point of what is officially designated Mount Ararat.

We were received by Captain Coxhead, who confided us to the charge of a nut-brown mulatto girl, who was most anxious to do all in her power to minister to our wants, and who evidently pitied us very much for having undertaken the long ride we had enjoyed so much. She said she always made a three days' journey of it herself—one to Gordon Town, one to a friend's house half-way down the mountain, and then on to Kingston. Her language was very difficult to understand—more so than pigeon-English in China, though constructed on somewhat the same principle. The following rather amusing rhyming alphabet gives some idea of the colloquial English of the negroes:—

JAMAICA ALPHABET.

A	is an ass,	*see him dar, whar him tan.*
B	is a butoca,[1]	*very bad man.*
C	is a cat,	*him mean Maria.*
D	is a Duppy,[2]	*got eyeball like fire.*
E	is an eel,	*you catch him at Ferry.*[3]
F	is a fiddler,	*play pretty very.*[4]
G	is a Governor,	*live at King House.*
H	is old Harbour,	*poor as church-mouse.*
I	is a gentleman,	*very well bred.*
J	is a Johnny Crow,[5]	*got a peel head.*
K	is a Killaloo,[6]	*good when him bile.*
L	is a lizard,	*tail quite pile.*[7]
M	is a monkey,	*look at his feeace (face).*
N	is a nana-cap,[8]	*trim with leeace.*
O	is a Oliphant,	*got too much snout.*[9]
P	is a pothook,[10]	*night him go out.*
Q	is a Quattie,	*beg you one, master, please.*
R	is a rat,	*see him myop*[11] *de cheese.*
S	is a sneeak,	*creep in long grass.*
T	is a toad,	*forrard and fast.*
V	is a vervain,[12]	*make um good tea.*
W	Wurra,	*declare I forget.*
Z	is old Zebedee,	*mending him net.*

[1] Gentleman. [2] Ghost. [3] Half-way between Kingston and Spanish Town.
[4] Pretty well. [5] Vulture. [6] A vegetable. [7] Tail quite spoilt. [8] Nurse.
[9] A big snout. [10] Owl. [11] Gobble up. [12] Vervain, tea said to be good for fevers.

The negroes have no idea whatever of the genders of grammar, which are perhaps not particularly important, or of tenses, which are much more so, especially when the conversation happens to refer to the subject of travelling arrangements. When informed that 'the coach did start to-morrow,' or that 'the tri-weekly boat shall start yesterday,' the intending traveller is left in a happy maze of doubt as to whether he is to deduce his information from the auxiliary verb or from the noun.

Our little Abigail had by this time taken us down to the Penitentiary, a place which did not at all answer to its name, comfortably furnished as it was, and surrounded by a well-trimmed garden full of gay flowers and shady trees which kept it deliciously cool; and, above all, plentifully supplied with absolutely *cold*, not *tepid*, running water, a luxury which can only be thoroughly appreciated when you have been for some time in the tropics, and, for some weeks, have not tasted thoroughly cold water.

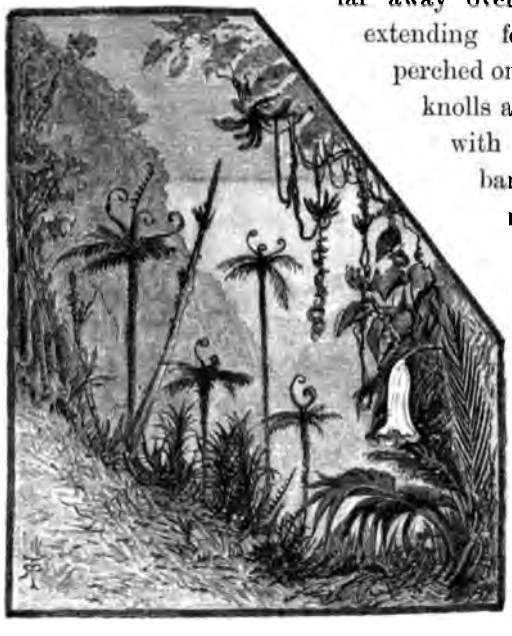
We were feeling fairly famished; and after completing our toilettes were quite prepared to do full justice to the excellent breakfast provided for us, including real fresh butter (this being the only place in the island where it is made, I believe), new bread, hot scones, pineapples, and other tropical fruits, beside more substantial fare. The officers were obliged to leave us somewhat suddenly, having to go down to parade. We had met a portion of one regiment going down to the parade-ground as we came up to the camp.

If I had not previously enjoyed several opportunities of discovering the shying propensities of my steed 'Hector,' I might have met with a nasty accident; but as I prudently took the upper, though wrong, side of the path, we merely went abruptly up a precipitous bank, from which we had some difficulty in regaining the path, instead

of violently running down a steep place into the valley beneath.

After our long ride, a little repose in the comfortable hammocks slung outside in the verandah would have been very comfortable; but 'to horse, to horse!' was the cry. We were bound to pay a visit to the far-famed Fern Walk, which I have longed to see certainly for the last thirty years—ever since, as a child, a dear old friend used to send me ferns from it, to take to the British Museum to be named and classified. I could hardly believe that at last my wishes were about to be realised, and that I should really see the dry skeletons of the past clothed in all their living beauty, and growing in their natural dwelling-place. Some of us were on fresh steeds, some on the somewhat sorry nags that brought us up, and some were on foot. We climbed higher and higher, losing the lovely views we had enjoyed from the windows and verandah of the mess-house, as we plunged first into the mist and then were fairly among the clouds. We passed through thickets of wild ginger, with long spikes of white and pale-yellow flowers, overshadowed by tree-ferns, raising their heads thirty or forty feet above ours; while on the grassy road and on the thoroughly English-looking (I mean vividly green) turf on the banks alongside it—mingled with tropical ferns and lycopodiums of every description—daisies and buttercups, ragged-robins, stag's-head moss, and all kinds of familiar wild flowers flourished. As we ascended, and the ferns grew in beauty, so did the rain increase in force. But one could scarcely expect to find such ferns as trichomanes, hymenophyllums, and many others growing in the greatest luxuriance and perfection at the edge of a Sahara! It was evident, indeed, from the vegetation we were passing through, that these ferns would have hardly any existence, and would certainly not grow to their present magnificent luxuriance, except in an atmosphere of great and

continuous moisture, accompanied by a certain amount of heat—the moisture being a most important element. When we emerged from the thick wood into the open country, and left the rain behind us, we gazed far away over coffee-estates extending for miles, and perched on pretty wooded knolls and hills dotted with barbecues. A barbecue is the name given, in Jamaica, to the house which contains the threshing-floor and apparatus for drying the coffee and preparing it for the market.



FERN WALK

At the present time the coffee-plants are full of berries, about the size of cherries, of many varieties of hue; but when covered with large tresses of white flowers, almost hiding their dark bright glossy leaves, their appearance is even more striking still, making the hill-sides from a distance look as if covered with snow.

On the opposite side of the valley could be seen the Government barbecue used for drying coffee, besides large plantations of cinchona, from which that useful drug quinine is derived. It really seems as though the cinchona plant

imbibed from the pure mountain air the benefits which it imparts to the fever-stricken patient. The higher the altitude at which it is grown, the greater the virtues which it possesses. It flourishes and increases rapidly in the plains and lowlands; but the bark is then of little or no use medicinally; whereas every hundred feet of elevation adds distinctly to its curative properties.

Cinchona, so called from its having cured the Countess of Cinchon from fever, but known also as Peruvian, Jesuits' bark, and quinine, began to be known in Europe about 1640. It was first introduced into Jamaica in 1861 by the British Government, which, at the recommendation of Sir William Hooker, sent for a supply of seeds direct from Peru and Guayacil; and the first experiments in its cultivation having been successful, it was decided to establish permanent plantations on the St. Andrew's slope of the Blue Mountains, at elevations of from 5000 to 6000 feet. The five principal kinds of cinchona barks now cultivated in Jamaica are distinguished by the names of crown, red, hybrid, yellow, and Carthagena bark; and the elevations at which they may be grown most successfully vary from 2400 to 7000 feet. The Government of Jamaica, in order to encourage the cultivation of cinchona, offers to grant a limited extent of land at a nominal price to any person willing and able to embark in this branch of commercial enterprise, which, if carefully conducted, should prove very profitable, although it is probable that many years must elapse before the quantity of bark exported from Jamaica will bear comparison with the large shipments from South America and India.

In Jamaica, as in Trinidad, the handsome copper-coloured dracæna, or dragon's-blood tree, is used everywhere to mark the boundary-line of estates. Its appearance is extremely graceful too, with its long thin line of leaves, now black as ebony as they lie in the shade, now bright scarlet under the

influence of the rising sun, or rosy-red as the full light of his tropical rays falls upon them, or of still another and deeper crimson hue as the sun sets, casting a purple glow over the whole landscape; or, again, when the leaves appear in their true colour of rich dark chocolate in the brief twilight, before they are lost to sight in the inky darkness, or are lit up by the radiance, golden rather than silver, of a Southern moon and stars. Surely Mr. Ruskin must have had some such aspect of tropical scenery in his mind, when he wrote:—'Purple, crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life, each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald.'



From this point, well called Bella-Vista, we pursued our journey along almost the narrowest path it has ever been my fate to ride over, above and through coffee-estates, which are here all planted on steep acclivities. There was scarcely space even for a pedestrian, and the gentlemen did not always succeed in keeping their footing; while how the horses managed to avoid a fall I do not know, though I suppose that they are accustomed to such work; for they were obliged to put down all their four feet in a line, one after another, on a path about six inches wide. Of course there were occasional stumbles;

but with no serious result. It might well have made any one nervous; but I reflected that probably many people had performed the journey safely before us, and that we might hope to do the same; and accordingly I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the landscape, and of the sight of the garden flowers (as we should regard them in England) growing wild at our feet, including cupheas, ageratum, and double briar-roses, irises, jasmines, and many others. Lemon-grass, so extensively cultivated in this and in other West India islands, for the sake of the sweet verbena scent which is distilled from it, was here growing wild in profusion. When rubbed between the hands the odour emitted by it is delicious.

After about an hour we reached a not unwelcome gap in the 'fence' as it is called here. The fences are not altogether unlike those with which we are familiar in Sussex, save that in Jamaica the horizontal bars are stout bamboo poles run into strong loops made of their own leaves, no iron being used in their construction.

The broader path and the shade of another portion of the Fern Walk were very grateful. Not even disagreeable were the mist and cloud which we shortly re-entered, and which seem almost always to hover over these tall forests after midday. Hence the great desirability of making an early start in undertaking a journey across the mountains. Now and then we snatched peeps into the valley beneath and over to the sea beyond, a view which would no doubt have been enchanting had we been able to see it clearly. The orchids clung to the big trees in profusion, and grew in such regular order as to look as though they had been arranged by the hand of man. In one spot was a group of tree-ferns some thirty or forty feet down the bank. Their noble heads were quite below the level of the path, so that we could see their young fronds, eight or ten feet long, curled up like little birds'-nests, and covered with what would be called 'pulu' in the

South Sea Islands. I don't know what they call it here; but it is something like the brown feathery substance surrounding our own familiar bracken. Over our heads were many shrubs or rather trees, with large glossy leaves and a single white flower, which I think must have been genip trees, belonging to the cinchona family, and closely allied to the gardenia. These trees produce the delicious fruit called genipap, which somewhat resembles an orange. The delicate lace- or fringe-fern, something like *Lygodium scandens*, grew in wild profusion, and almost threatened to envelop us in its twining tendrils. The path was evidently not much frequented; and the large knives carried by some of the officers were occasionally most useful in clearing the way.

Presently we emerged from the Fern Walk, and proceeded rapidly down the hill again, through daintily-kept gardens, to 'The Ark,' as the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Hassell, situated in the midst of one of the best of these gardens, is called. The house is very neat and comfortable; but Mrs. Hassell is unfortunately a great invalid and rarely leaves home. There is a saying among military men to the effect that 'the first year you are quartered in Jamaica you admire the scenery; the second year you collect ferns; the third year you go mad.' I am happy



to say we have not met with anybody yet who has arrived at the last-named stage. At the Mess-House, where we went next, we found that the officers had come back from parade, and were ready to entertain us at lunch; after which we prepared to start on our return journey. But the camp was now completely enveloped in mist, which shut out the splendid view; the rain was descending in tropical torrents; and our hospitable entertainers would not allow us to go. We accordingly spent two hours very pleasantly in looking at cases and albums of birds, moths, butterflies, beetles, ferns, and photographs, each collection having with great taste and skill been made and arranged by the soldiers. Some of the owners of these curios were going home shortly, and were consequently anxious to realise a little hard cash, so that we were fortunate enough to secure some good and interesting specimens. In the billiard-room was a fine alligator's skin, from the fortunate possessor of which I was disappointed to learn that, if he had only known we wished it, he could, either early in the morning or at dusk, quite easily have shown us some alligators within eight miles of the spot where the yacht was lying.

At last the rain cleared off, and we were allowed by our kind hosts to depart. Notwithstanding the fact of our being loaded with purchases and presents, we found going down much quicker work than coming up had been. On our way we stopped to see the cemeteries of Newcastle, of which there are three, all well kept and full of bright flowers. One inscription excited my interest particularly: it was so simple, and yet so touching:—'To Lost Mary.' On making enquiries I found that the grave was that of the wife of the Colonel of a regiment formerly quartered here, who had died, after a few hours of intense agony, from the effects of a mistake made by an apothecary in the preparation of some medicine prescribed for her for a trifling ailment.

We continued to descend with a rapidity of 'slithering' and sliding, which might have considerably alarmed a timid Amazon; but fortunately without any catastrophe; although my quadruped more than once made acquaintance with the mud, both with his nose and knees. The glorious view was ever before us, and the scarlet poinsettias and bois-immortels looked brilliant even in the grey evening light; for, though we had left the rain behind, the moon had not risen, and the clouds were still heavy. At Gordon Town we found the carriages awaiting us, in which we were soon rattled down the hill to Elm-Tree Cottage, where a hasty and most refreshing bath and toilet prepared us for dinner at the hotel in Kingston kept by Miss Burton—a charming old negress with all the manners of a lady, who nevertheless takes an active personal share in the working and management of her excellent establishment. The rooms of the hotel are large and comfortable-looking, and, as far as we could judge, are scrupulously clean. Our hostess, attired in a snowy muslin gown, with a large white mob-cap of equal purity surrounding her coffee-coloured face, and with a pair of broad gold-rimmed spectacles on her nose, was the very picture and beau-ideal of a sable landlady. She assured us that she had with her own hands prepared many of the dainties that were set before us, in order that we might have an opportunity of judging of the merits of really good West



Indian cookery. I make no apology for giving the *menu*. They know how to cook in the West Indies.



Before dinner was really over we had to hurry off to the launch, the rain at Newcastle having detained us two hours, and unfortunately made us very late. When we reached the Market Wharf we found a large party still waiting to go off to see the 'Sunbeam,' though many people had already been on board in the course of the day. Among our visitors were several bishops and other dignitaries of the Church, with their wives and families. I was very tired, and the children dropped off to sleep directly we got on board

the launch, with their heads on my lap. Some delay was caused by the fact that the coxswain of the steam-launch, for reasons known only to himself, insisted on proceeding first to the Dockyard Wharf to land passengers before taking us on to the 'Sunbeam'; but ultimately the whole party arrived on board the yacht, which was brilliantly illuminated by the light of the Moorish and other large lamps. Southgate's cocoa-nut cream and tangerine-orange water ices, as well as Pratt's seductive 'cups' (which, I notice, are not counted under the head of intoxicating beverages, either by the Mussulmans of the eastern or the blue-ribbonites of the western hemisphere) were immensely appreciated.



CHAPTER XII.

ACROSS JAMAICA.

Tuesday, November 13th.

AS usual I was awakened at three by the golden light of the moon streaming into the cabin, and had, therefore, plenty of time to think about the long and somewhat complicated day's journey which Major Woodgate had been good enough to arrange for us. In his own covered buggy or kittereen, and three others, we were to drive some forty or fifty miles through some of the finest scenery of the island, from Port Henderson, by way of Spanish Town, Linstead,

Ewarton, and over Mount Diablo to Moneague, and Ocho Rios on the northern side. The 'Sunbeam' was to start at the same time that we did, and to steam round the south-east end of the island so as to arrive, at five or six the same evening, at Ocho Rios, where Tom was to dine on board H.M.S. 'Dido' with Captain Vander-Meulen, and where we were to rejoin the yacht. We also had been invited to dine on board the 'Dido,' but as Major Woodgate's friend, Captain Cartwright, to whom he had written to inform him of our intended journey, had already been kind enough to ask the whole party to dinner at his house at Belmont and some to pass the night there, we could not of course think of breaking our engagement with him.

It was a glorious morning, and the blue peaks of the bluest mountains in the world looked perhaps more enchanting than we had ever seen them before, as we took our farewell glance at them and crossed the tranquil waters of the bay. The spars of the 'Urgent' stood out boldly against the light sky, and at the entrance of the harbour a corvette was coming in, which we fancied looked like, and which proved to be, H.M.S. 'Fantôme.' We had last seen her when Captain Long commanded her, the day we left Honolulu, in 1877.

On our way to Port Henderson we saw the Lazaretto at Green Bay, opened on April 5, 1881, on which date the passengers of the s.s. 'Californian' were transferred to the establishment, having arrived from Panama, where the small-pox existed. The building is situated on a projecting rock at the north of the harbour of Kingston, opposite Port Royal, and consists of five blocks, which are used respectively for first and second class passengers', doctors', matrons', and servants' quarters, kitchens and storerooms.

We were not long in reaching Port Henderson, one of the watering-places of Jamaica, where there are some excellent

mineral springs; the only drawback to them being that, in order to enjoy the benefit of their medicinal qualities, it is necessary for the visitor to live in a house built of the wood of the old flag-ship 'Aboukir,' which was condemned because crew after crew employed on board her died from yellow fever, with which her timbers were thoroughly impregnated. The 'Tyrian,' another 'yellow-fever ship,' was disrated for the same reason; although she is still used as a tug, worked by negroes.

Our carriages, with the usual West Indian unpunctuality, were not ready when we landed, and did not appear for some time; so that we had ample opportunities for observing the beauties (or otherwise) of Port Henderson. They did not captivate our fancy very much, for the town appeared to be in a somewhat decayed or decaying state. When the hired vehicles at last arrived, they struck us as being remarkably like the town in the way of dilapidation. Indeed, it seemed a wonder that they could hold together at all, so worn-out did they look, so numerous were the fractures of the shafts and splinter-bars, and so innumerable the straps and buckles and ropes and knots by which they were held together. Moreover, instead of the three vehicles we had ordered, there were only two, which were not nearly sufficient to convey our party with all their belongings. After a great deal of grumbling on the part of the drivers, and a considerable display of firmness and decision on ours, the ladies and children and some of the luggage were despatched, leaving the gentlemen to follow.

We proceeded first along the heaviest of deep sandy roads, and through a dreary mangrove-swamp, with nothing whatever to relieve the monotony of the scene but a few little doves that flitted from tree to tree, cooing prettily, and an occasional mongoose that scampered across the road. These animals, having been introduced into the island to destroy the rats and the snakes (the latter I believe, never existed)

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every blossom. Allamandas, ipomæas, stephanotis, and hundreds of other flowers, wreathed everything with gorgeous bloom, and scented the air with their luscious fragrance.

As we approached the fine estate of Mr. Levi, we passed through a herd of magnificent short-horns, belonging to him; and also saw a number of young thoroughbred horses disporting themselves in the paddocks with their mothers, while others, more advanced in age, were taking their morning gallop preparatory to the Kingston races, which take place shortly.

At last, after a long drive—or what seemed to us a long one, although it was only eight miles—we arrived at Spanish Town, where we met with a most hospitable reception from Mr. Campbell, who is making a railway here right through the Bog Walk, and across the island; an undertaking which is, I believe, accompanied by extraordinary difficulty. Nothing could exceed this gentleman's kindness; and nothing could have been more welcome to us poor famished travellers than the good breakfast which was speedily placed before us.

One of the luxuries which perhaps we enjoyed the most was the breeze wafted by the punkah, a contrivance which I wonder is not more frequently used in these hot climates; for the heat is at least as severe as it is in China and Japan. Mr. Campbell told me, much to my astonishment, that he and another East Indian were the only people who have introduced punkahs into their houses here.

At last, after much delay, the whole of our party having arrived and breakfasted, horses and carriages were brought out to take us on our way. While we were waiting, we had time to admire the trees in Mr. Campbell's garden, particularly the akee, a large tree somewhat resembling a mango, bearing glossy green leaves and large pod-shaped fruit. The fruit that was ripe was of a brilliant scarlet or crimson, while the colour of that which had not reached maturity, shaded

backwards (if one may say so) through every gradation of lemon and green, according to its degree of maturity. Its flavour is delicious; but it is not fit to be eaten until it bursts spontaneously, showing its soft, spongy, creamy centre, called the 'aril' which encloses three black seeds. This central portion is excellent, either as a vegetable or a fruit; but, on the other hand, should anyone be rash enough to remove the outer covering, instead of waiting for it to ripen and burst, however ripe and tempting it may look, it will be found to be a deadly poison. Three members of an English family, a mother and two little girls, died in less than twenty minutes after eating unripe akees only a few months ago, and there have been many other similar instances of its deadly effects. Its scientific name is *Blighia sapida*, and it was so called in honour of Captain Bligh, of the ill-fated 'Bounty,' who brought the bread-fruit from Tahiti. Besides the akee there was the beautiful flamboyante with its yellow petals and long stamens and nineteen and twenty-inch long pods, looking all too heavy for its delicate feathery branches; and there were, of course, stephanotis, bougainvilleas, poinsettias, crotons, hibiscus, and other plants that soon come to be regarded almost as weeds here, to say nothing of begonias, caladiums, and orchids. The continual descriptions of vegetation may be a little wearisome and provocative of 'skipping'; but, skipped or unskipped, I cannot help breaking into rhapsodies of admiration of the flora of the tropics. There is a French proverb, you will remember, that tells you that when you are with wolves you must needs howl; and a lover of nature must needs be rapturous (without absolutely howling) when he gazes on the vegetation of the West Indies.

The cathedral in Spanish Town is large, handsome, and well built, and is furnished with mahogany pews. It contains

some very interesting monuments to members of well-known English families. The oldest stone slabs bear the dates of 1676 and 1682 respectively. One of these, to the memory of Major-General Bannister, bears the following inscription :—

That Death might happy bee,
To live learned I.
That Life might happy bee,
I learned to dye.



Another commemorates the name of the Beckfords of Fonthill, who held large estates in the island.



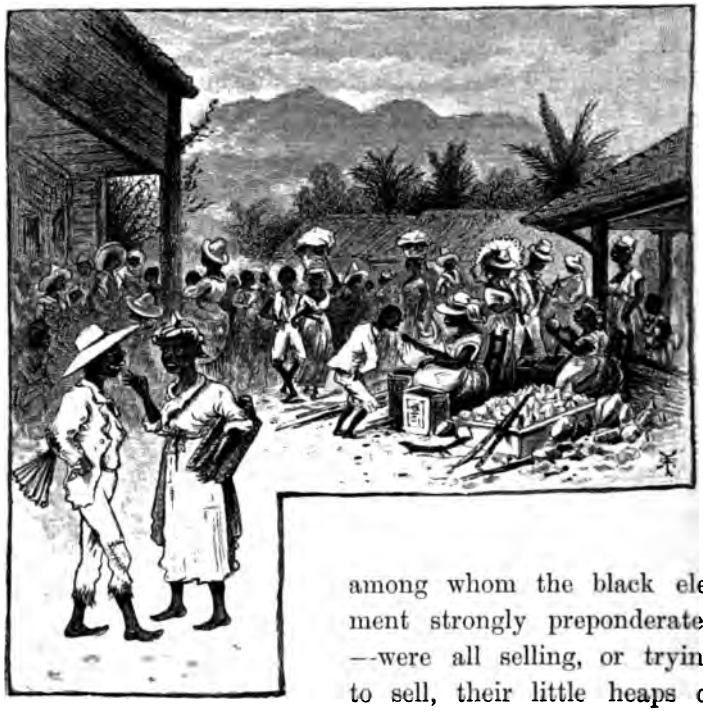
The streets of Spanish Town, though presenting a somewhat deserted appearance, are not so squalid and miserable-looking as those of Kingston, and the town also contains some fine edifices. It was once the

seat of the Government of Jamaica, to which fact the Parliament Houses and various other buildings still bear witness.

A drive of about five miles brought us at last to the celebrated Bog Walk, to the beauty of which no words can do justice, nor can any description be adequate. Imagine everything that makes scenery lovely:—wood, rock, water, and the wildest luxuriance of tropical foliage, mingled and arranged by the artistic hand of Nature, in one of her happiest moods; and then picture all this surrounded by lofty and abrupt precipices, with a background of the most brilliant blue, illumined by the brightest of suns (the heat of which on the present occasion was tempered by a gentle breeze which rippled the surface of the river). You will then have some faint idea of the scene which met our eyes. The Bog Walk is a gorge, through which the Rio Cobre flows towards the sea. The road was all too short; not being more than three or four miles in length. My nature is not utilitarian enough to enable me to rejoice in the fact that the beauties of this ravishing scene are on the point of being desecrated by the introduction of a railway; cleverly contrived no doubt, but still inevitably tending to deface one of the most charming spots on the earth with the traces of man's prosaic handiwork. The unfinished but well-laid line, with its strong embankments and wide track, meandering and winding, now on one side of us and now on the other, reminded me, I hardly know why, of the slimy trail of a snail over a fair flower. But although it spoils the face of the scene for a time, it will hereafter confer great benefits on the rich, fertile, but comparatively little-known valleys on the other side of the island; for vast tracts of rich country will be opened up, and their produce will thus be brought within reach of the European market.

As we passed out of the Bog Walk the sides of the ravines

became less precipitous, and were clothed with all kinds of tropical trees, such as the sloth, bread-fruit, and bamboos, besides vast quantities of flowering orchids. After a drive through a fertile valley, abounding in fruit of almost every species that can be imagined, growing in the richest profusion, we arrived at the village of Linstead, where we found that a market was being held, and that a large number of people—



among whom the black element strongly preponderated—were all selling, or trying to sell, their little heaps of produce, with an amount of vociferation and gesticulation that could only have been observed among a crowd of negroes.

In many instances the entire stock of merchandise consisted of not more than a dozen oranges, a few eggs, three mangoes, or four or five akees; and the price of these was so

trifling that in some cases, even when the would-be vendors *did* succeed in disposing of their wares, they had to combine with a neighbour in order to make up the equivalent of the smallest coin of the Island of Jamaica (a quotta—worth a farthing), which was all the purchaser was willing to pay. It may therefore be imagined that the haggling and 'chaffering' that took place on the subject of these interesting bargains was something remarkable. The types of faces that were to be seen differed widely. Some were really handsome, some hideously ugly; but the expression of almost all was cheery, bright, and good-tempered; a circumstance which, in my eyes, covered a multitude of sins. The women all wore turbans of some fashion or another; but the style varied considerably; and I am sure that in the market square and the one main street of Linstead, at least thirty different ways of tying a turban on were observable.

The sun was intensely powerful; and we were all deeply grateful to a kind shop-keeper, who offered us seats in the shadowy verandah of his store, and sent a little girl to procure some oranges and other fruit for us. While we were enjoying them, I felt some sort of small animal run under my dress; and, knowing that rats abound in Jamaica, I concluded that I was being favoured with the attentions of one of these creatures. Sir Roger was evidently of the same opinion, for he made a pounce at the intruder and, I think, would soon have put an end to its existence if the shop-boy had not suddenly seized me by the foot and called out, 'Oh, ma'am! please take care of Georgie: that my mongoose!' It turned out to be a baby-mongoose that had been reared from its birth by the boy, and was as tame as a kitten and accustomed to run about just wherever it pleased and to do exactly as it liked. It was a dear little thing, and I should not at all have objected to carrying it away with me; but it was far too much of a pet to be easily parted with, and was, in fact, evidently

regarded as 'quite one of the family.' We made large purchases of oranges at twopence a dozen, pine-apples at twopence a-piece, and delicious mangoes at fourpence a dozen—prices which, though they could scarcely be called exorbitant, were doubtless two or three times as much as we ought really to have paid.

Having refreshed ourselves with these luxuries, and allowed the horses to rest, we again proceeded on our way, crossing and re-crossing the railway and the River Cobre many times. In every available nook and corner were pretty little cottages, small in themselves, but surrounded by large gardens planted with fruit-bearing trees, among which I noticed bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, akees, mangoes, citrons, oranges, and pomeloes of enormous size.

Oh the heat of that drive from Linstead, just in the very middle of the day! The road was good, and the views delightful; but the rays of the sun, unrelieved by the slightest breath of air, were almost insupportable. The poor horses were much distressed, and began to lag a little. The road seemed to be for ever lengthening, and Moneague, the place for which we were bound, appeared to our despairing minds to be getting further and further off, in spite of the reassuring evidence of the mile-stones that marked our way. In the distance we could see a plantation of tuberoses; but we were not near enough to them to enjoy their sweet odour, which, I believe, is nearly overpowering when it proceeds from acres and acres of these flowers. This plantation is a speculation on the part of an ex-Guardsman, who cultivates the tuberoses with the object of extracting the perfume, and who is, I understand, succeeding very well in his enterprise. The orange-harvest was being gathered in several places; and at the gates of all the orchards and gardens were standing long rows of the simple country carts, with only a plank bottom and sides made of rush mats kept up by stakes; some drawn

by patient large-eyed oxen, others by less picturesque but more sturdy-looking mules. In many of the carts the golden fruit was already piled high, looking as if it were fresh culled from the garden of the Hesperides; while the rest of the vehicles were being rapidly filled by stalwart negroes, assisted by turbaned women and children. As in the case of hop-picking at home, it is evident that entire families turn out to do what they can in the way of harvesting the oranges and loading the carts. There is not much packing done up here. The fruit is taken to the nearest town or village, where it is carefully sorted, and where each greenish golden globe is enveloped in a maize-leaf and laid side by side with others in boxes for exportation. As we slowly climbed the long four-mile hill from Linstead to the pass of Mount Diablo, we met large numbers of these orange-carts coming creaking along the road, portions of their luscious loads escaping on each side and rolling down the incline and into the gutters. How juicy they were! There is nothing so delightful as a really good West Indian or South American orange. Maltese oranges cannot be compared to them; and I think some of those we tasted to-day were the best that have ever come within the range of an experience which extends to not a few of the 'Golden Groves' of the world.



Not far from Linstead, at a place called Jericho, once stood the infamously celebrated Rodney Hall Court House and House of Correction, formerly known as the 'Hell of Jamaica.' The ruins of this happily extinct Inferno were pointed out to us. It was the scene of some of the most atrocious cruelties that were ever perpetrated upon poor slaves by brutal owners; and the remembrance of the tortures of the unfortunate negroes cannot be recalled without a shudder.

At one place where we stopped for a short time to allow the tired horses to rest, I was fortunate enough to find a beautiful white orchis, the centre of the odd spider-like flower of which bore a curious resemblance to an old man's face—very like old Father Christmas in fact—a nice cool refreshing person to think of on such a broiling day. Close by was an old wall covered with plants and creepers, among which we specially noticed an orchid, some of the petals of which were of a delicate *eau-de-Nil* green, while others were of a dark brown hue, spotted with yellow. Of the last we managed to secure a large root, which we hope, with great care, to be able to transport successfully to England. We also saw one of the useful nepenthes, with leaves curved up into the form of a graceful little vase, containing water for the benefit of the thirsty traveller—a fact from which its pretty name of 'pitcher-plant' is derived. The road commanded extensive views over the plain throughout its entire length. At the summit of the Mount Diablo pass, 1800 feet high, where the road crosses the Blue Mountain range, was a little rest-house, or drink-shop, at which we stopped to allow the horses and drivers to refresh themselves. The view from this point, or rather from a spot a few yards distant from the road, near the church, is superb, and is well worth a very long journey, even on the hottest of hot days. We looked on one side far away towards the source of the Black River, which is navigable for boats of a considerable size for a distance of twenty-five



miles, and near the banks of which are still to be met with some of the descendants of the original inhabitants of the island when it was first discovered by Columbus. That part of the island is now visited by but few travellers. All who go there, however, describe the people as very different to the negro population of the present day, and state that they appear to have intermixed but little; so that the original type of South American Indian is preserved. What a cruel and what a foolish and unnecessary thing was the almost complete extirpation of these races from the islands of the Spanish Main!

It was hard to tear oneself away from a scene of so much beauty, but the sun was long past the meridian: in fact it was now nearly two o'clock, and there was no time to be lost if we wished to reach Ocho Rios before dark. Now, however, the worst was over; the fiercest heat of the day was past; the horses were the better for their drink and rest; and we were soon spinning merrily

down the hill at a rate of some ten or twelve miles an hour to Ewarton.

By this time, notwithstanding the attractions of the scenery I have so vainly attempted adequately to describe, we were all beginning to feel considerable anxiety on the subject of lunch. It was therefore rather a blow to our feelings, when we reached the old inn—or 'lodging-house,' as inns are called here—about three miles past Ewarton, to find that the proprietor had given up providing 'refreshment for man and beast'; although a board bearing the announcement that he was prepared to do so was still nailed to a cocoa-nut tree, and another to the same effect hung between two enormous bushes, or rather trees, of poinsettias in front of the establishment. Not only were the trees large, but the leaves and the cherry-coloured bracts, which surrounded the comparatively insignificant flowers, were of proportionate size. One of these bracts measured over twenty inches in length, so that the entire flower formed a great starlike mass between forty and fifty inches across. It was a flaming bit of colour, as seen in the bright sunlight. Never had I before beheld such a gorgeous sign-post to a village inn; and though we should have been better pleased had the specious promises of the board been fulfilled, it was still some small consolation to enjoy the privilege of gazing on anything so beautiful.

Another mile or two in the blazing sun brought us to the so-called town—though it is really only a straggling village—of Moneague, charmingly situated at the entrance to the Vale of St. Thomas. Here, with some difficulty, we discovered another 'lodging-house.' This time there was no board to indicate its whereabouts; nor was anybody visible to do the honours of the establishment or to look after travellers in any way. Probably the inmates were all enjoying a siesta; but at last we routed up one or two sleepy negroes, got the

horses unharnessed, fed them, and proceeded to look after ourselves. Everybody lent a hand; and in a short time we managed to obtain some plates and dishes from the kitchen; the cloth was laid, and the table not only spread with the contents of our hamper, but tastefully decorated by the young ladies of our party with the flowery spoils of the morning. The salad was duly made; the various drinks—teetotal and otherwise—were properly cooled and iced, with a chip from the big block of ice which we were taking, as the most acceptable present we could think of, to Captain Cartwright.

It was fortunate that we had brought our provisions with us; for though the rooms of the inn were well arranged, and looked clean and comfortable, and there were plenty of drinkables to be had, no food of any kind was procurable; and the landlady (who—poor thing—looked wretchedly ill from fever) did not seem at all inclined to make an effort to procure any. Towards the end of our meal some very sooty-looking cold fried eggs were produced, by a girl who, I suppose, was the cook of the establishment, and who, as well as we could understand her, apologised for their unusual appearance by explaining that she had let them all fall into the fire, and had been occupied for some time—with the assistance of a little black 'piccaninny' of about four years old—in fishing them out again. Her story bore all the impress of truth, and was fully corroborated by the colour of the eggs and the state of the dish.

Next door to the inn was a 'store,' as it called itself, where it appeared to be possible to procure a complete outfit both for the inner and the outer man—quite a West Indian 'Silver' in fact—with the addition of a large stock of groceries of all sorts, a few fowls, eggs, bread, vegetables, and fruit, which were mingled with portable bedsteads, baths, macintoshes, perambulators, and such curious miscellaneous commodities

that we could not help wondering who could buy them in a so thinly inhabited and out-of-the-way district. I suppose that on market and fair days the planters come in from miles round to make their purchases.

The meaning of the word 'Moneague' is 'a mountain of water'; and the village is well named; for it is completely surrounded by clear streams which, like Tennyson's 'Brook' 'go on for ever,' and purl and bubble and gurgle to their hearts' content, making one almost feel cool to listen to them. One thing that specially impresses the visitor to the West Indian Islands—especially to Jamaica (or Xaymaca, 'the land of streams')—is the abundance of water that is met with. The country never looks burnt up, but is always fresh, green, and luxuriant. The garden of the inn was full of tropical foliage, plants of the usual gorgeous reds, yellows, and browns, interspersed with the creamy spikes of the ginger-plant, the shell-like blossoms of the alpinia, and the snowy stars of various kinds of jessamine; while blue and scarlet ipomæas and wax-like stephanotis climbed and twined all over and about the rough fence that surrounded the little plot. The ground was covered with patches of caladiums; some of them in flower, too; which was another new and great pleasure to me, as I had never seen them in bloom before.

At the post-office we found a telegram awaiting us from Captain Vander-Meulen, containing a renewal of his invitation to us all to dine with him on board his vessel at Ocho Rios, and to await the arrival of the 'Sunbeam.' It would have been a most agreeable arrangement, and would have saved us much fatigue and trouble to have gone straight on board the 'Dido' instead of having to proceed three or four miles beyond Ocho Rios to Captain Cartwright's house; but under the circumstances we were of course obliged to adhere to our original plan. West Indians are as justly renowned now, as

of old, for their hospitality; and it is quite the custom of the country for those about to undertake a journey to write previously to people of whom they know little or nothing, to ask for food and rest, or for a night's lodging. Even this preliminary is often dispensed with, in which case the traveller may walk into a strange house uninvited, and may feel sure of a kind and hospitable reception. Not that this state of things is peculiar to the West Indies; for almost everywhere we have travelled, throughout the world, people have always been good to us, and I often regret that we have not more frequent opportunities of repaying the kindness which we have received, and of returning some of the pleasure that has been given to us by so many newly-found friends, in both hemispheres, and in many climes.

Not far from the village we were shown the former retreat of the celebrated robber-chief, known many years ago as the 'Robber of Moneague.' He had originally been a buccaneer; and on giving up that career, he took up his abode in the house that was pointed out to us, which he secretly fortified and converted into a sort of castle. Surrounded by his slaves, it was his practice to decoy unsuspecting wayfarers into his den, and there to murder them, apparently more to satisfy his savage thirst for blood than with the object of robbing them; for it was scarcely likely that these chance-travellers would carry much money about with them. One of his intended victims, whom he had thrown into a gully and left for dead, fortunately escaped with his life, and betrayed the secret of the miscreant's retreat. The place was surrounded by soldiers, and the bandit was captured after a desperate resistance. Before he was hanged, he confessed, if not the whole, at all events the greater part of his iniquities, placing the number of his victims at many hundreds.

By the time we started from Moneague again it had be-

come quite cool and pleasant; and our drive across the rich park-like vale of St. Thomas was most delightful. I do not quite know the reason, but the scenery was totally different to what I had expected. I had not realised how very *English* it would prove to be in appearance, and how totally unlike anything I had ever anticipated seeing in the tropics. Driving swiftly over an excellent though somewhat narrow road, frequently passing between low grey walls covered with a plant very like ivy, as the eye wandered over vast undulating savannahs of the most brilliant green, from which rose splendid trees, no great effort of the imagination was required to enable us to believe that we were back in the old country again, and traversing some noble park. The turf looked fine and springy; and it was only on close examination that the strange quality of the pasturage could be perceived. The greater part of it was a coarse-looking but sweet herbage, called Vassal's grass, which was brought originally from the mainland, and is much appreciated both by cattle and horses. Mixed with this vegetation in large quantities was Guinea-grass, which, introduced into Jamaica by the merest chance many years ago, has spread all over the island, and has been of the greatest service for grazing purposes. The first seeds were brought in 1744 from the coast of Guinea, as food for some birds indigenous to that place, which birds had been presented to the then Chief-Justice of Jamaica. The birds died, and the seed that remained was thrown away in a field, where it took root and grew, to be afterwards grazed upon by the cattle. It is very hardy, and grows in stony sterile places where nothing else could possibly be cultivated. To judge from the condition of the brood-mares with their foals, which we saw feeding in large numbers, fetlock-deep in herbage, and of the cattle similarly employed, it was evident that the pasture agreed with them exceedingly well. Very fine cattle and good horses are bred in these savannahs, both for use

in Jamaica and for exportation to other islands. The oxen are small but strong, and are chiefly of the Spanish breed. The active little animals known as 'creole' horses are best suited to this climate, which is found to be very trying to North American and European steeds. In fact, the latter are not, as a rule, used here for very hard or rough work: both oxen and mules being largely used as substitutes; although the strange spectacle of thorough-breds doing the work of cart-horses is occasionally seen.

After the first surprise at the 'home-like' character of the scenery had subsided, and we had had time to observe more closely the vegetation, we noticed that it had changed considerably since we crossed the Diablo Pass over the mountains; though its tropical aspect, which had not been so apparent at a cursory glance, was of course still maintained. It was also evident that the trees were much larger than those ordinarily met with in European countries; and that although, from a distance, their general appearance was familiar, their tall stems in reality rose from forty to sixty feet from the ground before throwing out a single branch. There were also large groves of mango trees, which, at first sight, looked somewhat like Portugal laurels. Orange-groves abounded; but the trees were bigger and were planted farther apart than we had ever seen them before. In fact, so large were they, that the cattle grazed under their delightful shade in the luxuriant pasture, cooled by the refreshing breeze which, as it gently stirred the shining leaves, carried away with it the fragrance of the snowy blossoms. Much to be envied were those cattle, as they occasionally varied their grassy meal with a taste of the golden juicy fruit that hung above them. Not very long ago, a high-bred but I fear somewhat gluttonous cow, whose manners were not equal to her pedigree, and who had just arrived from England (having been brought out, at great expense, and with much trouble), not content with the rich,

rare, and novel repast that was spread beneath and around her, must needs select an orange which hung temptingly down from the boughs above. She raised her head, stretched her neck, and nipped it off with her teeth; when, alas, it rolled down her throat, and, remaining there, firmly fixed, choked her on the spot, much to the distress of her master. He, being of a somewhat hasty temperament, immediately caused between 2000 and 3000 orange-trees to be cut down in their full maturity, in order to prevent the possibility of a similar accident occurring again. The proverbial person who cut off his nose to be revenged on his face could scarcely, I fancy, have acted more injudiciously: for an orange-grove takes a long time to arrive at perfection; and the value of the fruit produced in Jamaica is growing steadily, in proportion to the increased rapidity of communication with less favoured climes and the greater facility of export. The spoiler of the golden grove is now endeavouring to repair his error by planting young orange-trees again; but it will be long ere they arrive at a fruit-bearing age, and become equal in beauty and productiveness to their predecessors, so ruthlessly destroyed on account of the orange 'the old cow died of.'

What a splendid hunting country this would make, and what glorious runs one might have over the grass of these sweeping savannahs, with nice little jumps over stone walls every quarter or half-mile or so—walls just the right height to clear comfortably, and apparently not too stiff! Here and there are a few growing fences, and several posts and rails, besides somewhat frequent but quite 'jumpable' brooks, which would give a pleasing variety to the sport. We were assured, moreover, that there were no rabbit-holes in the fields; and it was evident that there were no crops to be damaged. Quite an earthly paradise for hunters it would be, if only there were anything to hunt, and the climate were not quite so hot. The planters' residences are also few and far between on this

side of the island; and it would be rather a long ride from Kingston or Spanish Town to this spot, some thirty or forty miles distant, to meet at three o'clock in the morning, the latest hour at which, in such a climate, it would be possible to commence hunting.

The character of the forest scenery to-day was very much affected by the growth of what we called the 'roof-tree,' until we knew its proper name—*Entada scandens*. It is met with in the northern valleys and woodlands of Jamaica, where it climbs up the tallest trees and spreads itself in all directions, so as to form a complete arbour. In some cases its ramifications, starting from one single root, cover a space equal in extent to an acre of ground, though the trunk is seldom more than eight or ten inches in diameter. It bears an insignificant yellow, bottle-brush, acacia-like flower, and has leaves somewhat resembling those of a wistaria. The pods, which hang from its branches, sometimes reach the extraordinary length of eight or nine feet, with a breadth of about five inches, and contain from ten to fifteen hard, brown, shining, flattened seeds, called cacoons (*Mafootoo wythe*). I myself have seen one of these pods three feet long, which, from its curious flat-curved shape, I took at first to be a species of wooden cutlass. I remember that when we were at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys, a year or two ago, I was shown by a collector of curiosities one of the beans which had been cast up by the sea, but of which he did not know the name, though he fancied it came from Florida. It had doubtless been brought thither by the Gulf Stream.

It now became rapidly dark; and once or twice, when we came to cross-roads or to a specially well-marked turning to a plantation, we had serious misgivings as to whether we were in the right way or not. We were, however, reassured by the drivers of some of the picturesque bullock-carts we met, who informed us, in answer to our inquiries, that we were proceed-

ing in the proper direction for the Gully Road and Ocho Rios. The moon rose bright and clear in the blue sky; the land-breeze was cool and fresh; the horses had plucked up their courage wonderfully, and dashed along with our light carriage up hill and down dale at the rate of at least twelve miles an hour. So fleet, in fact, was their pace at times, that if one of our steeds had stumbled, or if an important strap had given way, it would have been a very serious matter. The bumps and shaking which we received were tremendous; and more than once, as we flew round a corner—on two wheels apparently—or when our light, springy buggy crossed the numerous little stone watercourses, made to carry off the floods and torrents of rain that frequently fall on this side of the island, and make it so wonderfully fertile and park-like—we were nearly thrown from our seats. 'Sir Roger' I had lashed securely 'amidships'; but even he was often jerked from his position many inches into the air; though, fortunately—having, no doubt, been taught by previous painful experience—he always managed to return to the same place *inside*, and not *outside*, the carriage. It was a delightful drive through the cool, moonlit, fragrant air; and our gallant little well-bred steeds galloped along as if they had only done ten miles instead of nearly fifty.

At last we reached the culminating point of our expectations, the Gully Road, which, in the way of beauty, far more than realised all that we had imagined. My heart fails me when I begin even to think of trying to describe that wonderful gorge, as seen on the most brilliant of moonlight nights—brilliant even for the tropics.

Here Nature shows herself in her wildest and most romantic moods. The highest flights of fancy of the brush of poor Gustave Doré, or of the pen of Jules Verne, could but inadequately depict the fantastic beauty of the scene which on every side met our astonished and delighted gaze. To compare

such a magnificent and successful effort of Nature with any production of Art seems scarcely appropriate; and yet the first idea that occurred to my mind was—what a charming transformation scene from the pencil of a Beverley, or what a splendid feature in one of those *féeries* so exquisitely produced in the theatres of Paris, the tableau that was now spread before us would make!



It was so mysterious and unconventional in its loveliness, and it had such a glamour of inexplicable unreality about it, due, perhaps, in great measure, to the effect of the bright semi-silvern, semi-golden light of the moon, shining through or illuminating the wreaths of silvery film that rose from the snowy spray of the innumerable rills and rivulets, falling from the edge of the sharp precipices in a thousand cascades and waterfalls. Sometimes these tiny streams seemed to find their way unseen through the rock for a certain distance, and then to burst forth, shooting straight from the face of the almost perpendicular cliffs. The vegetation, watered from so many sources, was, as may be imagined, of extraordinary luxuriance, even for this land of profusion. It was impossible, in the course of our rapid drive, to ascertain with

precision the nature of the verdure; but we could recognise masses of delicate ferns, shading each pool and rill, and themselves overhung by glorious tree-ferns, their graceful feathery crowns poised on stems thirty or forty feet high. From among the ferns rose the giant stems of the silk-cotton trees, their buttress-like roots looking weird and wild indeed in the moonlight. Every crevice in the cliffs seemed to be filled with creepers; while grand rope-like lianes, richly covered with orchids, swung gently in the cool night-breeze from the tops of the rocks, or from the branches of the tallest trees. Lower down, the wild-fig grew from tree to tree; or, climbing and twisting round one alone, embraced it so tightly that it seemed as if it would in all probability shortly kill the object of its too close attentions. The variety of scenic effects was endless. Sometimes the rocks so nearly met over our heads that the branches of the trees above, closely interlaced and bound still more tightly together by our old friend, *Entada scandens*, and other twining plants, formed a thick roof, quite impervious to every ray of light. Now and again it seemed for a few seconds as if we were about to plunge into a bottomless abyss. Then we would emerge into a more open part of the gully, where the bright rays of the now fully-risen moon penetrated freely, casting the blackest and weirdest of shadows among the fantastically-shaped rocks and the abrupt and deeply-cut precipices, full of hollows and caves and grottoes, and transforming—so it seemed to our quickened fancy—the spurs of the silk-cotton-tree into huge beams and props, and the great lianes into boa-constrictors and pythons, hanging by their tails to the branches of the trees, in readiness to spring across our path and to envelop us in their deadly coils.

> More dark
> And dark the shades accumulate,
> Like restless serpents, clothed
> In rainbow and in fire; the parasites,

> Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
> The grey trunks. . . .
> The woven leaves
> Make network of the dark-blue light of day,
> And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
> As shapes in the weird clouds.

The long feathery fronds of the tree-ferns, too, cast shadows that looked like dancing plumes advancing to meet one another from either side of the road. Then we would suddenly and unexpectedly come to a small savannah, where the valley widened out and lay peaceful and silvery-looking beneath the rays of the moon; while the dewy drops on every blade of grass and every leaf shot forth gleams of light, like brilliants of the purest water. The evening breeze was heavy with sweet rich odours; a mass of snowy blossoms, or a bright patch of colour here and there, betraying the presence of Nature's laboratories, and the position of one of the many sources from which these overpoweringly sweet odours were wafted. It was indeed a dream of the fabled Elysium, a vision of fairyland; but, like all such visions, it quickly passed away from our eyes, as we emerged from the Gully Road and continued our way towards Ocho Rios.

Even though we had lost some of the loveliest features of the scenery by not arriving by daylight, on the whole we probably gained by the lateness of our visit. It is certain that what we saw would not have been so enchanting and so astonishing – so thoroughly soul-inspiring– by day-light, as it had been by night; and we were glad that our first view of the spot was gained under such favourable circumstances. To-morrow we hoped to pay it another visit and to examine more closely those trees and ferns and those long feathery plants and bright flowers.

Once past this gem of picturesque beauty, it was not long before we came to the first of the eight streams which give to Ocho Rios its Spanish name. Cottages and bungalows became

more frequent; and at last we entered the small town or village itself. Our train of carriages at once attracted attention; and we were surrounded by quite a large crowd for so small a place. We anxiously inquired for some news of the yacht; but nothing was to be heard of her. This was somewhat disheartening, especially when the pleasing intelligence was added that a look-out had been kept for her all the afternoon on board the 'Dido,' and that, as she had not passed a certain point before sunset, she could not possibly arrive much before midnight. I was so weary—as were also, I believe, nearly all the rest of the party — that I would have given worlds to go on board the 'Dido' and to be allowed to lie down on deck, or anywhere, until the 'Sunbeam' appeared upon the scene. But that could not be: we had committed ourselves to a previous engagement, and must perforce fulfil it; for there was no inn—not even a 'lodging-house'—in the village. We accordingly left a note



for the 'Sunbeam,' with the most sailor-like individual that we could find, announcing our safe arrival, and the consignee of our missive promised to take charge of and deliver it in case a boat should be sent ashore from the yacht on her arrival; though the prevailing opinion was that Tom would not like to venture on in the dark, and would anchor somewhere beyond the point and await the daylight. Then we turned the heads of our reluctant and by this time nearly exhausted horses from what they had doubtless fondly hoped would be their resting-place for the night; and proceeded along the coast-road to Captain Cartwright's 'pen' at Belmont.

The road ran along the extreme edge of the sea, having, in fact, with much labour and difficulty, been cut out of the face of the solid rock itself, so that its foundations rest on the coral reefs and are gently laved by each wave as it rises and falls. The banks appeared to be richly carpeted and curtained with foliage, flowers, and ferns; while overhead were cocoanut and other palms, which love the soft salt breezes of the ocean, and never attain their full, graceful proportions save when they are close to the shore. We proceeded for three or four miles along this charming road without seeing turning or gate or anything that looked like the entrance to a park; crossing many streams, under the road, cleverly carried on arches; hearing the sound of many waterfalls, and occasionally catching glimpses of their silvery streaks through the trees that grew upon the precipices above our heads, or descended on the other side, straight into the sea that was rolling in at our feet. Major Woodgate now began to feel a little anxious; for it was nearly eight o'clock, and we ought to have arrived at Belmont at half-past six, the usual dinner hour in Jamaica, where darkness comes on early, and where everybody rises at dawn to enjoy and profit by the only cool hours of the day. By way of beguiling the time, and of enlivening us, he told us

a ghastly story of some poor man who, driving along this *same* road on his way to dine at the *same* house, got belated, just as we had now done, but, unfortunately for him, on a dark instead of a moonlight night. In turning a sharp corner too quickly, the buggy was upset, and was precipitated on to the rocks beneath. The poor man's host waited and waited dinner for him, but he never appeared; and the next morning his body was found in the sea under the buggy, which, together with the horse, had become firmly fixed among the rocks. But for this last circumstance his fate would in all probability never have been known; for he and the horse and carriage would have been washed out to sea.

At last we reached a waterfall more splendid than any we had hitherto passed. Never shall I forget the grandeur and magnificence of the cascade itself, or the fairy-like delicacy of the vegetation by which it was encircled and veiled. How impossible to convey with the pen—or even with the brush—the rushing, flashing force, 'the rocket-like velocity,' of that noble cataract, as it dashed over a steep place into the sea! How far beyond human power to paint the flickering beauty of the moonbeams, as their delicate lines were reflected from the glassy sheet of water that swept onwards towards the verge of the precipice, before separating into a hundred smaller streams, that dashed over and among the broken rocks into the sea, with a noise like thunder! The river being swollen by the recent heavy rains, this resonance, which has given to the cascade its name of the 'Roaring Waterfall,' was of course even louder this evening than is usually the case; to which fact we probably owed the discovery of our true position, which was close to St. Ann's Bay, and about four miles *beyond* Belmont.

It was indeed only too evident that we had mistaken our way, and had now arrived at a point considerably beyond our proper destination. Although I felt sorry for the poor horses,

and was tired enough myself, I could not regret that enchanting moonlight drive along the cocoa-nut-fringed sea-shore—so calm and peaceful, and with the rocks standing up snow-white from its placid surface. Neither could I regret the opportunity our mistake had afforded us of admiring the glorious waterfall—a thing ever to be remembered. At the first cottage where we saw lights we succeeded with great difficulty in rousing some of the inmates, in order to make



inquiries as to the route. Then, with still greater difficulty, we made them comprehend what we wanted to know; and, finally, with the greatest difficulty of all, managed to understand what they said in return—their English being decidedly imperfect. At last, however, we were made thoroughly to realise the disagreeable fact—which we had more than suspected- that we had over-shot our mark by a long way, and that it would be necessary for us to retrace our weary steps

some two or three miles, to where we should find 'some grass, and a heap of ruined masonry.' But first we had to search for a place where it was possible to turn round; after which we trotted back as fast as our poor tired horses could take us, keeping, you may be sure, a sharp look-out for the masonry and the grass. When we arrived, after a considerable interval, at what looked like a heap of stones, the driver jumped down, and, after examination, reported that he could 'see grass;' so we turned to the right and climbed up a very steep hill, driving over a wide lawn shaded with large trees. It was just like crossing a roadless English park, though sometimes we were almost in danger of being swept out of the carriage by the low-hanging branches of the pimento trees (*Eugenia Pimenta*), from which the pimento or allspice berries of commerce are produced, and which emitted spicy odours when we ran against them in the dark.

The moon had disappeared behind heavy rain-clouds, and we only reached the house just in time to avoid a tropical down-pour. Captain Cartwright and all the family met us with kind greetings; and we were relieved to find that the drivers of the other carriages (which had started behind us) had known the right way, and had arrived safely some considerable time before.

In West Indian residences a good deal of space seems to be wasted, though, no doubt, a large and straggling style is best suited to the climate. As a rule the house is surrounded by a verandah, and a wide corridor runs through the centre of each, intersected by a similar corridor at right angles to it. These corridors are generally selected as the coolest place to sit in, though there are large airy rooms on either side; and it was here that we found our host and all the party assembled when we emerged from our somewhat small but comfortable chamber.

We sat down to an excellent repast, very similar in style

to what we might have had in England, but served in a different manner. This was one of our very few experiences of planter's life, and it was most amusing to see on what familiar terms the servants were—not only with each other, but with their masters and mistresses—and how openly they discussed the merits of the various dishes, and the order in which they should appear on the table. The doors were, of course, all wide open, as is usual in these hot countries; and, although the serving-table was concealed by a high screen, we could hear every word of the conversation between the servants, who contradicted one another so flatly and freely, and with so much animation, that it seemed as if they must shortly come to blows, though in reality they were only expressing their opinions and laughing and chuckling all the time. Among other delicacies set before us was what—when we got it—proved (as it was only right it should do in order to justify its name) to be a most delicious dish of 'ambrosia,' the serving of which gave rise to a lengthy discussion between Dulcibella and George as to the position it should occupy, and as to the precise period at which it was to be placed on the table. Notwithstanding these amusing little episodes, I am afraid that we



visitors must have been regarded as rather a dull and sleepy party. It was not only physical but mental fatigue that oppressed us. My brain ached, and I felt quite dazed, and would have given anything to be able to retire at once, and to have the prospect of a few quiet hours of rest.

As soon as dinner was over, we thought that we would go back to Ocho Rios, and try to find the yacht; leaving the children, who were already sound asleep, to remain here until the morning. But unfortunately we were not to see the 'Sunbeam' again this night. The carriages, truly, were in readiness, under the imaginary shelter of some silk-cotton trees, the branches of which were far too high to afford the slightest protection from the rain that was now pouring down in torrents. But where were the drivers? They had vanished entirely, and prior to their disappearance had taken the precaution to turn the horses loose in the pen – a vast inclosure of some hundreds, not to say thousands of acres in extent—thus precluding all possibility of their being found again in the dark. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to gratefully accept Captain Cartwright's kind offer of the one spare room of the house, while the gentlemen of the party found quarters at Mr. Walker's cottage close by.

Wednesday, November 14th.—Between two and four o'clock a heavy deluge of rain descended, accompanied by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, which woke all the pigs and poultry of the establishment, and kept them busily engaged in squalling, gobbling, hissing, cackling, and grunting till daybreak. At six o'clock we arose, and having left a note for our host and hostess (who were not yet visible), we started for Ocho Rios. On the way we stopped to see Mr. Walker's thoroughbreds, four of which are in training for Kingston races, three very fine-looking chestnuts and a brown. Though rather small, according to our ideas of race-horses, I dare say they suit this country better than larger animals.

We drove quickly along the soft green roads, catching occasional glimpses of the sea beneath, through the gaps caused by the hurricanes that had blown over whole rows of trees, roots, earth, and all, making straight lanes through the forest. How the dogs did enjoy their scamper over the wet grass! I believe they thought they were back in England again, and wondered if they appreciated the loveliness of everything, refreshed and rendered fragrant by last night's rain. Arrived at the much-to-be-remembered heap of stones, we turned off to the right, and drove along the coast road towards Ocho Rios. If it was romantically beautiful last night, what can be said about it this morning, when, if it had



OCHO RIOS FROM THE SEA

lost some of its mystery, it had gained in all the exquisite details of fern and foliage. The rocks were fringed and curtained with maidenhair fern, varying in size from the tiny *gracile*, with its finely cut fronds, to giant *reniforme* and *farniense* species, five and six feet long; not a mere black stalk, with a green tuft on the end, but branching out almost from their very roots in fine broad fronds.

We reached Ocho Rios and the end of our pleasant drive all too soon, having caught sight of and hailed the yacht as we went by an opening between some cocoa-nut trees. The drivers of our buggies were ordered to wait to take some of the

servants and crew to see the Gully Road; and pending the arrival of a boat from the 'Sunbeam,' we found ourselves in the centre of a closely attentive crowd, and the objects of what—when we understood them—were often very droll, and sometimes really ''cute' remarks. Negroes are delightfully amusing and very observant and good-tempered. Their chatter and cheery 'yah-yah' laugh, and always-smiling lips and white teeth, are pleasant to the ear and to the eye under all ordinary circumstances; tiresome as the possessors of these agreeable features may be to deal with as servants.

Willing hands, ready to help to transfer our luggage from the buggies to the boats were soon forthcoming. Well, perhaps, it was that such assistance was to be found; for the wooden pier was rotten and very slippery, and half the steps at the end were missing. While engaged in the operation of embarking, I caught sight of a centipede, eight or nine inches long, which ran out from among the broken planks and escaped into the water beneath.

The heat of the sun had never appeared more intense than it did on this occasion. It is curious that in Jamaica the early morning seems to be much hotter than the later portion of the day, and that the effects of the heat at that time are more injurious than in the afternoon. It is more dangerous to be exposed to the effect of its rays at 8 A.M. than at 3 P.M.

On reaching the 'Sunbeam' we found that Tom was just on the point of going off to breakfast on board the 'Dido.' If we had only known the 'lie' of the place last night, or had had a little more time to make our arrangements, we might have saved ourselves and others much trouble and inconvenience; for we could have hailed the 'Dido' from the shore and, at any rate, have divided our party. It turned out that the delay in the arrival of the yacht was caused by the breaking of the valves of the circulating-pump, and by the consequent necessity of stopping to repair the damage. On

reaching Ocho Rios, about half-past nine o'clock, rockets were sent up and guns were fired; but the sound, though it reverberated through the hills for many minutes, and attracted the attention of the whole country-side, had failed to reach our ears. This was scarcely surprising, for Belmont is at least three miles off, round a point.

After the luxury of a sea-bath and some breakfast, we also went on board the 'Dido,' which is a fine ship of the corvette class, of 1760 tons, carrying twelve guns. She has been on this station between three and four years and has recently returned from Halifax. The visit to those more northern latitudes has wonderfully improved the health of the officers and crew, though many of them still look rather 'washed out,' and as if they were suffering a good deal from the heat of the Jamaica climate. This is not to be wondered at, considering that the temperature of the officers' cabins varies from 86° to 90°, and that of the forecastle, when at sea and when the ports cannot be left open, from 90° to 96°. We went all over the vessel, and found her, of course, in perfect order. Some of the cabins were very tastefully decorated, though all of them were overrun with cockroaches, many of which the officers said were nearly as big as mice—the result of the ship's prolonged stay in hot climates. There were only two or three men in the sick-bay, and they were suffering from the effects of accidents, not from illness. We found that there were several friends and sons of friends of ours among the officers; though, unluckily for us, some of



H.M.S. 'DIDO.' OCHO RIOS

them had gone ashore for a long day's fishing quite early in the morning. Mr. James, one of the large landowners on this side of the island, had diverted the course of one of the streams, and the naval Izaak Waltons were to spear mountain-gullet first and then to net the rivers.

In order that we might see by daylight the fine northern coast of the island, along which we were to steam, we reluctantly and regretfully gave up the idea of paying a second visit to the Gully Road, and decided not to go on shore again. Having, therefore, said good-bye to Major Woodgate, who has been so *very* kind to us, and has done so much to make our stay in the island agreeable, we weighed anchor at 11.30 A.M. and resumed our voyage. It was necessary at first to go a considerable distance out of our course, in order to clear the coral-reef; having succeeded in which intent, we proceeded to the eastward along the coast, the beauties of which we should perhaps have appreciated even more fully, had we not encountered a strong head-wind and sea, which caused us to pitch most unpleasantly. We passed Frankfort Point, Cabica Bay, Port Maria, with the pretty little island of Cabrita just outside, keeping quite close inshore to Blowing Point, and steamed on to Annotto Bay, where there is a fine waterfall called Gibraltar, formed by the Wagwater River, which falls between two perpendicular cliffs straight into the sea. I should have liked to go up Little Spanish River, in order to see the alligator-pond near Palmetto Point; but, as usual, 'time would not permit,' and we therefore continued our voyage, admiring the spurs that run down from the Blue Mountains and the valleys between them. Buff Bay, into which the Cedar Valley descends direct from Newcastle, contains, it is said, the most beautiful scenery of the island. Every valley on the north side is well watered by its own little streams, and in some cases by fair-sized rivers. From Buff Bay we were not long in reaching Hope Bay, and after

passing Rio Grande we slowed our engines off Port Antonio and entered one of the prettiest small harbours in the world, especially as we saw it by the light of a now rapidly setting sun. The town is situated in a picturesque bay, fringed with bright-green mangroves and overhung with cocoanut-trees; while behind are low hills covered with tropical vegetation and with little houses dotted about upon their slopes. A little farther in the background tier upon tier of the ever-grand ranges of the lovely Blue Mountains rise high in the



PORT ANTONIO AND HARBOUR

air. The bay is quite landlocked, and is regarded by many as the future port of Jamaica. The country which we have seen from the sea to-day and the valleys that descend from the hills, form the great fruit-growing district of the island. A fruit-trade which is increasing rapidly and promises to develop enormously, has just been started with America. Fast steamers reach New York in five or six days, and the more southern ports of the United States sooner; so that the

luscious fruits of the West Indies can be eaten in the less sultry North before the imprisoned sunbeams have had quite time to escape.

On our way into the harbour we noticed the funnel and masts of a large steamer just showing above water; and, on inquiry, we found that, while in quarantine about two months ago, she was run down by another ship and sunk at once. Rather a hard fate for the steamer; but a very effectual way of purifying her; for I should think she would be quite free from all infection by the time she is raised again, an operation which is about to be performed. At present the wreck somewhat blocks the harbour. We landed on the rocks, just at the edge of some short, springy turf, shaded with bread-fruit and other trees, which reminded us of Tahiti, and inquired for the post-office, where we expected to find letters. But we were greeted with the reply, 'Yah, yah, Massa! everything shut here five o'clock; no stores open after.' Fortunately a corporal of constabulary came to the rescue and kindly routed out the postmaster, who handed us a telegram that had just arrived, and took charge of our letters for England. Afterwards we walked through the village (where there was not much to see), to a large and substantial church, perched on a grassy knoll in the outskirts, and built in what might perhaps be called the 'Fahrenheit' or 'Réaumur' style of architecture, for the windows had exactly the effect of a row of gigantic thermometers hung on a blank wall. We had some difficulty in obtaining admission, the sun having now set and the moon risen; but at last two little girls arrived with the keys and with two candles, by the light of which we proceeded to inspect the interior of the building. It was built about forty years since and was just like an old-fashioned English church, with a deep gallery and with high mahogany pews made of beautifully grained wood. I should think it must be somewhat of the sultriest

of tabernacles in this climate. The first thing that met our eye on entering was a memorial tablet to the architect, Mr.



VIEW AT PORT ANTONIO

Amesley Voysey, who, coming out in 1837, had barely completed his labours in 1839 when he was carried off by yellow fever. Opposite to this tablet was one to the memory of the wife of a planter, the inscription on which struck us as so interesting that I took a copy of it, much to the wonder, interest, and amusement of our guides. It ran as follows:—

Sacred to the Memory of Mary.

She was a member for forty years, and many years a leader in Wesleyan Methodist Society. Devoted to her religious duties; urbane and humble to the poor and all mankind; affectionate and indulgent to her husband, sisters, and relations.

The view from the knoll outside was very picturesque, especially over a little lagune under some tall cocoa-trees towards some lights in the distance. The fireflies flitted and flickered around, below, and above us; the moon shone brightly on

the blue waters of the bay; and altogether it was a scene of beauty and peace which I was sorry to leave.

It was growing late, however; so we strolled back to the landing-place, followed by the good wishes of all the old negresses in the place, who shrilly expressed a strong desire to see us again soon and for a longer period—particularly the children and Sir Roger. We rowed off to the yacht, which looked as though she were carved in ivory and stood out in strong relief against the almost golden moonlit sky and sea. On the other side she was in deep shadow, and each taper mast and every slender line of rigging and cordage showed clear and sharp in contrast with the bright background.

Directly we were on board the anchor was weighed, and we steamed slowly out of this tranquil bay, past the little lighthouse (*not* marked on the chart), and, with our gilt Arabian horse-shoe on the extremity of the bowsprit pointing N.E., towards San Domingo, we were, it might almost be said, Homeward Bound!





CHAPTER XIII.

JAMAICA TO THE BAHAMAS.

Thursday, November 15th.

AT dawn we could see the high mountains of Hayti, the Franco-negroid portion of San Domingo, which it is just now altogether preferable to look upon from a distance; for the inhabitants of that island have been fighting among themselves, firing on English vessels, and generally misbehaving themselves, as they have done at frequently recurring periods, any time these eighty years past. The 'Fantôme' has recently returned to Port Royal from an expedition to Port-au-Prince; and the 'Dido' has just been ordered back there, much to the disgust of those on board. It appears that the rebels have fitted out an old Royal Mail steamer, which they bought some time ago, as a privateer, and that in this vessel they are now scouring the seas; so that probably the 'Fantôme' will have to go out again to watch her. Among other modes of amusing themselves, the rebels seem

to have been creating a great many Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses, and other peers and peeresses; and as the members of the newly created aristocracy are already rather impecunious and have no work to do, we had at one time serious thoughts of getting a couple of the Princes or Marquises to pull our punkah for us. I am sure some of the poor misguided creatures, having seen the error of their ways, would gladly have accepted the position.

The following account of the outrage committed by the insurgents on the British steamer 'Alps,' on September 20, appeared in the New York papers of October 15:—

Her Majesty's ship 'Dido' will be sent to investigate the recent affair at Jérémie, Hayti, where the steamer 'Alps' was fired upon by one of the forts, while embarking refugees in obedience to the orders of the British Consul. The 'Alps' shows the marks of the shells which struck her. The captain of the steamer states that he heard that two lady refugees who were left behind at Jérémie, where his vessel was shelled by the Haytian forts, were killed. The British vice-consul at Jérémie, who boarded the 'Alps' in a boat flying the American flag, remarked that the English flag did not appear to be of much avail there.

The British steamer 'Alps' arrived in New York yesterday. She left Port-au-Prince on September 16, having been requested by the British Consul-General to call at Jacmel, in order to remove certain non-combatant refugees desiring to go to Kingston. While doing this, on September 20, at Jacmel, she was fired on by the Haytian troops. One heavy missile entered the saloon, and two fragments of others struck the ship. The insurgents held Jacmel at the time, the Haytian troops being posted on a hill two miles distant, whence the shots were fired. After the first bolt crashed into the saloon, just as the refugees were coming on board from the boat, all being women and children, except one invalid Frenchman, the captain ordered the flag to be displayed half-mast-high as a signal of his not wishing to fight. A second shot, however, was fired. The captain then steamed seaward, the Haytians firing seven shots after the vessel, the fragments of two striking her. The firing was only stopped when the ship was beyond range. The refugees were landed at Kingston on October 4, when the matter was reported to the British officials.

On the last occasion of her return from Port-au-Prince, the 'Dido' brought back some negroes, who had been imprisoned for alleged complicity with the rebels, but whose release had been claimed on the ground that they were British subjects, from Jamaica. Captain Vander-Meulen had great difficulty in obtaining their liberation, and ultimately had to march them down from the jail between two files of armed blue-jackets, to protect them from the mob. It was therefore somewhat discouraging to him, after all the trouble which he had taken, to see these men, as soon as they were landed at Kingston, take the first ship back to Hayti, in order to join the rebels again.

Hayti, the western portion of San Domingo—the 'cradle of the New World,' which is, next to Cuba, the second largest and one of the most fertile of the Greater Antilles—seems to be disliked by all who visit it. How can you be comfortable in a country where there is a town having so unpleasantly suggestive a name as 'Bombardopolis,' to say nothing of a river called 'Massacre'? The Eastern portion, or the Dominican Republic, comprises more than three-fifths of the whole island, and contains the capital, Santo Domingo City. The western part of the island still retains its old Caribbean name of Hayti, though its capital, originally called Cul-de-Sac, is now known as Port-au-Prince, having been so named in honour of a French frigate, 'Le Prince,' that took refuge there, and the commander of which discovered what a splendid harbour the town possessed. Though we were not very far off Jacmel, the large port where the mail steamers stop, we did not succeed in clearly making out Alto Vella, a very high and conspicuous island peak, about sixteen miles from Beata Point, the southernmost point of the island. It is of curious shape, like a ship under full sail, and is, I believe, very white in colour. There are several small islands near, which I dare say might be worth a visit if one had time to spare, specially

the low flat island Samona, on which a fleet of twenty-one Spanish treasure galleons was lost in 1502; Bovadella and one of the most celebrated native Caïques, Guarionex, being on board one of the vessels. I have heard that skeletons, old Spanish doubloons, and wreckage are still found among the coral reefs and sand on the shores of the island.

By noon we were not far off Santiago de Cuba, on the south-east coast of the island of Cuba, and saw a steamer coming out of that port. How much I should like to have paid 'the happy Isle' a visit likewise! There is a fine point some miles to the westward of the town, Monte Tarquino, more than 8000 feet in height. We coasted under the high land of Cuba all day, tacking across to Los Altares in the afternoon. These are most curious flat-topped rocks, closely resembling altars[1] which would form a remarkable landmark anywhere, but which are specially prominent among the high-pointed, uncultivated mountains of the island. We encountered some heavy rain-squalls, the effect of which was very fine, as they went driving past wildly one after another over the sea and among the crags. How I wished we had had time to cruise round the western instead of the eastern end of the island, so as just to have peeped into Havana!

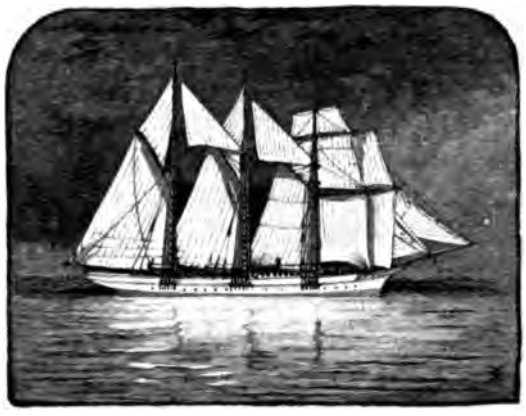
The night was even more than usually superb; and as we were wafted gently along—rather more gently, indeed, than we had hoped; for the sailing directions had led us to expect a fresh strong wind—by the land-breeze, bearing spicy odours from the shore, nothing could have been more delicious than the easy dreamy motion through the soft evening air. With all her light canvas set and every stitch drawing, no vessel afloat could have looked more lovely than did the yacht this night.

Friday, November 16th.—At 3.30 A.M. we were informed by

[1] Compare Virgil's *Æneid*:—

Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors knew:
They called them Altars when they rose in view,
And showed their spacious backs above the flood.

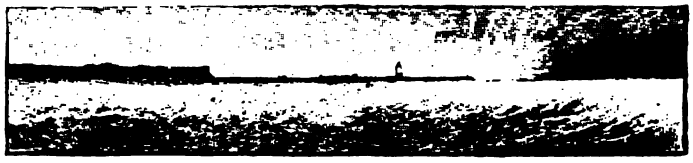
Kindred, the mate, that the land-breeze, on which we had relied so much, had quite died away, and that, it being now absolutely calm, he feared we might drift ashore. Orders were at once given for steam to be got up, and, while this was



being done, I stayed on deck for more than an hour, fascinated by the strange beauty of the scene. Though we were becalmed, the current that was drifting us along towards the shore just kept the sails from flapping; and such lights and shadows as were created by the radiance of moon and stars as it fell upon them were marvellously striking in their contrasts. The white canvas really looked as if it were a tissue of silver or of gold, attached to masts of ebony or ivory, according to the side from which they were viewed; and the decks presented a similar appearance. This description may appear exaggerated; but its truth will, I am sure, be confirmed by any one who has ever been fortunate enough to pass such a night as this in the tropics on the deck of a sailing-vessel of any kind, with every stitch of canvas set to catch the faintest air. And when that ship, like ours, is exquisitely modelled, her hull of snowy white

slightly relieved with gold, her taper spars tall enough to give full effect to the graceful curves of her swelling canvas, she is, indeed, a vision of beauty, as she seems to float gently on the surface, rather than to cleave her way through, the water.

By six o'clock we were steaming to the eastward along the south-east coast of Cuba, and sails were being rapidly furled. By noon we were off Cape Maysi, on which is a solid-looking but not very picturesque lighthouse. There was a considerable roll and hubble-bubble of the tides as we rounded the point—a regular seething witches'-cauldron, amounting almost to a whirlpool in some places; and we were glad on every account when we were well through the watery turmoil and were able to lower the funnel and set sail along the north-east coast of Cuba. Except a dim haze in the distance,



MAYSI POINT AND LIGHTHOUSE

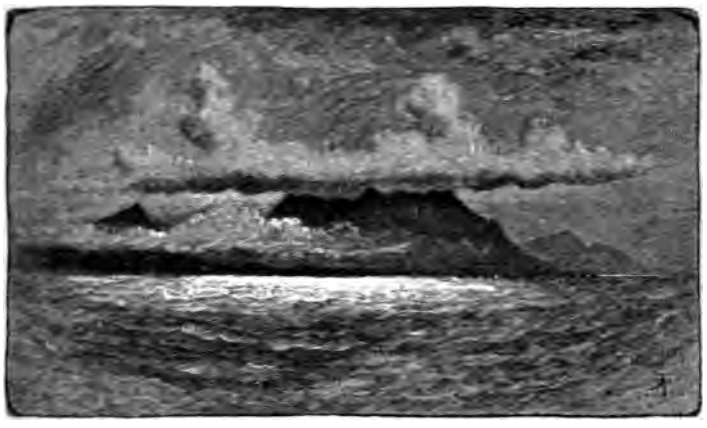
we saw nothing of the islands of Great or Little Inagua, the most southerly of the Bahama group. The capital of the larger island is Mathew-Town; the principal export, salt. I am told that there is a pretty prairie in the centre of Great Inagua, as fair a spot as any in the Bahamas, and that there is some good shooting to be had there. People even talk of wild horses and wild cattle; but those animals are rather things of the past, and the traveller must content himself with smaller game. The Turks and Caicos Islands, which lie a little beyond, were formerly considered part of the Bahama group; but in 1848 they were annexed to Jamaica,

and their affairs are now administered by a commissioner, a judge, and a certain number of other officials appointed by the Government of that island. Turks Islands derive their name from a beautiful scarlet cactus, in shape like a fez or tarbouch, which covered the islands in profusion when they were first discovered. Many whales used to be found here; and some of the cays are still called 'ambergris-cays,' from the large quantity of that precious but very nasty-looking and horrid-smelling substance that used to be deposited upon them. Ambergris is something like coke, or perhaps more like black amber, in appearance, and is equally light. A small quantity is worth 25*l.*; the usual price being about a guinea an ounce. It has been found in masses varying between 30 and 225 ounces. The product is the result of some internal disease from which the whale occasionally suffers—a sort of ulcer or cancer, in fact, which is formed in the stomach of the leviathan of the deep when the climate disagrees with him, and which ailment a change of air and water is supposed always to cure. It is not a very agreeable idea to entertain, that a substance of such unpleasant *provenance* should be the foundation of almost all the scents which we use. Anciently ambergris was much used for spicing wines. Like most of the islands forming part of the same group, the principal exports of Turks and Caicos Islands are fruit, sponges, coral, and salt, the value of these products amounting to from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* a year.

About half-past three in the afternoon we made the Yunque (or Anvil) de Baracoa, in Cuba, another curious flat-topped rock, or rather mountain, 1,824 feet high, which closely resembles the much higher peak in Juan Fernandez, in the South Pacific, and is a peculiar object and valuable landmark from a long distance. We stretched along the north-east shore of the island under sail all the afternoon;—

and a most delightful sail it was, made all the more enjoyable by perfectly smooth water and a pleasant breeze, scented with the spicy odours of the shore.

In the night we saw the splendid red revolving light on Point Lucrecia. From the top of the deck-house the effect

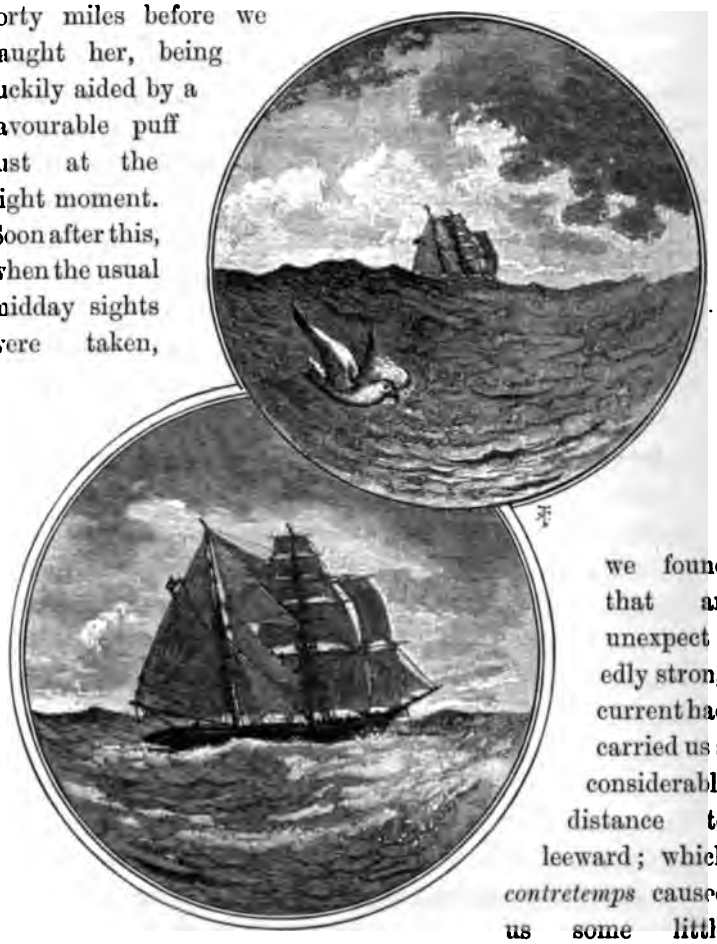


YUNQUE DE BARACOA

was really very fine, and Tom said that, from the mast-head, the appearance of the revolving light was superb. It is a great comfort to see a good lighthouse anywhere; but it was specially so in a narrow, dangerous, and to us totally new channel.

Saturday, November 17th.—We were favoured with a splendid breeze all day. On deck the air was deliciously cool; but below it was still intensely hot. The temperature in the saloon has varied very little of late, ranging from 85° to 90°, except on one day in Trinidad, when it rose to 92°. I think that to-day, in order to set the mainsail, the funnel was lowered rather sooner than it ought to have been, the consequence being that all the heat of the engine-room was concentrated below and diffused throughout the whole ship.

About noon we passed the lighthouse of Maternillos. A Spanish brigantine, in full sail, with all her studding-sails set, looked very beautiful as we raced past her—rather to her astonishment, I think; for she was a fast sailer; and we had to do our best for nearly forty miles before we caught her, being luckily aided by a favourable puff just at the right moment. Soon after this, when the usual midday sights were taken,



we found that an unexpectedly strong current had carried us a considerable distance to leeward; which *contretemps* caused us some little anxiety; especially as the winds soon afterwards became light and variable. In the afternoon we entered the old Bahama Channel. At sunset

we were four miles off Lobos Cay, another island belonging to the Bahama group, on which there is a fine lighthouse 146 feet high, and a pilot-station. Tom had at one time thought of taking a pilot here and going across the coral reefs of the Great Bahama Bank, by a shallow and somewhat intricate passage, by way of Lark's Nest, Wolf Rock, and Dolly Cay, to the Tongue of the Ocean, and thence to Nassau. It appeared to be a very short cut; but on studying the sailing directions we found that we should have to anchor at night and to proceed very cautiously in the day, on account of our comparatively deep draught of water. It seemed, therefore, scarcely worth while to undertake extra risk and anxiety for the sake of merely saving a considerable distance, without effecting any great economy of time; and we therefore determined to go straight on through Santaren Channel and Florida Strait. I regretted the necessity for this decision; for I should have much liked to have steamed over the coral reefs, and to have had the opportunity of looking down into the depths below.

After a further run of four hours, during which Tom and I suffered considerable anxiety owing to the intricacy of the navigation, we reached the light at Paredon Grande, on the north side of Cuba. Our troubles—which, as a matter of fact, nobody else on board had known anything about, all being fast asleep below — were now more or less over; for a comparatively open sea lay before us; though there were still quite enough coral-reefs and rocks about to necessitate a continuous, keen, and careful look-out, besides constant checking of courses, and the adoption of every possible precaution to ensure the safety of the vessel.

Sunday, November 18th.—At dawn, about six miles to leeward, we could see the curious angular-shaped little island of Anguila, on the south-east extremity of the Cay Sal Bank.

Even Tom wished we had time to stop here, where the clearest water and the most lovely corals in all the beautiful Bahamas are said to be found. Even the usually prosaic 'sailing directions' condescend to go into raptures on the subject. Mr. Bicknell writes as follows:—'At daybreak on March 3, 1883, I weighed from the anchorage at Cay Sal and proceeded about two miles within the southern edge of the Cay Sal Bank, in from four to seven fathoms; water as smooth as glass, and so clear that the bottom was distinctly visible, as if only a slight green gauze intervened between the eye and the numerous objects on the rocks and sand below. Starfish, kingfish, turtle, and every description of animate and inanimate nature passed in a panorama beneath. In no part of the world have I seen water of this depth so perfectly transparent.'

We steered all day along the edge of the great Bahama Bank, on which so many good ships and such vast piles of treasure have been lost. Morning and afternoon service were held in the saloon; the wind being too strong to allow us to have service on deck, and the weather so rough that there were not many attendants.

We were very busy throughout the evening in preparing two soda-water bottles, hermetically sealed, with little flags stuck on the top of them to attract attention, and surrounded by carefully prepared triangular rafts to enable them to float. Each bottle contained a small roll of paper, on which was neatly written the following inscription:—

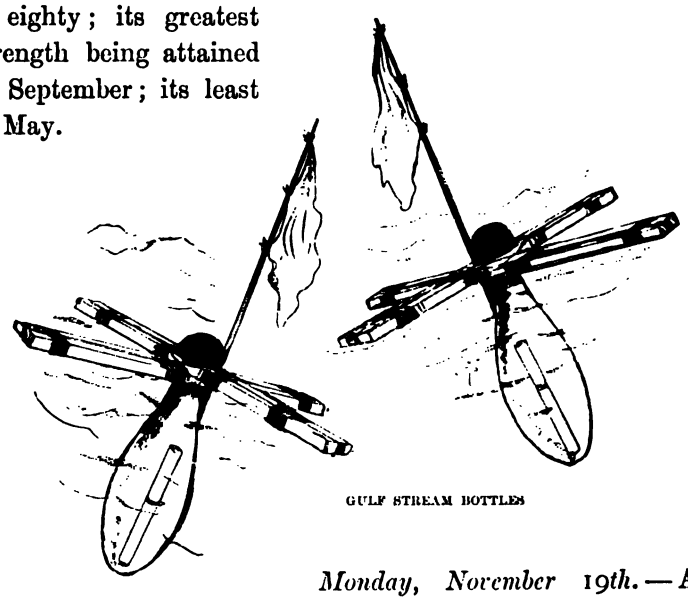
Yacht 'SUNBEAM,' R.Y.S. SIR THOMAS BRASSEY, K.C.B., M.P., Owner and Commander.

Off Cape Florida, November 18th, 1883. Lat. 25° 40' N.; Long. 30° 10' W.

ALL WELL ON BOARD. FORTY-TWO SOULS; ALL TOLD.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD *to any one sending this paper to* SIR THOMAS BRASSEY, *Civil Lord of the Admiralty, Whitehall, London; with details of latitude and longitude, and date of where picked up.*

We propose to throw the bottles over where the current of the Gulf Stream is at its strongest. It here runs from twenty to 120 miles a day: the rate at this time of the year varying from sixty to eighty; its greatest strength being attained in September; its least in May.



GULF STREAM BOTTLES

Monday, November 19th.—At 3.30 A.M. I went on deck to see the Gun Cay lighthouse, another fine, revolving, red light, on a tower eighty feet above the sea, and visible fourteen miles off. Behind it is a favourite shelter for wreckers. From the top of the deck-house we could also see in the sky the gleam of the fixed light on Cape Florida, the southernmost point of North America. From the masthead the light itself could be discerned. The passage between the mainland and the Cay[1] is not very wide—about fifty miles—and there are many rocks and shoals in the intervening space. Just before

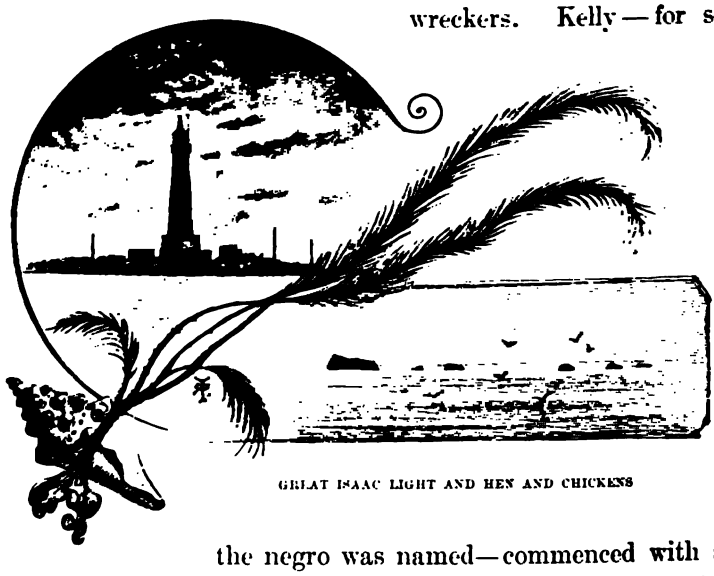
[1] 'Cay,' from the Spanish *cayo*, a rock, an islet, a range or reef of rocks lying near the surface of the sea, has been Gallicised in the 'Aux Cayes' of Hayti, and Americanised in the 'Key West' and 'Cedar Keys' of Florida.

daybreak we passed a large tug-steamer, showing three red lights and a mast-head light, instead of the usual red and green side lamps, and the white mast-head steering-light; thus indicating that the vessel was engaged in laying a telegraph-cable.

About five o'clock, between Gun Cay and Great Isaac Cay, we threw overboard the first of our bottles; and, an hour later, the second; wishing them both God-speed, with earnest hopes that they may be favoured with a prosperous voyage, and, falling into kind hands on some distant shore, may ultimately reach us again, ocean-stained and wave-worn. Perhaps they may even be the humble instruments of throwing a tiny additional ray of light on the mysterious course of this most marvellous and beneficent Gulf Stream. I shall look forward anxiously to hearing of our 'messages from the sea' once more; and only hope that they may not be prematurely fished up by some passing ship. In any case, I feel that we can have done no harm in 'casting our bread upon the waters,' hoping to find it again after many days. If we ever do reap any harvest from our little experiment, it will be a day to be marked with a white stone.

An hour later we were off the great Isaac Cay lighthouse, and the Hen and Chickens, where a pilot—or perhaps I may say a person calling himself a pilot—came alongside and offered his services, which Tom (who by this time was pretty nearly worn out) was only too glad to accept. His name was Kelly, and he came, as we afterwards found, from Bimini Island, a spot which affords a safe harbour for wreckers. He brought on board some beautiful shells, and some lovely plumes of sea-feathers, a species of gorgonia which had the appearance of ten or a dozen ostrich feathers, from three to five feet long, growing in a group. Tom described his interview with the pilot, at which I was not present, as follows:—

'As we were rounding Great Isaac, a small pilot-boat was observed, endeavouring to cut us off. The engines were stopped, and in a few minutes a stalwart negro stept on board, equally ready to plunder us, if he could get us into his power, or to pilot us to any port in the Bahamas. The bargain for the pilotage to Nassau was amusing and characteristic of the Bahama wreckers. Kelly — for so



GREAT ISAAC LIGHT AND HEN AND CHICKENS

the negro was named — commenced with a demand for 20*l.*; I replied with an offer of 5*l.* After a prolonged altercation, we agreed for 8*l.* 10*s.*; and immediately the bargain was concluded Kelly called out to the men in his boat, with whom a certain percentage of his earnings was to be shared, "I am going to Nassau for 7*l.*" I at once pulled him up with the observation that as his men had received the announcement he had made without any expression of surprise, it was evident that the sum he had just named to them was reasonable and usual, and that I positively refused to give more than 7*l.* This led to a grotesque appeal on the grounds of Christian

charity, his own poverty, and the extreme difficulty of the navigation he was undertaking. Eventually we agreed for 7*l.*, with an advance to 8*l.* if the harbour-master at Nassau recommended it. On leaving me, after our arrival at Nassau, Kelly thought it a sufficient apology for his attempted extortion to say that if he had known he was dealing with a gentleman he would never have made such a demand. He did not conceal that he would have thought anybody else fair game.'

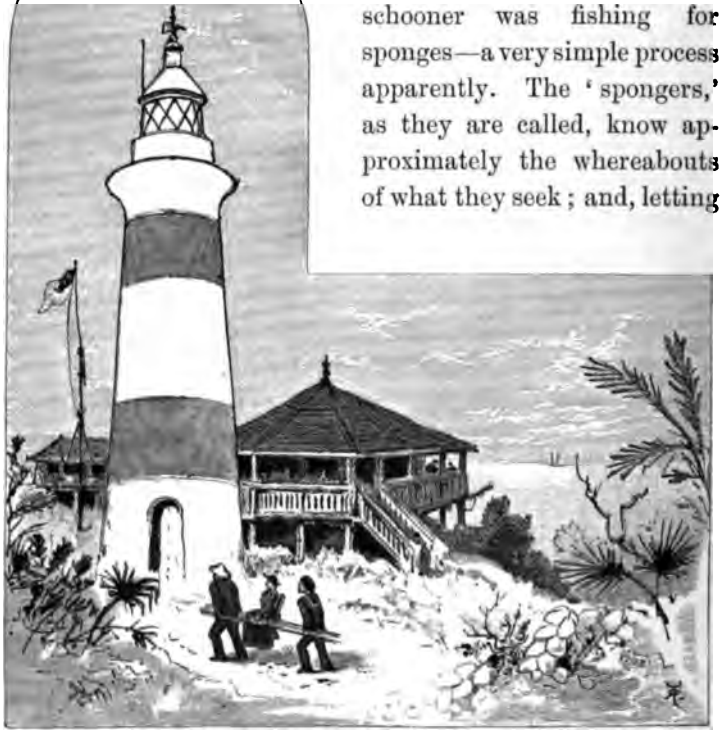
The modern West Indian 'wrecker' may be considered as a dim survival of the pirates and buccaneers of the past; just as an English sea-side lodging-house keeper is a survival of Cacus, and an extortionate London cabman a survival of Dick Turpin. 'These wreckers are equally prepared to pilot or to wreck a vessel, as suits their purpose best. In the "good old days," if the fishermen of the Bahamas saved life, they lost all claim for salvage on the vessel from which the rescue had been effected. Consequently it was by no means to their interest that any human being should be found alive upon a stranded ship. What this meant is obvious. The neighbouring coasts are desolate; the fishermen were both rapacious and lawless; and, as a matter of fact, the number of shipwrecked men brought to Nassau, in proportion to the cargoes recovered, was exceedingly small. This state of things, however, is now happily obsolete; and if local knowledge and skill can avail the perplexed skipper in the time of difficulty he will find both among the long-shore denizens of the Bahamas. Formerly everything saved from a wreck was sold by auction at Nassau; now all goods not of a perishable nature, and undamaged, are reshipped to the port of destination. Collusion between ship-masters and pilots was also frequent; but increased vigilance on the part of the insurance companies has considerably interfered with the nefarious business of wrecking: while the numerous lighthouses

erected by the Government have operated in the same direction.'

Captain Basil Hall in his 'Fragments' repeats a story current in these parts, of a wrecker who boarded a 'bewildered' ship, and got the captain to agree to the most extortionate terms as the price of rescue; whereupon he 'kept his promise truly to the ear, but broke it to the hope' by placing the vessel in a worse position than that which she had occupied in the first instance. The captain, in despair, consented to a further heavy payment, and the wrecker ultimately fulfilled his share of the bargain; but no sooner were they once more in deep water than the indignant victim of the extortion turned upon the treacherous pilot and demanded the return of his money. 'Now, master rascallion of a wrecker,' he cried, 'tit-for-tat is fair play all the world over; and, unless you hand me back again my thousand dollars, I'll cut the tow-rope of your thievish-looking boat, and then, instead of returning evil for evil, as I ought by rights to do, I'll be more of a Christian and do you a very good service by carrying you away from one of the most infamous places in the world to the finest country imaginable—I mean America. And as you seem to have a certain touch of black blood in your veins, I may chance to get good interest for my loan of these thousand dollars by selling you as a slave in Charlestown negro market! What say you, my gay Mudian?'

At 4.30 P.M. we stopped off Stirrup Cay in order to visit the lighthouse. The row ashore was somewhat long, for the yacht was obliged to lie far out on account of the shallowness of the water; but it was very interesting, as we neared the shore, to look through the clear water on to the white coral and sand, many fathoms beneath us, and to see all the corals, seaweeds, sponges, zoophytes, gorgonias, and other specimens of marine life growing in their native luxuriance and beauty. Sea-urchins of huge size, shell-fish, star-

fish, and all sorts of unknown animals, crawled about at the bottom; while above, fishes, large and small, of every conceivable form and hue, darted hither and thither. Just off the point on which the light-house is situated, a small schooner was fishing for sponges—a very simple process apparently. The 'spongers,' as they are called, know approximately the whereabouts of what they seek; and, letting



STIRRUP CAY LIGHT

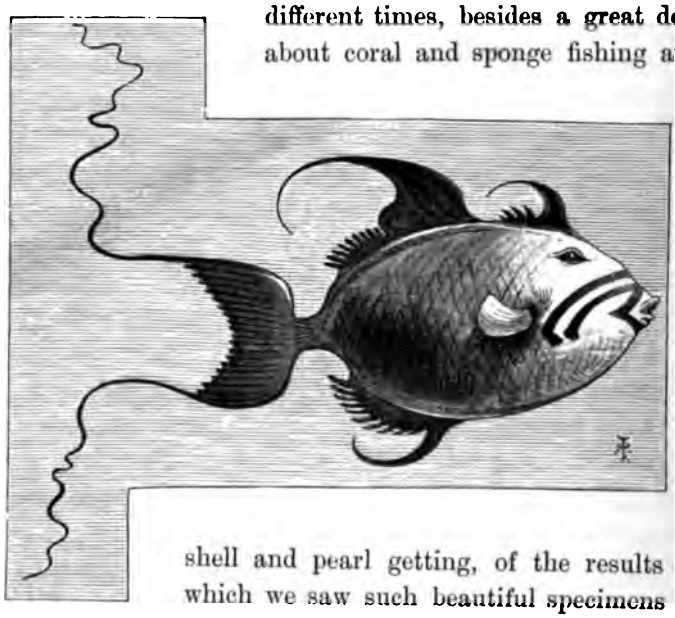
their vessels drift, they soon discover by looking through their sponge-glasses the exact spot where the finest specimens are growing. These glasses may perhaps be best described as square buckets with a glass bottom to them, which, dipped just beneath the surface of the sea, enable those looking through them to avoid all the surface-lop and agitation, and

to see the bottom of the sea (in clear water, of course) as distinctly as possible, thus enabling the diver to pick out all the best pieces of sponge.

Close to the little landing-place of Stirrup Cay a fishing-boat lay at anchor, well filled with some of the most beautiful and multicoloured fish imaginable, all alive, and swimming about as merrily as possible. There were fish here called turbot—not the least like our turbot, but of bright ultramarine and azure blue—bright scarlet fish, known locally as 'red mullet,' although they are really, I believe, goat-fish, with a little tuft under their lower jaw; delicate mauve and green and black and yellow fish; and, in fact, so many other varieties that I cannot attempt to enumerate them. The captain and one hand had gone away in a small boat to catch a further supply. The man left in charge had had his foot badly crushed and his toes broken by a Dutch oven falling on them several days previously, and nothing had since been done to relieve his pain. The doctor therefore kindly stayed on board and did what he could to alleviate the poor fellow's sufferings. It was just one of those cases which make one reflect how very useful a little of the knowledge imparted by the St. John Ambulance Association might at times be to the inhabitants of these scattered islands in general, and how valuable it would have been to this poor man in particular.

I had been for some time past out of health, and was so pulled down by my few days' illness that I could not manage to walk from the boat to the lighthouse; but Tom had a board rigged up for me to rest upon, and he and the sailors carried me up. The lighthouse keeper and his companion, who had met us at the landing-place, were delighted to welcome us (for they have few visitors to this lonely spot), and sent to collect the other inhabitants of the small settlement, who were all within call, to see 'the strangers.' We

had a long chat with Ap Reece—a Welshman who had served his apprenticeship in the North Sea fishing-smacks, and had been twenty-four years in the navy and light-house service—and Mrs. Ap Reece, his cheery mulatto wife. They told us much that was interesting about their life and experiences on the various cays and lighthouses in which they had been employed at different times, besides a great deal about coral and sponge fishing and



shell and pearl getting, of the results of which we saw such beautiful specimens in the Bahamas department of the Fisheries Exhibition, in London, in 1883. They gave me some fine 'king,' 'queen,' and 'common' conch shells: the latter being the particular variety in which the pink and many-coloured pearls are found. Some years ago the queen-conch (a shell with a delicate pink lining) was in great demand for export to different parts of Europe, especially to Italy, where cameos were cut from them. This particular shell has gone quite out of favour, and nothing but the king-conch — which, though smaller, is far richer in its colouring of dark choco-

late and reddish brown—is looked upon with favour as an article of commerce. The common conch has also a pretty pink lining, but is not so well marked as the queen, and grows sometimes to an enormous size. The specimens with which we are familiar are generally spoilt by having a great hole knocked out at the top with a hatchet, in order to extract the fish and the potential pearls within. The shell itself is useless, but the flesh is good to eat; and embedded in it are found (instead of attached to the shell, as is the case with the oyster) the pearls which give the conch its value.

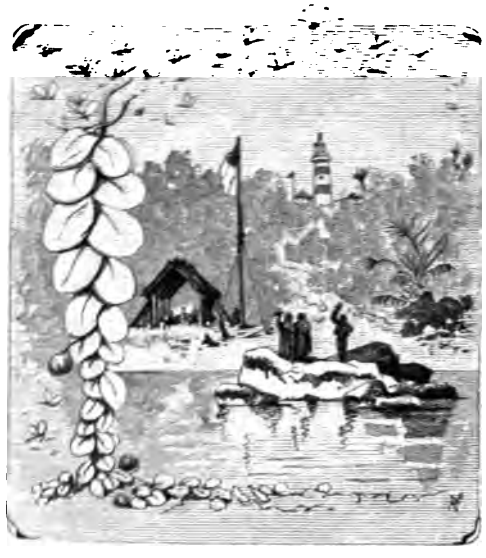
I had taken some old newspapers and one or two copies of the 'Voyage of the *Sunbeam*' on shore with me, thinking that they might interest the people at the lighthouse. The 'Sunbeam' book they seemed to be already familiar with; for when we wrote our names in the visitors' book, and, recognising them, also realised the fact that the 'Sunbeam' herself was in the offing, their delight knew no bounds. At the next house—that of the assistant lighthouse keeper, De Meric—directly his son and daughter heard of our arrival and were told that the children were on the sea-shore picking up shells, the daughter seized her hat and flew off to see Muriel and Baby, whom she welcomed as old friends. It is a curious, and at the same time a gratifying feeling to find oneself and one's belongings so well known in all parts of the world, through the simple writing of one little book which was never intended to be a published book at all, but was, originally, only a journal written for the information and amusement of my dear father and my most intimate friends. It often brings tears into my eyes to find how much has unexpectedly arisen from what appeared so slight a source. Poor Mrs. de Meric was too ill to move from the house, but I think everybody else accompanied us to the shore, where we found our boat nearly

full of shells, fish, and other little curiosities. Among them was a fruit which we had never seen before, and which had been brought from another island. It is called 'grape-fruit,' and must not by any means be confounded with the sea-grape before alluded to. It looks and tastes much like a shaddock, though it is smaller in size than that fruit. The fact of its being called grape-fruit is curious and confusing, for it does not bear the slightest resemblance to a grape, nor does the tree on which it grows look like a vine. As a matter of fact, it is of the same tribe as the orange (*Citrus*), and it has the colour of a citron and a pleasant flavour.

Thus laden with good things, and followed by many kind wishes and earnest hopes that we should come again, our departure from Stirrup Cay was really quite touching. The people on shore followed us to the farthest point from which they could see us, waving their handkerchiefs and shouting farewell. We had a stiff pull to windward in order to reach the yacht. When we were still some distance from it, Kelly, the pilot, who was with us, suddenly cried out in an excited manner, 'Oh! she is going ashore fast! She will be on the reef directly!' We tried to attract the attention of those on board, but for a time in vain. At last, by dint of much waving of hats and of my shawl, and of great shouting, we succeeded in making those on board conscious of their danger; whereupon the engines were backed astern, just in time to prevent the good ship going hard and fast aground. There were no very salient points on the low shore to notice; and the movement of the yacht could only have been detected by the very closest observation on the part of those in charge. The current therefore had been slowly but steadily carrying the vessel on to one of these justly dreaded reefs.

After this scare I hoped that we were to have a quiet night; but such was not the case. A little before midnight,

certain sounds which I heard caused me to entertain serious misgivings; and on going on deck I found that the so called 'pilot', who could not read anything from a chart, apparently wishing to make sure of his position, and to have a good look at the reef just outside the harbour-light at Nassau, before going in, had approached the shore so closely that there was barely a foot of water under her stern.







CHAPTER XIV.

THE BAHAMAS.

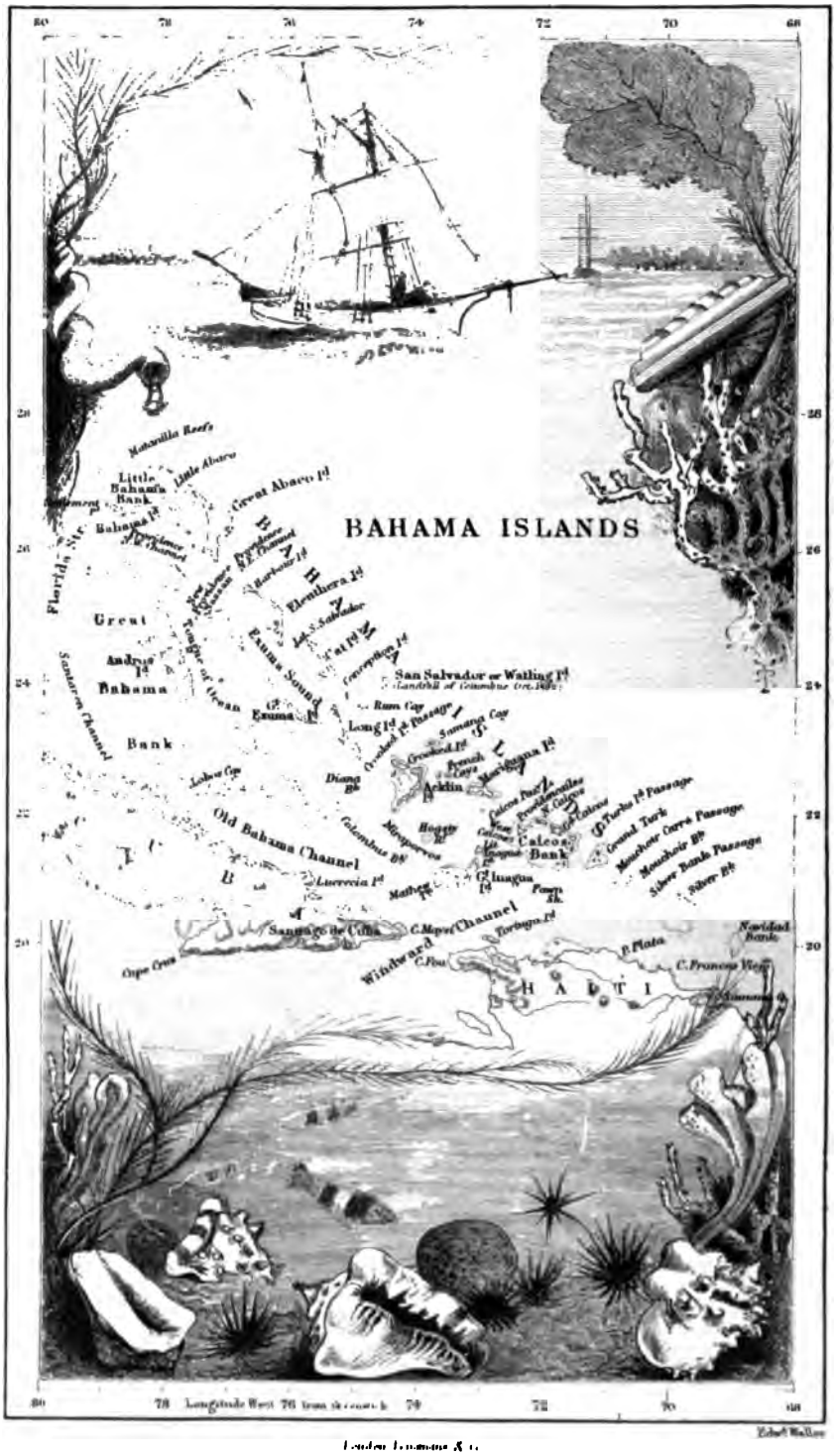
Tuesday, November 20th.

AT 1.30 A.M. we at last dropped our anchor, in the little harbour of Nassau. I only hope it may be possible for us to remain here in peace for a short time; but there is only fifteen feet of water in the harbour, and we draw thirteen feet. Even at this hour we could see evidences of the damage that had been done by the disastrous hurricane in September last, in the shape of roofs torn off, huts thrown down, and wrecks ashore and afloat, in every direction.

At six I was finally aroused by the intelligence that the harbour-master was on board; and as Tom was, I am happy to say, sound asleep—quite worn out after his incessant watchfulness, ceaseless vigils, continually recurring alarms and constant want of sleep—I 'interviewed' the new arrival and found him full of information. He promised to engage us a good man and a good boat, with sponge-glasses and all complete, so that we might go and see the coral-reef and garden beneath the sea, which we have read and talked so much about lately. With reference to Kelly, our pilot, he remarked that he was a good 'wrecker,' and added that he would send us a good 'sponger,' not very inviting names for our first acquaintances in the Bahamas.

Soon the 'sponger' himself appeared, Sampson Stamp by name, in his trim little cutter-yacht 'Triton,' twenty-six feet in length, six feet in beam, carrying 7,000 lbs. on her keel, and the best sailer in the bay, as he informed us. He himself was a tall good-looking negro, black as a coal, about six feet high, jauntily dressed in yachting costume, and evidently entertaining a very good opinion of himself. His crew, two bright-eyed brown mulatto boys, were ragged but looked capable.

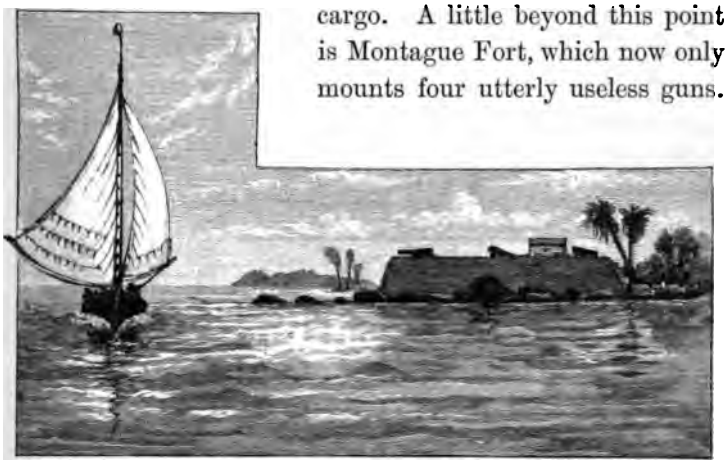
The harbour-master had given us elaborate instructions for anchoring and mooring the 'Sunbeam,' which directions were most faithfully carried out, so as to save us the trouble of moving from the unsuitable spot which our 'wrecker' had selected for us, and at the same time to keep us off the ground. It was all of no avail, however, for when the tide turned, and the wind, which was pretty fresh, caught the yacht's bow, we felt a sudden bump, something like a miniature earthquake, and she went hard and fast aground. A tremendous amount of tugging and pulling and hauling and shouting—perhaps as much of the latter as of anything else—was required in order to get her off again; and we


BAHAMA ISLANDS
Matanilla Reefs
Little Bahama Bank
Little Abaco
Great Abaco Id
Bahama Id
Florida Key
Providence Channel
Eleuthera Id
Harbour Id
New Providence
Great Bahama Id
Andros Id
Bahama Bank
Santaren Channel
Tropic of Cancer
Exuma Sound
Exuma Id
San Salvador or Watling Id
Rum Cay
Long Id
Crooked Id Passage
Samana Cay
Crooked Id
Acklin
French Cays
Mariguana Id
Diamond Rk
Lobos Cay
Old Bahama Channel
Caicos Passage
Caicos
Bank
Hogsty
Mouchoir Cays Passage
Mouchoir Bk
Silver Bank Passage
Silver Bk
Turks Id Passage
Grand Turk
Columbus Bk
Mariguana
Inaccessible Id
Inaccessible Rk
Mayaguana
Plana Id
Samana or the Caicos
Cape Cruz
Windward
C. Maysi
Channel
Tortuga Id
C. Tiburon
Navidad Bank
P. Plata
C. Francois
H A Y T I
Longitude West 76 from the meridian of
Edwd Wallace



waited to see this operation successfully completed before starting in our boat up the bay, aided by a strong fair tide but opposed by a contrary wind. At every tack we saw fresh traces of the effect of the hurricane, both on land and sea, in the shape of cottages blown quite level with the ground, trees by the hundred uprooted from the soil—bringing everything with them and leaving the white coral bed, on which they had stood, exposed—and ships dismasted or totally wrecked on the shore. We passed the bishop's smart little cutter-yacht, called the 'Message of Peace,' lying at anchor, close to a pretty village, with a nice and very English-looking church spire peeping through the trees. The yacht, in which the bishop goes on his missions of mercy round the coast, is of thirty tons burthen, and draws five-and-a-half feet of water. At the time of the hurricane only the captain was on board; and he ran her ashore on the soft sand among the cocoa-nut palms, whence she was carried about a hundred yards farther up into the grove, eventually getting off again without having sustained much damage. The 'General Whitfield' on the contrary, which tried to ride out the gale, was dismasted, lost her deck, and very nearly went to the bottom altogether. Not a single vessel rode out the hurricane, except the 'Sparrow Hawk' and 'Richmond,' both belonging to the British Government: the reason of their escape being that they had previously made all their preparations for a possible hurricane, and had five anchors out, arranged in a sort of star fashion. In all human probability, if the other ships had taken the same precautions, they also might have survived the storm, and many valuable lives might have been saved. Mr. Thompson's large and somewhat pretentious-looking house, known as 'Thompson's Folly' which we next passed, though apparently much exposed, has escaped three attacks of these terrible hurricanes, owing no doubt to the fact that it is so light and airy that

the wind blows clean through it without meeting with any resistance. Close by, on the other side of the harbour, was a much more substantial-looking edifice, the roof of which had been completely taken off, and was lying beside it. This house originally formed the residence of the builder of what was described to us as a 'large dockyard and marine railway,' though, at present at all events, it is only a greased slip, with iron rails, by means of which small ships are hauled up to shore. On the other side of the narrow strait is Potter's Cay, a snug little spot, with many sponge-yards, where the process of cleaning and drying sponges is carried on. It is through this strait that many if not most of the sponge-boats go in search of their useful cargo. A little beyond this point is Montague Fort, which now only mounts four utterly useless guns.



MONTAGUE FORT

Formerly it was held by a succession of sea-robbers, notably by Black Beard, one of the celebrated Buccaneers, who charged a due of ninepence on every vessel that entered the narrow channel, and blew those out of the sea that refused to pay: at least, so 'Sampson Stamp' said; and I believe that, as a matter of fact, the pirates did fire through the bows of one

or two vessels which refused to comply with Black Beard's abrupt and imperious demands, sinking them at once.

But now we are getting near to the coral reef, where the clear *fresh* water springs bubbling through the coral. At very low neap-tides it can be seen and tasted, just as it comes welling and sparkling up. The inhabitants take advantage of these tides to construct a primitive sort of filter and conduit pipe, composed of barrels, with the ends knocked out, placed one on the top of the other, and filled with sand, till they reach the surface of the sea at high water: the bottom one being half-embedded in the reef. This arrangement answers very well for a time, but every other year or two the whole process of construction has with considerable labour to be repeated. Still, most of the drinking water is obtained in the Bahamas in this way; particularly in the small and outlying islands. On this same coral reef we had our first peep through the 'magic glasses,' as I think I may fairly call them; and you cannot imagine the world of utterly unexpected wonders that were at once revealed to us. What a fairy scene it was! How clearly we could see the lovely submarine garden; and how short a distance it seemed to be beneath us! How we longed to do what appeared to be perfectly easy—to step down into the crystal depths and walk about at our leisure in the realms of Aphrodite: to admire, if not to pluck, the many enchanting things growing in her fair pleasaunce. There were sponges of all kinds and shapes: great round masses of sheep's-wool and velvet sponges, of a yellowish brown colour, and bright scarlet glove-sponges branching up like huge hands. Their brilliant colour was derived from the sponge-making animal which still adhered to them; for they were soon washed snow-white over the side of the boat. Then there were little black balls of reef-sponges, covered with the black bodies of their manufacturers, forming a sort of shiny coat, which made them look anything but suitable

for use as face-sponges. There were wire-sponges, bright and beautiful as any allamanda, the colour of which is also due to the animals by which they are constructed; and grey sponges, sometimes called Venus's cups—in shape not unlike coral Neptune's cups. Very often the latter grow together in a group on a coral base, and resemble a set of wine-glasses, on stems; some very small, but ranging upwards in size to the dimensions of a goblet large enough to contain the 'longest' drink that ever was mixed by thirstiest of men, on the most broiling of days, in the hottest of West Indian islands. These sponges were scattered among corals, or clung to rocks, with graceful gorgonias and seaweed growing on them. The brain-coral (*Diploria*), so called from its resemblance to the convolutions of the human brain, is specially fine here. One specimen which I secured surpassed in beauty of form and delicacy of structure anything of the kind I had ever imagined. Having observed it through the sponge-glass, I pointed it out to Buddy, the diver; who promptly reduced his already very scanty garments to a minimum, seized a hatchet, jumped overboard, and sank easily to the bottom, holding on by one



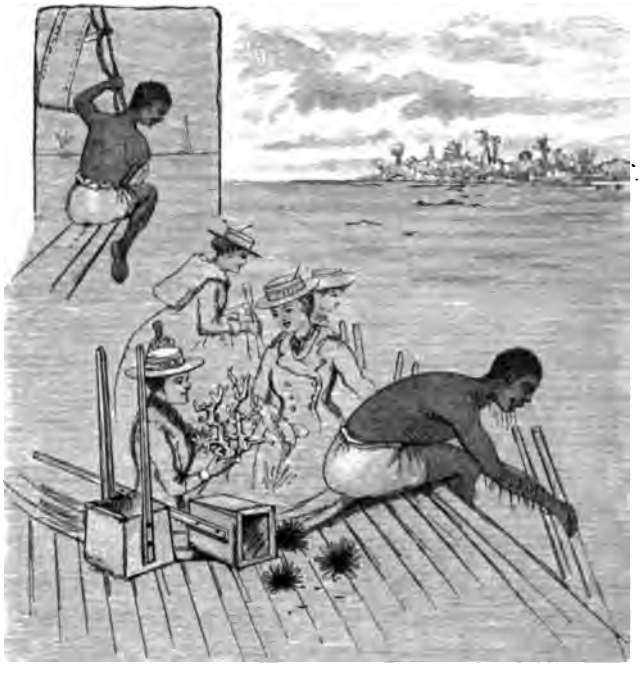
toe to something or another to keep him down until he had detached the coral from its native rock. He could not, however, succeed in bringing the coral to the surface: it was too heavy for him. A stirrup of rope was therefore made; and with the assistance of the other diver—a Spaniard—my precious treasure was placed in the boat. Besides the splendid brain-corals, there were others of every sort and description, resembling mushrooms, purple and yellow fans, stars and trees, and many other objects. Among them grew sponges, madrepores, seaweeds of the most varied forms and delicate hues, and sea-anemones of every kind and colour; while above the beautiful purple and yellow fan-corals—the latter of which I had never seen before—waved the plumes of the graceful pink and mauve sea-feathers, which, as seen through the translucent waves, looked almost more like ferns than feathers. Each coral, it must be remembered, instead of being one of those dry bleached skeletons with which we are all familiar in collections, and which, beautiful in form as they often are, sadly want colour and life, had bright little feathered tentacles, stretched out from every aperture, waving backwards and forwards in search of its tiny prey. The brightest coloured fish, looking like tropical birds and butterflies, shot about in every direction. I really did not know which to admire most among them. The humming-bird fish, all blazing in purple and gold—as of old did the Assyrian cohorts—is supposed to surpass all others in beauty; but there is a bright blue fish, like a brilliant Brazilian butterfly, which runs him very close; as does also my old friend the pale mauve and green fish, which we first saw at Stirrup Cay. The black and orange Spanish angel-fish were especially gorgeous; the little paler-yellow variety looked graceful and gay as canary-birds, as they flitted about in shoals; while the more sober but equally handsome dark-coloured blue and green fish, claimed a special share of admiration. I am not

at all sure that the velvet-fish, the skin of which really looked just like jet-black velvet of the richest pile, with three bright orange spots on each side of its face, was not one of the handsomest. Among the larger specimens were the black and white striped gropers, supposed to be the best fish for the table in the West Indies; the striped blue and white pilot-fish, the presence of which is almost always a sure sign that one or many sharks are not far off; and many others too numerous to mention: while quantities of shells, which I have not attempted to describe, were also plainly visible. If you can picture to yourself the most beautiful of corals, madrepores, echini, seaweeds, sea-anemones, sea-lilies, and other fascinating marine objects, growing and flourishing under the sea, with fish darting about among them, like the most gorgeous birds and butterflies conceivable, all in the clearest water, which does not impede the vision in the least, and resting on a bottom of the smoothest white coral sand; if you still further imagine a magnificent blue sky overhead, and a bright sun shining out of it; even then you will have but a very faint idea of the marvellous beauty of the wonders of the sea on a coral-bank in the Bahamas. I had longed for years to behold such a sight, and I found now that the spectacle not only equalled but far surpassed my most sanguine anticipations.

> And here were coral bowers,
> And grots of madrepores,
> And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
> As mossy bed whereon the wood-nymphs lie,
> With languid limbs, in summer's sultry hours.
> Here, too, were living flowers. . . .

Some writer has remarked that the spectator who is not greatly excited, exhilarated, and charmed by seeing the coral banks of the Bahamas, under favouring circumstances, must certainly be colour-blind—so to speak, 'dead in the eye'—

one of whom Shakespeare would say, 'let no such man be trusted.' If the reverse of this dictum be equally true, our little party of to-day ought to be regarded as most trustworthy; for we were all intensely interested and delighted—I may say completely fascinated—by the glorious scene. A droll little group we must have looked, sitting all in a row



along the side of the boat, and peering through the glasses which alone gave us admittance to the marvels of the magic world below. Without these aids to vision we could see comparatively little, on account of the slight motion on the top of the water, which rendered everything indistinct and hazy; whereas, with the help of our tropical *lorgnons*, all was clear and vivid.

Our occupation of gazing at the wonders of the deep was only interrupted when from time to time we paused for a moment to point out some specially attractive shell, or coral, or gorgonia, to Buddy or the Spaniard, who very rarely made a mistake, but generally jumped overboard at once and promptly secured the desired object, bringing it to the surface and putting it on board the boat with surprising celerity; though I must add that as a rule our divers looked somewhat exhausted by their exertions. It was very curious to watch their movements, and to see how agile and dexterous they were in walking about and working beneath the water. It made one long to be able to do the same thing, and, picking and choosing exactly what was thought to be most interesting, to collect them with one's own hand instead of by proxy. The description on which I have ventured may perhaps be regarded as exaggerated: but it is not so. Without having in the least wavered in my admiration of my favourite Tahiti —which I believe I shall always consider the most delightful place in the world—I cannot but own that the coral-reefs of the Bahamas appear more beautiful than those of Oceania; partly, I think, because they are seen to better advantage through the glasses, and partly because, in addition to the corals, the variety of sponges, gorgonias, echini, sea-weeds, and sea-flowers, is much greater.

I was surprised at the ignorance of the divers—who, in many respects, are above the average as regards intelligence —as to objects which they must be in the habit of seeing every day, and about which it might reasonably be supposed that they would have known a good deal. A large Nereid worm, about six or seven inches long, crawled out of one of the sponges or corals, directly it was taken out of the water on to my hand. 'Oh, Missy!' cried Sampson; 'you are lucky. I not often see the animal that makes the coral himself.' I fear that all the explanation which I attempted

to give him as to the growth of corals (derived principally from Dana's work, with which I have been refreshing my memory lately) was quite lost upon him. I told him how the coral-animal resembles in form the common China or German aster, that grows in our gardens at home, and here also; and how it has the same central disc, the same coloured petals or tentacula. Each little creature is provided with a strong tube, which contains his stomach and mouth, and fits into the orifice which he inhabits. Unable to move from his position, he goes on steadily forming a sort of calcareous deposit, and at his death leaves his own skeleton to add to the beautiful and imperishable mausoleum which his ancestors have been raising for so many thousands of years. 'The mills of the gods grind slowly' it has been said; and thus also do the coral-insects work. They increase very much like vegetables, or like other kinds of zoophytes; commencing in the form of little buds and gradually attaining maturity, when they either take the place of their parents, or drop off and find an independent home. They cannot exist in a temperature of less than 68°; and by a merciful provision of Providence the water in which they work must be full of air. Their strongest, best, and highest work is consequently always on the windward side of an island, where the waves break with the greatest force and where the water in this way becomes aerated. An opening is thus left towards the leeward side, which affords access for small boats to the protection of the lagoon. Dana divides coral-reefs into three classes. The first is what are known as 'fringing-reef corals,' generally of small area, and existing in very shallow water; the next are 'barrier-reef corals,' often of very large extent—like the great barrier-reef that runs for twelve hundred miles along the north east coast of Australia, at a distance of from ten to a hundred miles from the shore, and with a depth of water never less than sixty and often more than six hundred

feet on either side of it. The third variety usually surrounds lagoons of ocean water. Naturally circular in form, it almost without exception has an opening, as I have before said, on the leeward side. These reefs, called Atolls, are seen in special beauty in the South Pacific Ocean. Sampson would not believe this story at all. 'No, Missus, no!' he said, 'no one animal in each hole, like flower, no leave skeleton behind. No, Sampson cannot believe that! yah, yah, yah, very sorry, Missus; never heard such a thing as that!'

I am bound to confess that there was one little drawback to our full enjoyment of this delightful expedition; and that was the smell (not to use a stronger expression) emitted by the interesting objects brought up from the bottom of the deep blue sea, and from various cool grots below, when suddenly exposed to the heat of an almost tropical sun. The boat was quite full of malodorous treasure-trove; and the effect on our olfactory nerves was not agreeable; besides, it was now getting late, and we had asked Captain Rice, commanding the 'Sparrow Hawk,' and Mr. Tipping, a friend of Major Woodgate, in the 1st West Indian Regiment, to lunch with us at the Victoria Hotel, of which we had seen such glowing pictures, and read such wonderful accounts, as being the best hotel in the West Indies. Reluctantly, therefore, I gave the order to weigh the little anchor; and soon we were scudding away before the fresh fair breeze, down the harbour, a great deal faster than we had come up. The colours of the sea on the reef were very fine; varying from palest bright aquamarine or emerald green, to sapphire and cobalt blue; while above, the surf broke high on the snowy-white fringing-reef. *Les extrêmes se touchent* is a very old adage; but in no case, to my mind, does the saying apply more forcibly than with reference to the apparent resemblance of tropical seas and coral-reefs to glaciers and snows. This resemblance struck me first when we went, almost direct from the Straits of Magellan

—where are perhaps the most beautiful green and blue glaciers in the world—to the islands of the South Pacific. My first impression on beholding a coral-island was that it was like a glacier, laid on its side; the bright colours that attract the eye being almost exactly similar in every particular. Further experience has confirmed me in my conviction of this curious similitude; which was specially marked to-day, as we sped our swift course back to the 'Sunbeam.'

On our arrival on board the yacht, it was rather amusing, when we remembered all we had heard in praise of the Hotel Victoria, to be told that, finding that there was nothing to be had to eat on shore, it had been necessary to arrange for us to lunch on board. The walls of the establishment certainly exist, and doubtless contain some furniture; but nothing else, I believe. The hotel was to have been opened to-day; but the steamer which should have arrived yesterday, and which was to have brought out not only the manager, the whole staff of cooks, waiters, and the brass band, but the most important item of all—the food itself—had not yet appeared.

The Governor had been good enough to send a message in the morning to offer us his carriage, and to ask us all to dine. It was Lady Lee's reception day; and directly after lunch we all went ashore—Tom, the children, and I, to pay our respects to their excellencies and to see something of this nice-looking town of Nassau; the rest of the party to start in another direction, under charge of Mr. Tipping, to buy curiosities, and to see the lakes of Killarney, a beautiful spot in the interior of the island, which was afterwards described to me as follows:—

'We drove through the town, which has nice wide streets shaded with cork and almond trees, on our way to the lakes; and passing the barracks and officers' quarters, and through the suburbs, where we were amused to see both

grown-up men and small children flying kites, we entered a sandy road running parallel with the beach, and bordered with sea-grapes, wild allamandas, and almond trees. Further on we arrived at a scrubby patch of palmetto ferns and pine



KILLARNEY LAKE

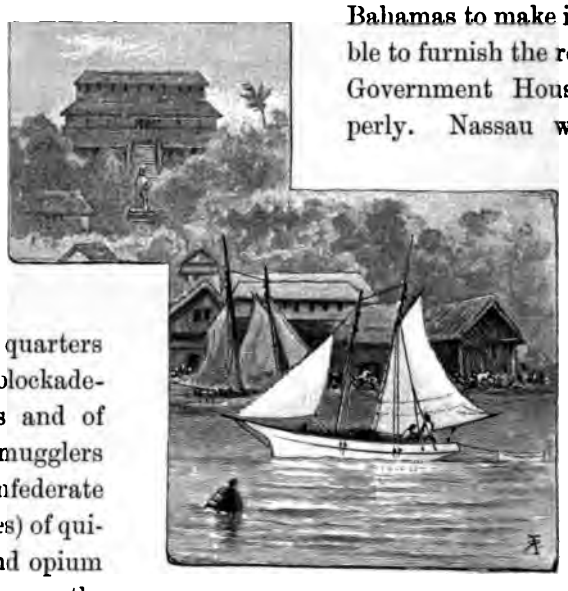
trees, of which a large number had been overthrown by the hurricane, while the survivors looked much the worse for wear. At this point began Lake Cunningham, which we skirted for some distance. Then, leaving our carriages, we scrambled up the hill on our left, over very rough ground, composed of coral-rock and loose boulders, to the highest point of the crest, whence there was a fine view of the two lakes, Cunningham and Killarney, bordered by a belt of low pine woods, and containing a few small wooded islands, frequented by sportsmen in winter for the sake of the wild-fowl shooting, which



is very plentiful. Beyond the lakes the sea was breaking in white lines of foam on the numerous coral reefs which surround Nassau. It was an extensive, and would doubtless have been a charming view in a better light, but the shades of evening were rapidly falling. We were interested to see what pains had been taken to fill every tiny crevice in the hard coral-rock with sugar-cane, maize, or pumpkins; and in spite of the unpromising condition of the soil they seemed to be doing very well. We found some very pretty stephanotis and a curious little dwarf euphorbia, almost like an arundo, full of milky juice. The descent was more tedious than the ascent had been, for the coral ledges were extremely slippery, and the boulders were ready to roll down with us at the slightest touch; while, to add to our embarrassment, we had been specially warned to be on our guard against sundry deep holes, down which, had we disappeared, it would have been for good and all in this world. However, we reached the bottom safely, and started off in our buggies through the fast-fading twilight; and as our drivers were not unwilling to show us what Bahama ponies could do, we reached Nassau in time to put in an appearance at the Governor's dinner-party with reasonable punctuality.'

We, meantime, went up to Government House, where we were most kindly received by Sir Charles and Lady Lees, and were introduced to many of the leading colonists. We made our visit as short as possible, pleasant as it was; for we were anxious to get on to see the guano-caves some distance from Nassau. The Governor insisted on lending us his carriage, driven by an intelligent negro coachman, who, in excellent English, pointed out to us the various objects of interest which we passed. Government House itself, at the top of a long street leading from the quay, is approached by a very long flight of steps, in front of which is a statue of Columbus in curious costume. The interior of the house seems to be

fairly comfortable, although it is said that since the American Civil War, which almost ruined these islands by the reckless speculation which it induced, there has never been enough money to spare in the Bahamas to make it possible to furnish the rooms of Government House properly. Nassau was the head quarters of the blockade-runners and of the smugglers (for Confederate purposes) of quinine and opium from the northern to the southern ports; and 'rebel mails' used to be periodically made up by 'Secesh' sympathisers in New York, for transmission viâ Nassau to the South. Fabulous fortunes were made and lost; and many amusing stories are still told of the events of that period of havoc and convulsion.



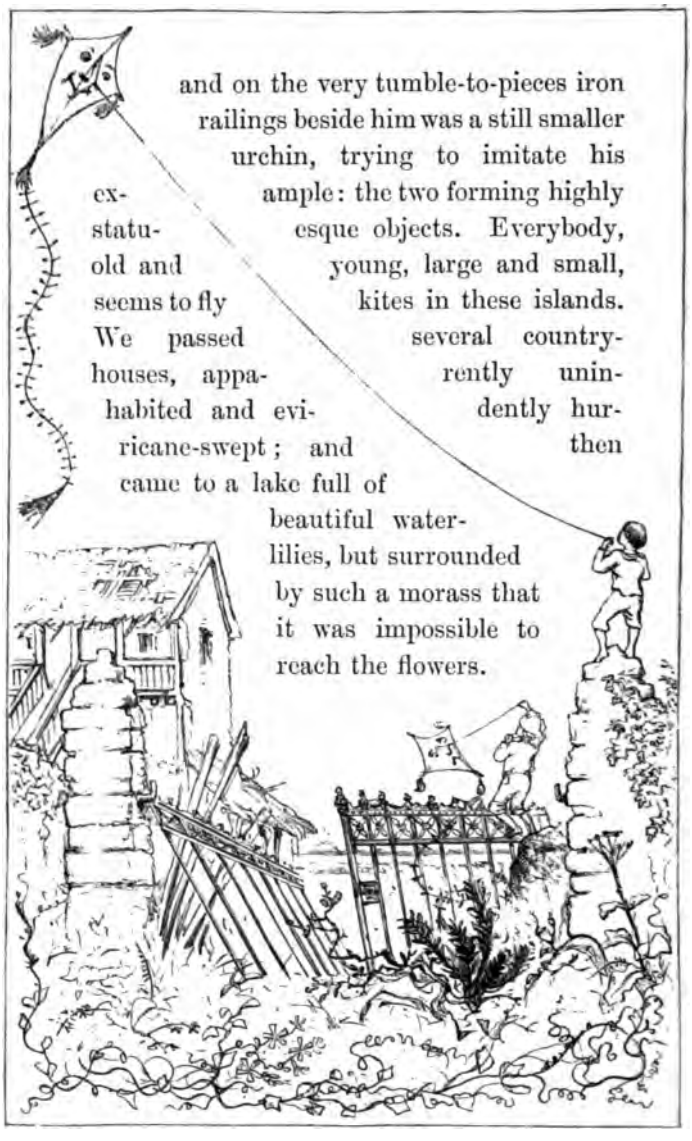
GOVERNMENT HOUSE

But I must proceed with the description of our drive, which led us through the nice clean streets of Nassau, whence we caught occasional glimpses, through the half or wholly open doors of the houses, of deliciously home-like interiors. The gardens were full of bright flowers, similar to those which we had seen in the islands we have so recently visited. We saw also a wild fig-tree, a species of banyan,

which in forty years had attained a great size, its many large branches towering up into the air with a lateral spread of about eighty feet, full of small ripe figs about the size of one's little finger. Of palms we noticed several kinds, including the cocoa-nut, the cabbage, the palmetto, and a few African varieties; while the more valuable timber-trees comprised pitch-pines, mahogany, olive, cassaway, mastic, and lignum vitæ. Among the fruits of the Bahamas the sapodilla is abundant and cheap. It is oval in shape, with yellow pulp, but the taste for it has to be acquired—and is not very easy of acquisition. Shaddocks, often two feet in circumference, grape-fruit nearly as large, oranges, limes, and lemons are plentiful, and, like the pine, which is largely cultivated, are of first-rate quality. The islands also produce custard-apples, bread-fruit, rose-apples, figs, avocado pears, pomegranates, and mulberries. Among the flowers may be mentioned the mignonette-tree, acacias, Barbadoes pride, flamboyant (a mass of splendid crimson and orange flowers), the coral tree—the flower of which exactly resembles a spray of real coral—myrtles, jasmines, tuberoses, begonias, passifloræ, oleanders, allamandas, stephanotis, aloes, and many varieties of roses. It must be understood that these beautiful trees, vegetables, and plants are not as a rule visible to the casual observer, but grow in all sorts of little sequestered holes and corners, wherever there is enough of the thin soil to support them.

The general impression produced by the aspect of the country which we drove through this afternoon, along the edge of the sea-shore, was that the vegetation consisted of grape-vines and shrubs, relieved by occasional big trees, some of which were lying on their sides, having been uprooted by the hurricane. We passed one house, looking very deserted and desolate, which our driver told us had formerly been a favourite place of resort for tea-parties, but which has

now fallen into disuse, and consequent decay. On one of the obelisk-like old gate-posts stood a small urchin flying a kite;



The road everywhere was much spoilt, and rendered very heavy by the quantity of sea-sand that had been blown over it; but our well-bred little horses went gaily on at a tremendous pace. We passed a large pine-apple plantation; and then, at the edge of a rather dense wood, our driver suddenly drew up and said, 'These are the caves.' We looked round about us, but could see nothing, except the sea on one side, and an apparently dense forest on the other. Leaving his horses to rest and browse, our charioteer showed us a little woodland path which soon led us to the entrance to the caves. Over one of them was cut in the rock, 'Prince Alfred, 1861.' From the top dropped clear cool water, and the entrance was draped with beautiful creepers and ferns. Without magnesium-wire and plenty of help, it would have been impossible to penetrate into the larger caves. In some of them deposits of guano made by bats and birds have been discovered. This valuable manure is scarcely used at all in the Bahamas; but the exports of it amount in value to some 4,000*l.* a year. Caverns, especially in strange and solitary places, have always a weird sort of fascination for me; and I could not help, in imagination, peopling the dark recesses of these savage *antres* (to the limits of which it is said that no one has yet penetrated) with buccaneers and pirates; and, in my mind's eye, could see all manner of rough picturesque figures engaged in lawless occupations, or counting up their ill-gotten doubloons and other spoils. The coachman gave us some of the long tendrils of the love-vine rolled up into coils, which he assured us would live and grow for years, if hung on a nail indoors. I fear this rule only applies to the tropics, and that the love-vine will not approve of the 'Roaring Forties,' and the English Channel in midwinter, any more than I shall. The tendrils extend from tree to tree, and hang down like long light greenish-brown tresses of hair, such as might half envelop a mermaid, rising from her cool

coral-grot in the deep blue sea, to lure the unfortunate mariner to an untimely grave.

The evening light had so far faded that we were unable to see the pine-apples very well. It is, moreover, at present not the right season of the year for them. They have nearly all been gathered; and only a few stray specimens are left behind. Remarkably good those few stray ones are, nevertheless. English hot-house pines must yield the palm to good West Indian and Bahama pines, eaten on the spot where they grow, even as they fail to approach in quality those of Brazil and the South Sea Islands. Nor is this surprising: for in the one case the juice and flavour are drawn from the hot fumes of coke and coal, and in the other direct from the glorious rays of a tropical sun, some of the beams of which it seems to me they contrive to imprison under their scaly coats, even when they happen to be picked unripe and brought over for the English market. The fruit begins to ripen in April, and to yield until July: a few occasional pine-apples being produced all the year round. It is said (and I can well believe it, judging from the few plantations which we have seen) that a pine-apple field in full fruit is a splendid sight. The bright orange fruit and scarlet leaves, in startling contrast, produce almost the appearance of a conflagration; and as the plantations are generally surrounded by mahogany, logwood, and cocoanut trees, overgrown with the pretty little love-vine and the scarlet hop, wild stephanotis, and a multitude of other flowers, the effect must indeed be glorious.

When we at last reached Government House, nothing could exceed the kindness of Sir Charles and Lady Lees, who had caused a charming room to be prepared for us to dress and rest in. Among other delicacies we were given some delicious *real* cow's milk, which can only be properly appreciated after long and enforced abstinence and the consump-

tion of all sorts of disagreeable substitutes. The rest of our party having arrived from the yacht, we all assembled in the drawing-room, where we found many pleasant people had been invited to meet us. There was the Bishop (Dr. Cramer-Roberts), a most interesting gentleman, whom we had missed the pleasure of meeting at Jamaica; the Colonial Secretary and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Taylor), the Attorney-General (who is also Speaker of the House of Assembly) and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm), Major Maltby, commanding the troops in garrison, the American Consul, Mr. McLain, and Mr. Thompson, a police magistrate, at present acting as private secretary to the Governor, whose permanent secretary has been ill, and has gone for a change to America. After dinner, Surgeon-Major Curran, Dr. Kirkwood, and Dr. Kemp arrived, together with Dr. Hudson from the yacht; the Governor having kindly asked them all to come to arrange about an ambulance meeting for to-morrow—not an easy thing to get up at such short notice, especially considering that to-morrow is mail-day, an event which, when it occurs only once or twice a month, is, I can assure you, a *very* important affair. After a great deal of trouble we settled upon an hour that seemed to suit everybody as well as any hour could; and it was decided that the meeting should be held in the Council Chamber, the Governor promising to take the chair.

We drove down to the so-called Quay, but had considerable difficulty in getting into the boat, owing to the fact that a good deal of the stone-work forming the wall had been washed away, which necessitated our clambering over big rocks and masses of ruined masonry.



CHAPTER XV.

THE BAHAMAS.

Wednesday, November 21st.

IN the course of the night the mail-steamer arrived from New York; but owing to her deep draught, and the present shallowness of the water in the harbour, she was

obliged to anchor outside, where we could just see her funnel and masts behind the rocks, near the lighthouse. The passengers were being landed in small schooners about seven o'clock this morning, just as we started for what is called the Aquarium. The steamer herself would have to go round a long way to South Western Bay to discharge her cargo.

It was a bright sunny morning, and Sampson appeared in his smartest of garments. I fear, however, that he is somewhat of a turncoat; for, whereas yesterday he was quite the *English* yachtsman in point of costume, to day he is quite the *American*: the transformation being, I suspect, due to the arrival of last night's steamer. The 'Spaniard' had gone off to meet the new-comers; but Buddy was to the fore, and promised that the services of another diver should be placed at our disposal shortly. In the meantime it was rather amusing to hear Sampson, when he saw that we were ready to start, shout to Buddy—who was buried in a little sort of covered dog-kennel right in the bows—'Now then; *all hands* on deck; make sail!' As soon as we were on board, we sped swiftly away before the favouring gale, not, however, without making a little détour, the object of which evidently was to afford Sampson the opportunity of shouting to some of his old friends on board the schooners which were landing the passengers from the steamer, and of allowing the said passengers to observe how well the 'Triton' looked in the nice fresh breeze, dexterously handled by Sampson Stamp, owner and captain, who stood in a conspicuous attitude in the bows. Very amusing it was, also, when, later on, the jib and mainsail had to be hoisted, and Tom—who could not possibly see a sail go up or down without having a finger in the pie—began to pull at the sheets with all his might and main. Being somewhat unaccustomed of late to handling light sails, the effect of this sudden display of energy was to send them up with such force that Buddy cried out, 'Thank you, Boss, that quite

enough, thank you, Boss. Evidently 'Boss' is a more important personage than 'Massa,' for Buddy calls Sampson 'Massa,' Tom 'Boss,' and seems to regard the idea of the latter pulling ropes for himself when he could get someone else to do it for him as a great joke.

We were not long in stretching across to 'the Fairy Ship,' as Sampson calls the remains of an old lime-laden schooner, which was wrecked in the fair-way and was afterwards towed across the channel to where she sank and now lies. The hull, with a few of the ribs still adhering to it, coated with coral, and with all kinds of beautiful forms of marine vegetable life growing up from it, is still distinctly visible. The lime barrels also, with all their hoops and staves, can be plainly distinguished. Doubtless the coral insects have been assisted in their labours by the calcareous deposit formed by the contents of the casks, which has incrusted all the bits of loose timber that are lying about the bottom of the sea, investing them with a snowy whiteness. Among these fragments rested, swam, darted, and generally disported themselves, fish of every conceivable hue, and of all the species I have already faintly endeavoured to describe. As a rule they were smaller than those we had seen yesterday, but they were far more numerous. I could almost fancy that the Fairy-ship had been converted into a kind of 'crèche' for rearing young fish, or into a sort of Kindergarten, where they were sent to be educated and to be out of harm's way; the recesses among the timbers of the wreck and the barrels of lime answering the double purpose of an excellent playground when lessons were over, and a series of harbours of refuge, into the nooks and crannies of which the more powerful enemies of the small fry could not penetrate to devour them. One by one we all went out in the very small leaky dinghy with Sampson and Buddy, in order to row exactly over the spot which the fish seemed specially to frequent, round one of

the masts of the sunken vessel. But although the bottom of the ocean was, one might almost say, paved with what to us appeared rare shells of great beauty and brilliant colour, besides being ornamented by numerous algæ and gorgonias and animated by the presence of many brilliant-hued fish, the scene altogether was not so enchanting as that of yesterday. There were not nearly so many varieties of corals and sponges, nor anything like the same number of gracefully shaped rocks and grottos for them to grow in and upon. Altogether the bright colours of the fish themselves were the feature of to-day that aroused our admiration, rather than the place they inhabited. The sea-bottom teemed with objects of interest; but it was not 'Calypso's bower' over again.

We next went to another old wreck known as 'the Aquarium,' where we saw exactly the same kind of fish as before, only if possible in greater numbers and variety of colour. Fishing in the Bahamas must be very amusing work from all accounts. You bait your hooks and let them down over the boat's side. Then you take one of the sponge-glasses and watch all the finny creatures disporting themselves round and about the tender morsels, till at last one bolder and more adventurous, and perhaps more greedy than the others, takes the bait, and is hauled to the surface. None of these semi-tropical fish are very good to eat: at all events they do not suit an English palate, unless dressed up and disguised in some toothsome fashion. The barracuda is a fish that varies greatly in this respect, sometimes being good to eat and of excellent flavour, and at others malignantly poisonous, producing pains in the joints, dizziness, and all sorts of unpleasant symptoms in those consuming it. Nobody seems to know exactly why there should be this difference in the character of the fish; whether it depends on the season of the year at which they are caught, the island which they frequent, the food which they feed upon, or some peculiar disease from

which they happen to be suffering. Whatever may be the cause, it is an unfortunate failing; for when the barracuda is good I believe it is one of the best fish to be met with here; although, as may be readily imagined, there is always an unpleasant amount of uncertainty and risk about the eating of it. Some persons say that only a negro can dress and cook the barracuda properly; others make it a rule to cause a negro to eat some portion of the dish first; and if it does him no harm, they enjoy the remainder in peace and comfort themselves: somewhat in the style of a Roman Emperor and his slaves in the olden time, or of a Turkish Sultan and his attendants of the present day. Several other kinds of fish produce the same effect as that caused by eating the unseasonable barracuda, although in a minor degree.

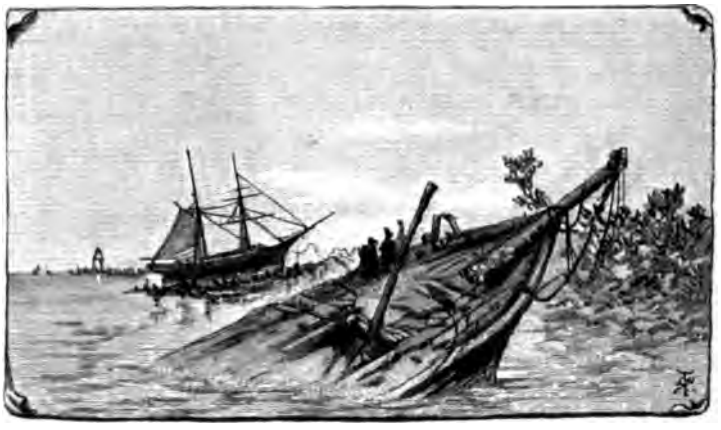
There are a great many flying-fish here, which are exactly like rather dry fresh herrings, if eaten as soon as they are caught. Real dolphins are to be seen also, and other strange inhabitants of the deep. One they call a Jew fish, regarding which Mr. Tipping told us a curious story this morning. I have also heard a similar account from other people.

> I cannot tell how the truth may be,
> I but tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

The Jew fish is a big creature rather like a halibut, weighing in some instances as much as six or seven hundredweight. At certain seasons of the year he and his friends hibernate; and the fishermen, first observing their whereabouts through the ever-useful sponge-glass, dive to the bottom, fix a hook firmly into the fish, as he lies in a state of torpor, and haul their weighty prize on board the boat. Occasionally the finny monster happens to wake up at the critical moment and the fisherman has his hand bitten off; but that is an event of very rare occurrence. The tale sounds almost too extraordinary to be true; but the more we see of the world generally,

the more we learn how far stranger than the wildest fiction the sternest facts and realities often are: so that I am not for a moment about to question the veracity of my informant.

We coasted along the coral sides of the harbour, in order to gather specimens of echini, including the large brown variety, with their long poisonous spines, and of the pure white and innocuous kind, with shorter spines but equally systematically marked shells. These marvellous 'sea eggs,' both fresh and dried, abound here. In the latter form, as in



South America, they are used as an article of food: the flavour will be found excellent, provided that the prejudice which some people entertain against them can be overcome, and I defy anyone to distinguish an omelette made from the best sort of 'sea eggs,' cool and fresh from the sea—with the tiniest suspicion of onion (or shall we say garlic?) and the slightest flavour of ham—from one made from hen's eggs, taken new-laid and warm from the nest. Then we went on to the mouth of the harbour, to see the sponge-bank, from which some of the finest specimens of sponge are procured,

and the bed where the best conch-shells are found, at some distance below the surface of the water. The shells look very beautiful at the bottom; but the sea was rather too rough to make it possible to send down to such a depth for them to-day.

On our way back to the town, we saw in the distance Lord Dunmore's country-house; a picturesque place in the midst of fine plantations. The nobleman in question, who held office very nearly a hundred years ago, is said to have been one of the best governors that these islands ever had. Oddly enough, we crossed from Holyhead to Kingstown with the present Lord Dunmore in April last; his lordship being on his way to catch a steamer at Queenstown, in order to cross the Atlantic to shoot big game, and to 'run a cattle-ranch' in some wild region of the Great West; while we were on our way to Dublin. Little did I then think that I should so soon see the seat of his ancestor's government, in this far-away colony. Not far from another country villa, known as 'Thompson's Folly,' is a very large tree which everybody who visits these islands is taken to see, and which is described to them as 'a banyan-tree, from the East Indies.' It is not really the *Ficus indica*, though it resembles that tree, except as regards the striking downwards and re-rooting of the branches. It bears an almost equally close resemblance, on an exaggerated scale, to the wild fig-trees that grow all over the island of Providence, and produces the same small fruit that they do.

It was under one of these trees, somewhere on the spot now occupied by the parade-ground, that, about a hundred-and-eighty years ago, Black Beard, the noted pirate, whose real name was John Teach, used to hold his so-called court-of-justice, hanging his prisoners from the branches above, and roasting them with slow fires placed below; he, meanwhile, being engaged in drunken orgies, or occupied in burying his

ill-gotten treasures among or near the roots of the tree. Many writers have at various times described these scenes; but nearly all differ in opinion as to where they took place: whether under the so-called banyan-tree, or beneath the great silk-cotton tree, the roots of which have a similar habit of growth and development above ground, forming many nooks and corners. These surround a grand central trunk, and in any one of them a man might live or a horse might be stabled. It can scarcely be considered a matter of very great importance which tree was patronised by Black Beard; especially as the two in question stood within a hundred yards of each other.

Among other interesting objects which attracted our attention while we were cruising about the harbour were two complete armies of crabs, one consisting of land-crabs, each member of which is independently and perfectly constituted, the other of hermit-crabs, who have to steal the shells of other fish in order to secure the shelter which they need. The land-crab is much appreciated here, though not nearly such a toothsome morsel as in Jamaica, where, if properly cooked, it is regarded—especially by natives—as the greatest delicacy in the world. Soup carefully made from the land-crab is said to equal the best '*bisque*,' as prepared at the now extinct Restaurant Philippe in Paris.

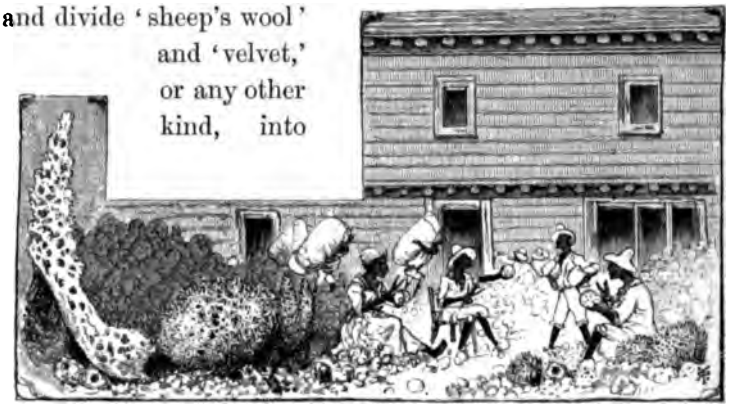
The pangs of hunger—or rather a feeling of faintness—about this time reminded us that it would be desirable to join the rest of the party on board the yacht at breakfast; after which the company dispersed in various directions, while Tom and I remained behind to make the necessary preparations for our start this afternoon. In this occupation we were occasionally interrupted by sundry sable dealers in curiosities, who were constantly finding their way on board, bringing all sorts of shells, corals, gorgonias, sea-beans or bay-beans, and other marine curiosities. The 'bay-bean' is a curious production of nature, and is, it is said, the fruit of

a plant that grows at the bottom of the sea. To me it looks much more like an ordinary nut or bean, grown on some distant shore, and afterwards well washed and worn by the action of the waves. It is about the size of an average great-coat button, of a brown colour, with a curious ring round it; and when polished it somewhat resembles an onyx in appearance. Its origin is almost as mysterious as was that of the well-known *coco-de-mer* before the discovery of the Seychelle Islands, when the Lodoicea palm on which it grows was still unknown. These large woody nuts were found floating on the sea, or were cast up on the shores of islands, but no one knew in the least whence they came or what they were, and all sorts of occult properties and medical virtues were attributed to them.[1]

We went ashore at twelve to meet the Governor, who had promised to take us to see Messrs. Sawyer's sponge-yard, which is justly considered to be one of the most interesting objects of the place, and which is among the most extensive in the Bahamas. Mr. Sawyer himself is a prominent local personage, and was one of the members of the Bahamas Commission for the Fisheries Exhibition in London. One's first inclination on entering the yard was to paraphrase the exclamation of the celebrated parrot and to remark, 'Oh my, what a lot of sponges!' There were sponges everywhere; 'sponges in front of us; sponges to right of us, sponges to left of us'; sponges enough, of every variety, quality, size, and shape, to please the fancy and meet the washing requirements of the whole world; all lying piled up in great heaps about the wharf. There were warehouses full of sponges that were still unsorted, and great bins full of

[1] My friend, Miss Marianne North, whose beautiful collection of drawings we have admired at Kew, tells me that she has recently seen and made studies of these palms on the islands of Praslin and Curieuse, belonging to the Seychelles group.

those that were sorted. Many men—mostly negroes—were busily occupied in clipping, cutting, and separating the different varieties. Some men have a speciality for the last-named branch of the occupation, and divide 'sheep's wool' and 'velvet,' or any other kind, into



MESSRS. SAWYER'S SPONGE-YARD

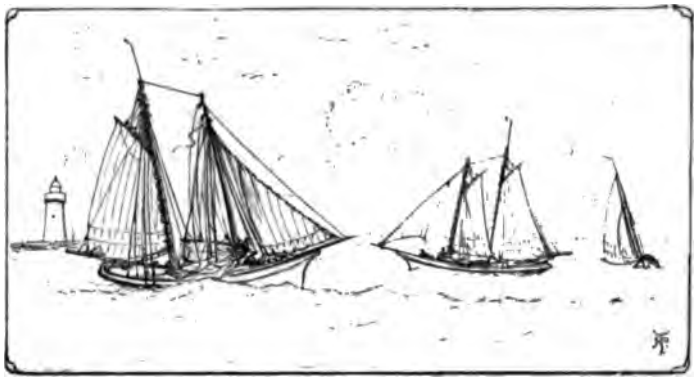
qualities first, second, or third with the greatest possible dexterity, clipping out the bad parts, throwing the sponges into the various baskets, and diminishing the large pile from which they are sorting in a marvellously short space of time. The Bahama sponges, which, for the purposes of commerce, are divided into eight sorts, though excellent in quality, are not so good as those of the Mediterranean; but, I believe, a scheme has now been devised for taking cuttings of the best species of Mediterranean sponges, transplanting them to these waters, and grafting them on to the existing roots. The experiment has, however, not been very extensively tried at present. Formerly the best sponges were found off the islands of Abaco and Andros—especially the former—but within the last two years a very fine bed of 'sheep's wool' sponges has been discovered near the island of Eleuthera, though they lie in such deep water that they cannot be got at without dredging. It unfortunately happens that a few years ago the American

fishermen were supposed to interfere with our trade and to seriously injure the young sponges by dredging over the Bahama banks. A law was consequently passed that no dredging should be allowed in these waters under any circumstances whatever; so that now the colonists are sorely perplexed as to how to get at the beautiful sponges which they have discovered, it being impossible for a diver to procure them from a depth of between sixty and seventy fathoms.

The value of the sponges exported in 1882 and 1883 was 60,000*l*. The American consul at Nassau, in a recent official report, states that 'the sponge trade gives employment to several thousands of persons and some hundreds of vessels, the sponges being divided into coarse and fine, of which the former brings about 5 dollars per cwt., and the latter double that sum. The principal varieties, in the order of their value, are known as sheep-wool, white reef, abaco velvet, dark reef, boat, hardhead, grass, yellow, and glove; and of some of these varieties there are several grades designated by numbers, all being used for mechanical, surgical, and bathing purposes.

'The boats employed in sponging are small, with crews of from six to twelve men. About six weeks' provisions are taken on board, and the vessels then coast along the banks and reefs, where the water is shallow and generally so clear that the sponges are readily seen. They are brought to the surface by hooked poles, or sometimes by diving. When first drawn from the water they are covered with a soft gelatinous substance as black as tar and full of organic life: the sponge, as we know, being only the skeleton of the organism. The day's catch is spread out on the deck, so as to kill the mass of animal life, which in expiring emits a most unpleasant odour. Then the spongers go ashore and build a pen, or "crawl," of stakes, close to the water's edge, so that the action of the tide may wash away the black covering; the process being aided by pounding the sponges with sticks. As soon

as this operation is completed, the sponges are strung upon small palmetto strips, three or four to a strip, which is called a "bead"; after which they are taken to Nassau to be sold in the sponge market, under certain conditions and regulations: nobody being allowed to sell his cargo otherwise than through this sponge-exchange. On the conclusion of the sale the sponges are taken to the packing-yard, where they are sorted, clipped, soaked in tubs of lime-water, and spread out to dry in the sun. They are then pressed by machinery into bales,



SPONGE SCHOONERS

containing 100 lbs. each, and in this state are shipped to England or the United States, the latter of which countries has become of late years almost the largest consumer of Bahama sponges.'

As we were leaving the yard we saw several fine logs of mahogany being brought in, together with some curious fragments that looked like firewood. Mr. Sawyer told us that this was green ebony, and that it had been much used of late years to furnish a peculiarly dingy green dye for the æsthetic tints required for ladies' dresses, as well as for furniture of the Queen Anne style. 'I suppose now,' he said, 'the

European fashions have altered, for there is no longer any call for the dye; therefore, as the wood is very valuable, I am going to stow it away till the taste for colours changes again, which it is sure to do in a few years' time.' It struck me as curious that the wave of frivolous fashion should have rolled so far across the ocean as to cause a little-known tree to be dragged forth from the obscurity of an almost primæval forest, in the remote island of Andros, in order to gratify the taste of a few somewhat eccentric persons. It is also remarkable that this particular hue should have been sought for and discovered here, where, as in every other place in or near the tropics—and specially in the West Indies—all the colours of nature are bright and beautiful, not dirty and dingy. Any more deplorable contrast of colour cannot be conceived than that which would be produced by the appearance of a 'greenery yallery, Grosvenor Gallery' sort of young man in the midst of the glorious verdure of a virgin forest, or of a limp and æsthetic young damsel, clad in washed-out blues, faded pinks, and muddy yellows—guiltless alike of crinoline, cuffs, and collars—amid the grand gorgeousness of a tropical garden. In these latitudes every shade of red and yellow is visible in abundance, varied by rich browns and chocolates: a perfect gamut of harmonious tints, ranging from the delicate inflection of the highest *alto* or *soprano* to the deep grandeur of *basso profondo*. Another circumstance that impressed me was the immense number of leguminous trees (trees bearing large pods like an exaggerated pea-pod) to be seen everywhere. The *flamboyant*, with its crimson and bright yellow flowers and enormous pods, which I have already described, is very abundant here; as is also the 'singing' tree, which we first saw in Jamaica. The peculiarity of the latter, from which the tree derives its name, was, however, now much more readily observable; for the season for pretty fluffy flowers is quite over, and the pods

are much riper than those which we had previously seen; so that they made, when stirred by the wind, a delicious soft cooing sort of noise, easily audible when all else was still. I think the masculine cynic, who tried his best to be ill-natured, and called the 'singing-tree' 'woman's tongue, because it was always chattering,' paid us ladies rather a pretty but unintentional compliment. I only wish all tongues were half so sweet and soft, and made so little mischief.

I was pleased yesterday during our drive, and to-day in some of the gardens, to see that our little lizard friend of Gordon Town was largely represented. These diminutive creatures might be seen running about all over the place, with their pretty bright-green bodies, ever-changing brown-tinted tails, and bright-orange pouches. I was lucky enough to find some one who could tell me all about them, and from whom I learnt that they are a species of iguana, of which the pouch is a distinguishing feature. They are easily tamed, and are apparently very sensible to the influence of music. If you sit quite quiet in a garden where they abound, numbers of them will come tolerably near and will lie with their heads on one side, listening attentively, so long as you go on softly whistling to them; scuttling away as fast as possible directly the sounds which charm them cease.

> 'Then, often as he watched, or seemed to watch,
> So still the golden lizard on him paused.'

Some of the species of iguana grow to a large size, attaining a length of three, four, and even five feet, and are considered a great delicacy as an article of food. The larger species are equally fond of being whistled to. The natives take advantage of this weakness to fascinate them, and when they are under the influence of the spell slip a noose made of a piece of string over their heads, secure them, and carry them home in triumph to be killed and roasted before a slow

fire. On the adjacent mainland and on the larger Bahama Islands the edible lizards are even bigger, and are much more plentiful. In Providence there are a few peccaries—a kind of wild boar—agoutis, and plenty of racoons, which are almost as much sought after as the iguanas as an article of food.

From the sponge-wharf we proceeded to the establishment of Messrs. Johnson, to see the process of preparing pine-apples for exportation. The price paid by the export-merchants for the fruit is a shilling a dozen, delivered on the wharf, or 1*s.* 6*d.* for the finest selected pines suitable for the English market. These last are preserved whole in syrup, in extra large tins. We tasted some that had only been cooked and 'tinned' yesterday, and could really hardly distinguish their flavour from that of fresh fruit. The manufactory is not in full working order just now, the months of May, June, and July being the period of high pressure; but there are always a few stray pine-apples coming in from the fields, that are utilised as they are purchased. The tinned guavas were equally good. I had never tasted them preserved whole before. The process of 'tinning' the fruit is very simple. The 'apples,' as they always call the pines here, are first stripped of all their leaves; then they are swiftly peeled; stalk and eyes are dexterously removed; and the best fruit are thrown whole into coppers full of hot syrup, where they are boiled ten times. They are then put singly into tins, which are afterwards hermetically sealed. Those of the second quality are cut into slices, and treated in the same manner. The third quality is cut into squares, the fourth is merely scraped; but all are cooked in syrup and are packed in tins decorated with attractive pictures. Tomatoes are preserved somewhat in the same manner, minus the syrup.

Messrs. Johnson are not allowed by the Customs regulations to sell their goods at the works, on account of the im-

possibility, in the case of small quantities, of proportioning the exact value of the sugar, tins, and fruit respectively; some of which articles pay duty here, while others do not. The difficulty was, however, got over in an easy, generous, and graceful manner by Mr. Johnson, who presented us with a box of his choicest assorted preserves, in order that we might taste them fresh, on the spot, before they had undergone the vicissitudes of a sea voyage.

The pine-apple is supposed to have been introduced into the Bahamas about a hundred years ago; but it was not until 1842 that it became an article of export: a cargo being shipped in that year to the United States. The scarlet or Cuban pine, which was brought from Cuba in 1850, is now the most important variety, and is in the greatest demand in America; whereas the sweeter and more juicy 'sugar-loaf' is preferred in England. The ordinary soil of the Bahamas is scarcely suited to the cultivation of the pine-apple; but in various parts of the islands there are large tracts of wonderfully fertile red earth, said by geologists to be composed of decayed vegetable life, and the remains of coral insects and shell-fish. These tracts of land are well adapted to the production of the fruit, the cultivation and shipment of which now form the most important industry of the islands. The nearer the land is to the coast the greater is its value; the facilities for shipping the fruit on board some of the small schooners which visit the various coast plantations during the harvest season being of course greater in proportion to the proximity of the plantations to the sea.

There is only one annual pine-apple crop, though there are generally a few 'apples' to be purchased at any period of the year. The cuttings from the scarlet pines take place between April and July; while the sugar-loaf pine is in the greatest perfection during July and August. Directly the fruit is ready to be cut, no time must be lost in gathering it and sending it

to market. The pine-shipping season is consequently a period of great activity in the Bahamas. The pine-apples intended for shipment must be cut as soon as they are full of juice, but while they are still green; or they would be spoilt by the voyage. From seventy-five to one hundred cargoes of fruit are shipped from April to July; and as an average cargo consists of at least 40,000 pine-apples, the total number exported during the season amounts to between four and five millions. The schooners which carry the fruit hail chiefly from New England and Baltimore, and they make the run to the United States in from four to eight days, according to the port for which they are bound.

Mr. McLain, the United States Consul at Nassau, states that the business is extremely hazardous. 'If everything is favourable,' he says, 'good profits are realised; but a few untoward circumstances will bring utter ruin. There may be too much rain or a drought; at times armies of rats and land-crabs invade and devour whole fields in a night or two; bush-fires not infrequently devastate a plantation; prices may rule low. If none of these things occur, and the fruit is put on shipboard in good order, the gauntlet of an ocean voyage has yet to be run, and adverse winds and stormy weather mean destruction by decay of the whole cargo, whilst the average of loss on the speediest trip is seldom below thirty-three per cent. Again, the ship may be borne on her course by prosperous breezes, and may arrive in port with her cargo in fine condition, only, alas! to find other vessels just ahead of her, the market glutted, and her perishable fruit saleable only for what it will fetch. Only a small portion of the fruit is shipped from Nassau, vessels preferring to clear direct from the out-islands, where most of the fruit is grown, in order to save time and hurry the crop to market. As the voyage to England is a long one, the pine-apple plant is cut off at the root, and plant and fruit are shipped unseparated.

This is an expensive proceeding, but the prices realised in England justify it; indeed, in no other way could the fruit be taken thither. The fruit remaining on the plant can be kept a long time.'

All this, of course, refers to the exportation of the fresh uncooked fruit, the 'tinning' process, as carried on at the yard we visited to-day, being another branch of the industry. During the season, as many as 25,000 pine-apples are cooked and sealed up in tins every day in Mr. Johnson's factory alone,



SILK-COTTON-TREE

the total number of cans prepared in the course of the year varying from 200,000 to 250,000. There are also two other factories upon an out-island, at which about half the above quantity of tins are prepared each year. The bulk of both fresh and preserved fruit goes to the United States: the long voyage to England and other parts of the world throwing con-

siderable difficulties in the way of successful exportation to those countries.

From the pine-apple yard we went to the library, once the jail, where captured pirates and buccaneers were formerly confined, and where they doubtless suffered countless miseries. It is a curious octagonal building, with eight little recesses jutting out of the central hall—so to speak—which, from its peculiar shape, is admirably well adapted for a general reading-room. Originally the cells of criminals, these recesses, with their large windows overlooking the green parade-ground, now form a series of charming retreats for the bookworm. In the grounds outside the library are the huge silk-cotton-tree and the remains of the old banyan-tree already described as the scene of many of Black Beard's orgies and cruelties; so that there is plenty of material on which the imagination of the student may run riot should he get tired of his books: and the murmur of innumerable bees, the hum of other insects, and the gentle chirpings of the birds among the branches of the giant tree, are conducive to dreaming, rather than to studying, during the intense heat of the day.

The library at Nassau contains what appears to be a very good selection of about 7,000 volumes, to which Tom and I promised to add our small contribution. Also a very abundant supply of English and American newspapers, some of which—of very recent date—arrived by the steamer last night. The latter journals were only three days old, and contained all the latest telegraphic news, while the English papers were twelve days old. In one corner of the room is the nucleus of a small museum, containing; among other interesting things, some flint instruments and a curious little stone-god from Turk's Island, which I coveted greatly. I am told that at San Salvador the remains of an Indian temple may still be seen; and that curious implements and idols are occasionally found there. Old gold doubloons

and other coins, too, are frequently discovered among the islands, having either been cast up from the wrecks of treasure-ships or buried by pirates. Rather more than twenty years ago a poor woman found a number of bright gold Spanish coins, at least 200 years old, concealed under a rock in the island of Abaco. She sent them to the Governor as 'treasure-trove;' but he, as a reward for her honesty, made her a present of their value in real English sovereigns.

On leaving the library we made a close examination of the splendid old silk-cotton-tree, surrounded by its fine natural buttresses. How glorious such trees must be in Abyssinia and in the South of Africa, where they rear their giant stems to a height of 100 and 150 feet, without a single break! Not only do the birds of the air make their nests, but many creeping things and smaller animals also find rest and shelter therein. All sorts of plants flourish in and upon their branches; while the beasts of the field and of the desert find their habitations among the mighty roots. Beneath the giant tree we separated: Tom and the Governor going to visit the gaol, while we went to Mrs. Owens, to see some specimens of the well-known Bahama shell-work. The shells of which it is composed are exquisitely beautiful when closely examined; and the taste and dexterity displayed in arranging them are worthy of much praise. I could not, however, think the effect when completed really good; for it



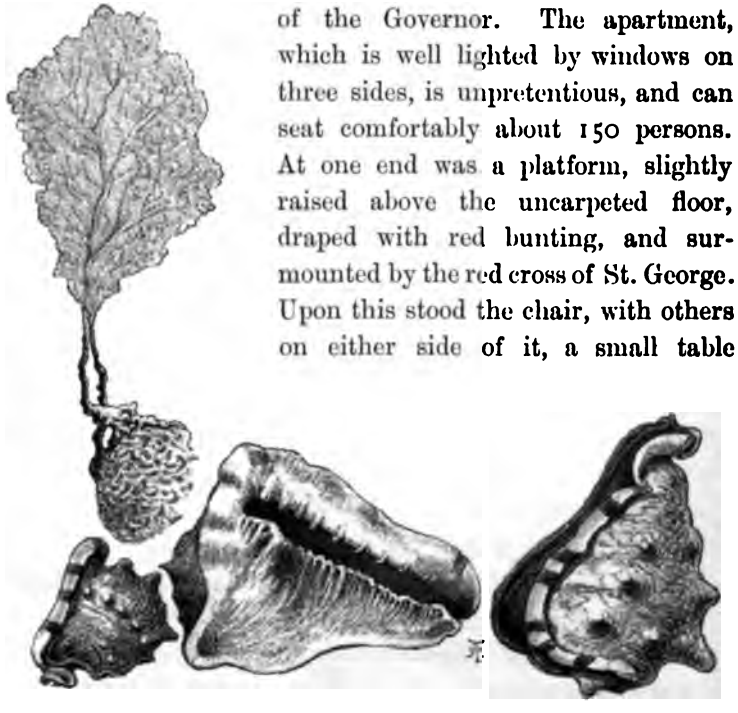
INDIAN IDOLS

reminded me somewhat painfully of similar works of 'art' produced at Ramsgate and Margate. At a jewellery establishment in Bay Street we saw some beautiful pink and other delicately coloured pearls, which are found, as already mentioned, in the flesh of the common conch, and are set much store by, especially in Paris. Personally, I am of opinion that the value of the pink shells is greatly overrated, and that it is their rarity, not their beauty, that causes them to realise such high prices. The dealers do not care to sell them here. They absolutely refused to part with any of the best specimens, making a great favour of letting me have a few more curious, if less valuable, pearls, on the sale of which they must have made a considerable profit. One very perfect pearl, of an exquisite colour, showing all the water-marks, and of that curious flattened spheroidal shape which all the best pearls here assume—something between the form of a pear and that of an egg—was valued at 160*l*. I thought it looked like a bit of fine coral, and should have been sorry to have given the price asked for it, or, indeed, for any of the more expensive or perfect specimens. Ambergris, which I have already referred to, was also for sale here at the price of one guinea per ounce. Queer brownish-black, oily-looking stuff it is, very light to the touch, and very unpleasant to the smell.

While we were in the shop two negroes entered, and, in transatlantic parlance, 'loafed around,' peeping at all the cases, but asking for nothing. First the assistant and then the owner of the shop politely requested them to depart, which they declined to do, remarking that they 'liked looking about.' They continued to gratify their curiosity for some time, and then strolled casually out. The proprietor told us that this was not at all an unusual incident, and that his unwelcome visitors occasionally not only looked round, but picked up any little 'unconsidered trifle' that might be lying about, and walked off with it.

The black population of Nassau predominates in numbers considerably over the white; and, as a rule, we have been struck with their excellent manners, and the good English they speak—very different from the curious and almost incomprehensible jargon used in Trinidad and Jamaica. They seem to be scrupulously clean, both in their persons and their dwellings, and their dress in the streets is always neat and picturesque.

It now being more than half-past one, and our Ambulance meeting having been fixed for two, it was high time to hurry up to the Governor's residence to get a hasty lunch, or rather 'snack,' for there was no time for more, notwithstanding all the kind preparations that had been made to entertain us. Then we all went off to the Council Chamber, where the meeting was to be held, under the presidency of the Governor. The apartment, which is well lighted by windows on three sides, is unpretentious, and can seat comfortably about 150 persons. At one end was a platform, slightly raised above the uncarpeted floor, draped with red bunting, and surmounted by the red cross of St. George. Upon this stood the chair, with others on either side of it, a small table



covered with red cloth, and a semi-circle of seats facing the audience. The room was fairly filled by the most important people in the island, and by many plantation-owners from other islands, who happened to be in Nassau. It was extremely gratifying, considering the shortness of the notice that had been given, to see that the Bishop, the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and many members of the Council were all present; and it was specially satisfactory to observe that every doctor in the place had put in an appearance; for on the countenance and support of the medical profession the success of the Ambulance movement must depend to a great extent. Many clergymen of all denominations, and most of the principal gentry in the place, both white and coloured—the latter largely predominating—were also present. The mode of procedure at the meeting not having been arranged beforehand, not so many speeches were made as might have been expected, which I regretted, both on account of the good influence they might have had, and also because I should have liked to have heard some of the prominent speakers in the House of Assembly. Those who did address the meeting spoke so clearly and so well, that I much regretted that they were not more numerous. The great point was, however, gained. Everybody seemed interested in the object of the meeting, and it appeared likely that they would be roused to do something to help in the future, now that the subject was fairly brought to their notice.

A resolution, proposed by the Governor and seconded by the Colonial Secretary, was unanimously carried, to the effect that a centre should be at once established, and that a preliminary committee should be formed, of which the Governor consented to be president, and various influential persons promised to become members. Everyone seemed pleased with the address of Dr. Hudson, who explained the Ambulance scheme in an interesting manner. The Governor, in the

course of his remarks, alluded to several curious coincidences, which he jokingly attributed to the influence of some sort of electric current. It seems that for the last few years the 'Voyage in the Sunbeam' has been known in these islands; many households possess a copy of the book, and a considerable number of the inhabitants have read it. It might reasonably be supposed, therefore, that the work by this time would have lost any special interest which it may have possessed, and that, sharing the fate of many other books of the kind, it has been more or less forgotten. From some inexplicable cause, however (for our arrival here was quite unexpected), during the last few weeks the demand for the book has revived in a marked manner. There has been a fresh 'run' upon the copy in the public library, besides which the Bishop and two other people have lent their copies to friends who had never seen it before, and who had now no idea that we were in the West Indies, nor that we were likely to visit the Bahamas. The Governor added that he met two young ladies yesterday, making off to the shore to see the 'large steam yacht that had just come in,' as they had been reading about the 'Sunbeam,' and thought perhaps it might be something like her. When told that it was really and actually *the* 'Sunbeam' herself, they could scarcely believe their ears, and thought that the Governor was making fun of them; especially when he added, that I had asked him to invite any of his friends who might wish to do so to come on board, in order that they might have the opportunity of a closer inspection of the vessel. Two letters he had received from the parents of children, asking leave for their little ones to pay us a visit, on the ground that they had just read the book, and were wild with excitement to see the yacht. Further, the very morning before we entered the port, the 'Nassau Guardian' contained a description of the things which I had sent to the London Fisheries Exhibition, and announced the award of a gold

medal and diploma for the same. It certainly was a strange combination of circumstances, which might, were one mesmerically inclined, well be attributed to a magnetic or electric influence of some sort.

Another curious thing happened. I was addressing the meeting and speaking of the absolute necessity of rendering very *speedy* aid in the case of injury to an artery, and the great advantage of that aid being not only speedy but skilled, when I saw a boy rush into the room, looking very much flurried, and address some hurried words to Dr. Kemp, who rose and departed at once. The Doctor told me afterwards, when he came on board the yacht, that he had been called to see a poor boy who had fallen through a window, and had severed his radial artery near the wrist. When the doctor arrived the child had nearly bled to death, owing to the fact that not one of the bystanders had the slightest idea how to check the rush of those bright red jets that were gradually draining the life-blood from his heart.

After the meeting was over, and we had been introduced to some of the principal people present, we went with the Governor and Lady Lees to inspect the Victoria Hotel, which is really a very fine edifice, built so as exactly to suit the exigencies of the climate, with lofty rooms, nicely furnished, a wide balcony running all round it, and a little terrace on the top, commanding a wonderful view over the city of Nassau and the adjacent country and islands, including Fincastle Fort, erected by Lord Dunmore in 1789, which, by a very slight stretch of the imagination, might be found to resemble a paddle-wheel steamer. The hotel is, I believe, excellently well conducted by a civil and obliging manager—one Mr. Morton—of whom all travellers speak highly. The garden contains some splendid cotton-trees and some pretty 'lily-trees,' as they call them here; although I should describe them as a sort of datura or brugmansia. From the

hotel we went to see the corals and sponges which we had collected yesterday, and which by now were tolerably clean and really looked quite lovely. I felt very proud of my grand specimen of convoluted 'brain-coral,' and of a smaller piece of the purest white coral, with a beautiful spray of mauve-coloured sea-fan attached. They are to be packed and sent to England direct from here; for they are too bulky to take on the yacht, which is already pretty well filled with stores and provisions, to say nothing of our friends' and our own luggage. There were some fine scarlet and pink flamingo-wings hanging up in the yard, which had come from the Island of Andros, one of the largest of the Archipelago, where I am told that it is a standing marvel to see these birds in vast flocks, making the whole horizon pink as they rise and wheel in the air, just as we had seen them at Lake Menzaleh, in Egypt, last winter. Andros is a large and fertile island, containing much good, but at present uncultivated, land. Capital wild-fowl shooting is to be had there; besides which game and turtles abound.

On our way to the boat we went to see what they call a 'turtle-kraal,' consisting of a large tank, in which were a number of turtle, flapping and swimming and slopping about. These creatures abound in the Bahamas; but, I suppose, are not always to be caught at the moment when they are wanted —when an unexpected guest arrives at the dinner-table, for instance—which is doubtless the reason why this mode of keeping them is adopted. We next visited the hospital, a fine building, to make the arrangements for one of our men, named Baulf, who has been ill, to remain there until he can get a ship to take him home. We are all sorry to lose him, for he is a first-rate seaman, and a general favourite with all on board. As a matter of fact, however, I believe he had to leave the Royal Navy on account of his unfitness for hard work; and perhaps he ought never to have shipped with us at all,

although he could scarcely have had lighter work at sea than on board the 'Sunbeam.' Having a large family, however, I suppose he wanted to do what he could to earn his living. It is a great pity, both for the sake of the men themselves, as well as for that of owners and captains, that a medical examination, previous to signing articles for a long voyage, should not be made compulsory.

To-day and yesterday have been busy days for everybody on board; all hands having been hard at work stowing our beautiful 'white wings,' shifting our light sails, and substituting the old booms and storm-stained, weather-beaten canvas, which has braved many a tempest and many a gale, and making prudent preparation for our voyage across the Atlantic. The 'Sunbeam' has now been in commission for three years, instead of for one only, as was originally intended when she was fitted out. Her ropes, sails, and gear of all kinds are therefore becoming somewhat chafed and worn; though I hope they will carry us home safely this time. There is also something wrong with the rudder, and it is thought that the rudder-head has too much play. Relieving tackle has accordingly been fitted in readiness for an emergency; though of course the yacht could not be handled so well with that as with the ordinary wheel. It is to be hoped therefore that we shall not encounter any bad weather till we reach Bermuda, where she can be docked if necessary.

About half-past three our guests began to put in an appearance, and continued to arrive in a continuous stream for more than an hour. Sir Charles and Lady Lees were most kind, standing near the gangway and introducing the visitors to me, as they came on board. Many of them brought me fragrant flowers and lovely shells, some of which were of kinds which I had never seen before. The Bishop presented me with a specimen of the curious 'lily-flower,' that only blooms once in two or three years, and emits a most delicious odour.

It is of a bright yellow colour, something like a datura, tied-in half way up, with a campanula-like bell-shaped lip. Mrs. Wilshere, the wife of the Baptist missionary here (who cruises for many months in every year in his tiny cutter - yacht among the Islands) sent me a most charming little basket, made of the interior fibres of a palm, containing some rare curiosities, together with a letter, in which she explained that they had been brought from some of the out-islands in her husband's boat, the 'A. H. Baynes,' which has accomplished ten thousand miles of travel in these waters during the present year.



In the course of conversation a question arose as to what was the exact number of the islands comprising the Bahama group. It was strange to find that no one on board had a very clear idea on the subject, and that some of the wildest guesses, ranging between 300 and 3,000, were made. Including cays and rocks, the latter number is perhaps nearer the mark. The outer line of the West India Islands are, as we know, distributed in the form of an arc, stretching from a point near the coast of Florida, in a south-easterly direction,

to the mouth of the Orinoco, nearly 2,000 miles distant. The north-westerly portion of this chain is composed of the Bahama Archipelago, which, according to the best authorities, consist of thirty-nine islands—only twenty of which are inhabited—681 cays, and 2,387 rocks!

Our guests appeared to be greatly interested in the yacht, and in examining the various cabins, although I am afraid that they found the passages below rather too narrow for the free circulation of so many people at once. They were so anxious to see everything, however, that they did not seem to mind the delay, and they were so appreciative that it was quite a pleasure to show them round, notwithstanding the somewhat close atmosphere, which made ices, tea, and 'cups' on deck very acceptable after the tour of inspection was over.

In the middle of it all poor Baulf had to go on shore to the hospital, as arranged. He did not like leaving his shipmates, and yet was almost equally reluctant to stay on board, knowing that he would be unable to perform his share of the work, and that others must do it for him. There was accordingly no alternative but to leave him behind.

We had arranged to sail at six o'clock, and shortly before that time the last of our guests had departed.

From Sir Charles, Lady and Miss Lees, as well as from many others, we parted with regret; for although our acquaintance had been so short, literally only of yesterday, we felt that we had already made several real friends. Directly everybody was gone, preparations for our voyage were continued. Quarter-boards were shipped once more; all the loose spars were taken down from the top of the deck-house, and other things that were in the way were stowed either below or on deck: boats were secured in-board, and every precaution was taken against the worst weather that we could expect to encounter; although what we really anticipated was a quick

smooth passage, with a fair wind. Sampson was immensely interested in and amused by all our preparations, and as a last warning remarked, 'Mind boys, for Nassau light, no mistake Hole-in-the-Wall light, like other captain did. Sampson understands how that was done. Ship go out one night; never come back. Plenty of boots on shore on Berry Island that night.' Very probably the ship to which he referred was heavily insured, and was run ashore on purpose; and everybody knew it—including Sampson, who no doubt picked up some of the floating boots and shoes, much to his own and his family's satisfaction.

I don't think that anything struck us so much during our very brief stay here as the well-to-do look of the people and of the place, as compared with the appearance of Jamaica and Trinidad and their inhabitants. I suppose the explanation is to be found in the fact that a comparatively temperate climate suits the Anglo-Saxon race better than tropical heat; and that, being more full of 'go' themselves, they take more care of their houses, and get on better 'right through,' as some of our American cousins would say. The soldiers wear much the same dress as in Jamaica, and look very smart. I wish our poor sailors at Kingston looked half as well and lively as the men do here; but I don't think English constitutions will ever endure that hot steamy Jamaica climate and remain well; and I cannot but agree with Tom that it is undesirable to keep so many men there, wasting all the energy they have left after their vain efforts to keep themselves cool, in mending the leaks in the dockyard roofs: for it is impossible to repair a ship of any considerable size at Port Royal, and there is nothing else to be done.

Our pilot, having worried us to be ready 'exactly at six, Massa,' announced, when that hour arrived, that the tide would not serve until seven; afterwards postponing the start until eight, and then nine. Finally, it was very nearly

midnight before we steamed out of the pretty shallow little harbour of Nassau. Long before that hour arrived I had retired to bed, thoroughly exhausted and worn out by hard work, and suffering from what appeared to be an incipient attack of fever.





CHAPTER XVI.

BAHAMAS TO BERMUDAS.

'Oh, what a tempest whirl'd us hither!
Winds whose savage breath could wither
All the light and languid flowers
That bloom in Epicurus' bowers!'

AT 12.55 the next morning we landed our pilot, of which circumstance I have only a drowsy recollection. At 4 A.M. we set fore-sail, stay-sail, standing- and boom-jibs, and mizen; and at eight the main-sail. At nine, having had a somewhat disturbed night, I for a wonder was asleep, when Tom called me and invited me to go on to the top of the deck-house to see the 'Hole-in-the-Wall,' with the lighthouse called by the same name, on the Island of Abaco. The appearance of the natural arch in the rock is curious; and under some conditions of light must doubtless be very beautiful, particularly in the sunset, when the glowing tints of a

semi-tropical sky completely fill up the background. Spanish Wells is the name of the town on St. George's Cay, at the extreme north-west point of the island of Eleuthera. We could just see the houses in the distance. Each is built on a sort of raised platform, like similar dwellings in the Malay Archipelago; a mode of construction which makes them look from afar as if they stood on legs, and could at any time change their position without much difficulty. This style of building is adopted as a precaution against the hermit-crabs, which sometimes come ashore in vast numbers, ravaging the land and even entering the dwellings of the inhabitants, when they are not protected against the attacks of the crustacea in the way I have just described. The ovens are built outside and in front of the houses, instead of inside. The women wear a quaint kind of long-shaped cardboard bonnet, covered with calico, something like an old-fashioned sun-bonnet, called a 'rauntamskoot.' On the opposite side of the narrow Providence N.E. Channel to the Hole-in-the-Wall Light is Harbour Island, the capital of which is Dunmore Town, the second largest town in the Islands, with a population of about two thousand persons, who almost exclusively earn their livelihood by growing pines on the comparatively uninhabited island of Eleuthera, the great pine-garden of the Bahamas. One traveller has graphically described how, every morning, at sunrise, a fleet of upwards of two hundred boats spreads its wings to the trade-winds and wafts eight hundred men and boys of every shade of colour to the beach and cocoanut groves of Eleuthera, two miles away, to cultivate the flame-coloured scarlet-spiked fruit. The finest and largest of the pines, weighing from five to seven pounds, can be bought on the spot for one penny each. Cocoanuts cost less than half this price, and are said to be particularly fine at Eleuthera, and almost as good as those found in the South Sea Islands. The advice of one lady we met was: 'Just

you go down to Eleuthera, and when you are tired of eating pines, send a little black boy up a cocoanut tree, and tell him to get you some nice jelly-nuts; and you'll find them real good.' The cocoanuts are called 'jelly-nuts' before the flesh is ripe and has hardened, and while it can still be scraped off in the form of a delicious thin pulp; the nut itself being quite full of refreshingly cool milk. Probably the reason of the superiority of both pines and cocoanuts lies in the fact that Eleuthera is the outermost of the islands, forming, in fact, quite a breakwater to them for a distance of some seventy miles; so that it is swept and purified by the unpolluted Atlantic breezes, just as the South Sea Islands are freshened and invigorated by the Pacific breezes. The exposed position of the island, however, sometimes leads to disastrous consequences. About twelve years ago a large picnic party were lunching at a beautiful place called 'Glass Window,' where there is a curious and perfect arch of limestone, from the centre of which a plumb-line can be dropped into the sea a distance of 85 feet. Suddenly, without any warning, a great tidal-wave came rushing in from the ocean, dashing up under the arch, and sweeping some of the party to destruction; while others were almost miraculously saved. These apparently unaccountable risings of the waves are called by the natives 'rages,' and are probably caused by a storm some distance off in the broad Atlantic, the effects of which the very narrow coral-reef at this point is powerless to withstand. Not far from Glass Window is New Gregory's Harbour, where there is a splendid cave, extending more than eleven hundred feet under ground, and full of beautiful reddish-brown stalactites and stalagmites. To the south-east of Eleuthera is Cat Island, long believed to be the first landing-place of Columbus, in 1492, and to have, therefore, been called by him San Salvador; by which name I believe it is still known to Americans. We English, on the contrary, after much careful consideration of Columbus's

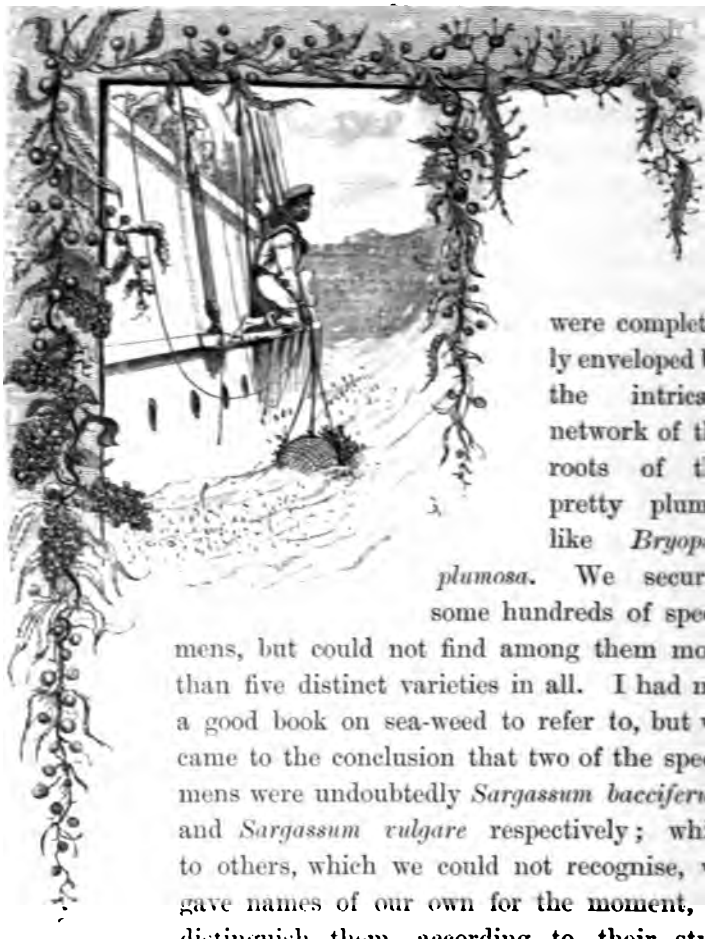
somewhat imperfect journal, and comparison of his charts with those of the present day, have come to the conclusion that a much smaller island, further to the southward and eastward, called Watling Island (but now also known as San Salvador), is the historic landing-place in question. The three reasons that lead to this conclusion are, first, that Watling Island lies more in the track of Columbus than Cat Island could have done; secondly, that he specially mentions having rowed round San Salvador in a single day, a feat that could easily be accomplished as regards Watling, while it is practically impossible at Cat Island; thirdly, that he mentions a large inland lake which exists on Watling, whereas there is no water on Cat Island.

I have not said much about the grand old navigators, who in their curiously shaped caravels, the biggest of which was only of one hundred tons, the smallest of less than twenty, traversed these often stormy seas without really knowing where they were going. Think of their joy, tempered by many uncertainties and misgivings, on first sighting land, after their long and stormy voyage; then their still greater delight on finding that they had arrived at such beautiful islands, and that their lives were, for a time at least, to be cast in such pleasant places, to make up for the hardships of the past; until the enterprising navigator, whose guiding hand had led them thus far, hurried them on, ever keen for fresh fields of adventure, to where there were other worlds to discover, and to conquer too. How much we all owe to these gallant men, and to their patient bearing of many hardships.

Ere long the islands rapidly became more and more indistinct, the last object that we could clearly distinguish being the Elbow Light, on Great Abaco, near Abaco city—as a little hamlet of fishing-huts, the chief place in the island, is somewhat pretentiously called. Soon even that faded away into blue mist, which, in its turn, disappeared. So ended our all

too short visit to the Isles of Summer; and for the present our remembrance of the delightful Bahamas must be placed in one of the many pigeon-holes of the past, to be a joy in the future. Of all that we have seen on our present cruise, these islands with their lovely coral reefs have certainly interested me most, notwithstanding the fact that all my early longings had been to see many of the places we had just previously visited, while of the Bahamas I had heard comparatively nothing, until after our return from our voyage round the world in 1877, when a friend, seeing my collection of corals, told me about the reefs here. It was, however, chiefly the wonderful display at the London Fisheries Exhibition that made me long to see for myself where such interesting and beautiful things had their local habitation.

Friday, November 23rd.—At 2 A.M. we set the top-gallant sail. As the sun rose the wind freshened, and until eleven the weather was rough and squally. Then it seemed to mend a little; and by four o'clock we hoped that we were in the regular Trades. All through yesterday and to-day we have been passing through great quantities of sargasso-weed; and in the course of the afternoon large masses of it were seen floating about. We got a good deal on board with boat-hooks and nets, and found that the specimens which we had collected comprised four distinct varieties, differing widely in their manner of growth, but all having little sprouts which were visible above the surface of the sea, and each of which produced its own independent growth. It was apparently spring-time with the sargasso-weed; for although all full of fruit, it was also sending out fresh shoots in every direction. Many of the bunches which we picked up were covered with small parasites of various kinds, and with tiny shells. The delicate rare work of the flustra covered the stems and berries in some cases so completely that they looked almost like incipient corals; while many of the leaves



were completely enveloped by the intricate network of the roots of the pretty plume-like *Bryopsis plumosa*. We secured some hundreds of specimens, but could not find among them more than five distinct varieties in all. I had not a good book on sea-weed to refer to, but we came to the conclusion that two of the specimens were undoubtedly *Sargassum bacciferum* and *Sargassum vulgare* respectively; while to others, which we could not recognise, we gave names of our own for the moment, to distinguish them, according to their style of growth. One variety has rather fine leaves, while its berries grow in tiny clusters, with little tendrils hanging from them, like grapes on a vine; whence it derives one of its names, that of sea-grape. It is much more like a vine than any sea-weed I have before seen. This we have called *Sargassum uroides*. Another grows like a hop-bine, with a little tassel, so to speak, and broader

leaves, among which the berries are concealed, just as the hops are hidden among the leaves in our hop-gardens in Sussex. This we have called *Sargassum humulifolium*.[1] Another, which grows exactly like a willow, with long pointed narrow leaves, and which bears its berries almost on its stem, we have named *Sargassum salicifolium*. I dried and bottled a great many specimens for further scientific investigation on my return, and was rather amused to find that my example had been largely followed by everybody on board; so that when both the cook and the head-steward were asked by one of the children for 'Please, one more bottle,' they both replied, 'Bottles, Miss! why everybody in the ship has been bottling up that weed stuff, and there is not a single empty bottle left on board!' I believe, as a matter of fact, that we have nearly five dozen of Sargassum, nicely bottled and preserved, in the very strongest salt and water. It is a beautiful object in itself, and to even the most thoughtless and ignorant of the seafaring world has some mysterious connection, they know not what, with Columbus and the discovery of the New World. To people of better education and of more inquiring minds, it is still more interesting and marvellous. A species, or rather a genus of marine plants, entirely distinct from and quite unallied with any other, growing in only one part of the world—where it covers a surface of many thousand square miles—though an occasional stray branch may be washed to our northern shores by the action of the equally wonderful Gulf Stream. What is it? Whence does it come? Is it really all that remains of a submerged continent, which, according to one theory, once filled up the Gulf of Florida, and of which the Greater and Lesser Antilles,

[1] Although I have described the curious little globes of the sargasso-weed as fruits and berries, on account of their outward appearance, they are in fact nothing but air-vessels, similar in character, if not in form, to the air-vessels of our English 'bladder-wrack.'

the Windward and Leeward Islands, and in fact the whole of the West Indian Islands and Bahamas, were originally the mountain summits?

Saturday, November 24th.—Still contrary winds, which came as rather an unpleasant surprise; for we had fully hoped that we might be favoured by a fresh fair breeze. Our position at mid-day was lat. 30, 3 N., long. 77, 28 W.; Bermuda being 640 miles distant. It was, therefore, evident that we had been making a great deal of 'Northing,' and that we must wait for our 'Easting' till the wind shifted. We witnessed, this evening, one of the most splendid sunsets conceivable. The sky had just previously been a mass of black clouds; and we had never thought of seeing anything remarkable. Suddenly the whole of the dark clouds that covered the western sky looked as if they had been perforated by cannon-balls and shells: gorgeous flashes of red and orange being visible through the fissures, and presenting the most extraordinary effect. Then, as they gradually faded away, the clouds seemed to melt into the sea, leaving only a narrow strip of black, with a glorious afterglow of orange and scarlet, spreading over the heavens almost like an aurora borealis. The night that followed the exhibition of this wonderful phenomenon was somewhat rough and stormy.



Sunday, November 25th.—At 6 A.M. we weathered a brig

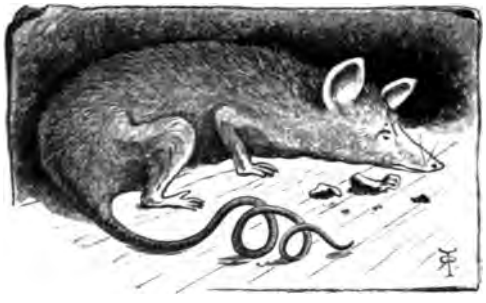
standing to the north. At 12.30 we lighted the engine-room fires, the wind having died away. At 2 we put them out again, because a breeze had sprung up. An hour later we set the main-sail; and at 4 we had evening service. At 6 we were again becalmed, and re-lighted fires. At 7 we took in the main-sail; at 8 commenced steaming; and at 9.30 stowed the mizen.

Monday, November 26th.—It was such a lovely day that we found it scarcely possible to believe that we were on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, far from the shelter of any friendly haven. All hands were busily occupied in executing small repairs, and in fitting studding-sail-booms with 'Turks' heads' to keep boats off in harbour. The appearance of white paint on the outside of a vessel is cool and effective; but it requires much care when all sorts of dirty boats are continually coming alongside.

A terrible catastrophe occurred this morning. Since the weather has been cooler (I can scarcely say colder; for the thermometer is still 72° in the shade) all the tropical animals have felt the change very much, and have been put beside the steam-chest for the sake of the warmth. Unfortunately, some careless person to-day, while the decks were being washed, put one of the cages *on the top* of the steam-chest, and the two poor little mongooses, which were unfortunately inside, were literally roasted to death. The flesh of one was quite cooked, while of the other the doctor was able to preserve the skin. I think the fumes must have suffocated the poor little creatures at once, so that we will hope they did not suffer much. They were great favourites with all on board, besides being very useful in catching rats, mice, cockroaches, and beetles of all kinds. I subsequently discovered the unfortunate delinquent who committed the dreadful deed, and who now, as I read from his dejected looks, bewails the catastrophe more bitterly than anybody on board, although he had not the

courage to confess his sins. Why the monkey and the opossum were not roasted too I do not exactly know: but they were just taken off in time, almost dead. Baby's last remaining dove from the Trinidad pitch-lake was killed, but Moonie's pigeon survived.

We have not been lucky in the matter of pets this voyage. Two out of the three little opossums got through the wires of their cage, and have either gone overboard or are running about the ship somewhere. The other is a great pet, in spite of its ugliness. I had no idea that opossums were ever so small. This one does not weigh more than four or five pounds. She has very sharp-pointed nose and ears, with small eyes, and a long furry body; is rather inclined to be 'porcupinish' about the back, and has in addition a long, tapering, perfectly bare, prehensile tail, and a little pouch wherein to carry her young, which unfortunately at the present moment are lost to sight, though, I think, to memory dear; for there is a certain sadness in the mother's aspect. She sleeps most of the day, but is lively at night. I hope we shall get her home all safely, ugly as she is. I really think she is one of the very ugliest creatures I ever saw, in spite of her engaging ways.



It was a glorious day, and the sea was fairly smooth, considering that the wind was dead ahead. At noon we were only a hundred miles from the North American coast, some-

where off Florida, and about 1,700 miles from Jamaica. Yesterday we only advanced 40 miles on our course, though we sailed 143. About two o'clock we saw a fine American barquantine coming up from one of the ports on the main-land. She looked beautiful, under full sail, as we crossed her bows, and exchanged salutations by flags. The weather continued favourable, with occasional passing showers and squalls, the effects of which were occasionally very fine.

Tuesday, November 27th.—About 1.30 A.M. I was aroused by a considerable noise on deck, which I found arose from the fact of the wind having at last shifted and come fresh and fair. The order to cease steaming was given, and all sails but the mainsail were rapidly set.

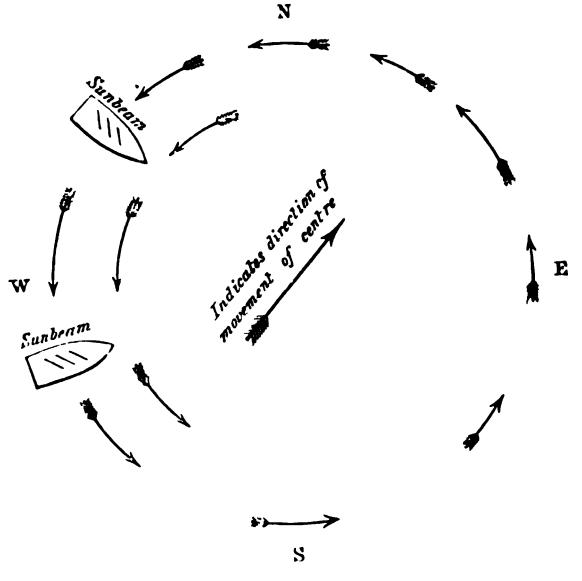
At 3.45 A.M. the engines were stopped, and by 4.15 we were bowling along under canvas, with a heavy sea and a long swell from the S.E. By 7 it was blowing stiff, and we housed top-masts, and took two reefs in mizen-sail. At 8 the wind had increased to a hard gale; and we had two reefs down in fore and main-sails. At 9 it had become a real heavy gale—a regular 'Norther,' as we then thought it. Stay-sail, standing-jib, and mizen were quickly stowed, and we were hove-to, 379 miles from Bermuda. The thermometer stood at 72°; and yet such was the force of the wind that the air felt quite chilly—a very different state of things to that which existed when I went on deck at five o'clock this morning.

The barometer was at 39·82; and though it rose and fell at intervals, it remained comparatively steady throughout the day. After much careful observation of the gradual shifts of wind, as hour after hour passed, Tom reluctantly came to the conclusion that it was not so much a Norther which we were encountering as a very heavy circular storm—a kind of cyclone in fact. It is seldom, however, that these storms are so violent in the temperate regions of the broad Atlantic, as

[illegible] a very [illegible] possible. [illegible] without expressing [illegible] and all [illegible] down [illegible] intelligent [illegible] solving [illegible] laying down a few [illegible] the meanest [illegible]

The chief points to be remembered are briefly these:—If you are caught in a circular storm, you face the wind and have the centre of the storm at right-angles to the point from which the wind is blowing—that is to say, eight points of the compass on your right. The centre of disturbance being known, you have only to shape your course accordingly, and steer so as to get away to the edge of the storm, which is also passing over you. I may add that in the northern hemisphere, out of the tropics, the general movement is in a north-easterly direction. This is all that is absolutely necessary to bear in mind in order to avoid the most immediate danger. Of course, like almost all useful subjects, the more you know about it the better; and I have asked Tom to write

a more scientific and elaborate account, which I hope will be easily understood with the assistance of the accompanying diagram:—



'Revolving storms in both hemispheres obey an ascertained law. They revolve in a direction contrary to the apparent courses of the sun, and in north latitudes therefore revolve from right to left. Besides the circular motion around the centre, the centre itself has a progressive movement. In north latitude, within the tropics, this movement is to the westward, on the limits of the tropics to the northward, and in the temperate zone towards the north-east. The space over which these circular storms extend varies from twenty or thirty to some hundreds of miles; and they expand and lose something of their violence as they advance into the higher latitudes. The rule for ascertaining the position of the vortex is simple. Look to the wind's eye; set its bearing by compass; take the eighth point to the right; and that will be the

bearing of the centre of the storm in north latitude. By observing the different bearings of the centre as the wind shifts, the track of the storm can readily be traced, and the ship can be scudded or hove-to accordingly. Applying these rules to the storm with which we have been contending, we had the centre bearing south-east when the storm commenced. As the wind veered, so the bearing of the centre was changed from south-east to north-east. The centre was revolving from the south-west to the north-east, and we were therefore in the left-hand semicircle.

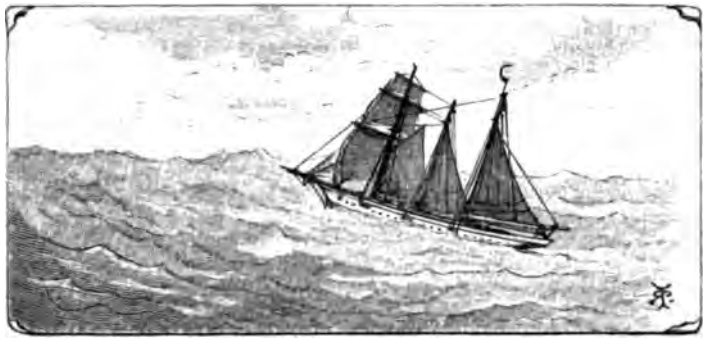
'During the winter months, most of the gales which pass along the coast of North America are revolving gales. These gales, by revolving as extended whirlwinds, produce a northerly wind between Bermuda and the American continent, and southerly and south-easterly winds far out in the Atlantic.

'The accompanying diagram roughly illustrates the phenomena of the recent gale as it advanced from the south-west to the north-east.'

In the height of the storm we made sometimes about two knots: but we were virtually hove-to with top-masts housed, everything battened down, canvas tightly lashed over all doors and skylights, and openings of every kind, boats and spare spars covered with canvas and firmly secured to the deck. When all this was done there was nothing for it but to watch the wind and weather, and hope and pray for the best; check the steering carefully, and perpetually think of some little thing or another, which would if possible make certainty more sure, and improve our chance of ultimate safety. The mizen try-sail was ready for setting, and every rope and lashing was tried, to make sure that all was fast.

It was very dark and not very cheery down below, as may be imagined, though wonderfully comfortable, considering how the wind was roaring and the waves raging. Not a drop

of water came into the cabins, nor was there a single leak anywhere in the decks; which fact is, I think, very remarkable, considering that the 'Sunbeam' has been in hot climates without intermission for two years. In the course of the afternoon I crawled up on deck, and, to my great astonishment, found that it was equally free from water, except in a few spots where the sea just ran up the channels or through the hawse pipes, or where some of the waves had caught the rigging and a little spoondrift had come on board, or perhaps a less experienced hand at the helm had let the



TOPMASTS HOUSED

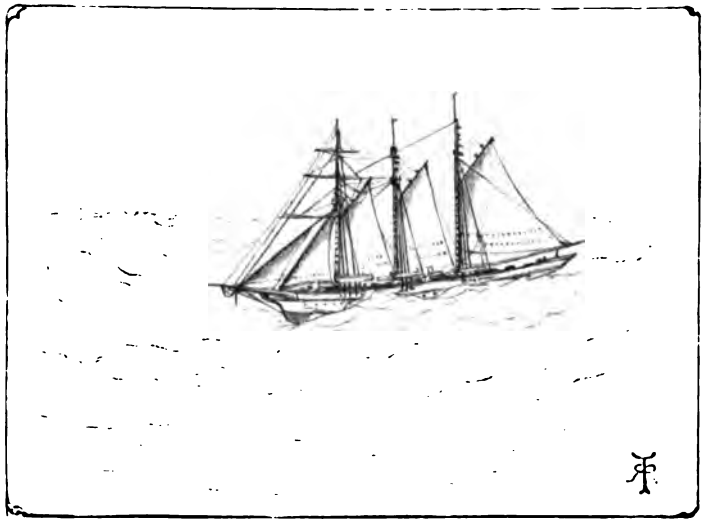
vessel broach-to slightly. I can assure you that steering is no easy matter on a day like this, and that it requires the utmost vigilance, judgment, and attention—particularly when the rudder happens to be somewhat shaky, as was the case with ours. In one of the sudden lurches, all the watch—who were engaged in taking another reef in the mainsail—were suddenly and violently flung from one side of the deck to the other. They were all considerably bruised, and one poor man was really much injured, his wrist being badly sprained. It was a work of great difficulty to move about at all; but, well enveloped in mackintoshes, and securely fixed to a seat, it

was terribly grand, though at the same time almost awful, to see the huge tops of the waves, rising high above our heads, and threatening every moment to engulf us: but just when that result seemed inevitable, our gallant little craft would give a fearful lurch to leeward, presenting a high bold side to the wave, and then rise up on the top of the next wave, shaking the spray from her rigging and sides like a Nereid rising from her bath. Oh, she is a darling! perfect in her shape and in her ways; and she lay-to all through this fearful day, without shipping a drop of green water. 'Bless you, ma'am,' said one of the old hands, to whom I made a remark as he passed, 'why she's that sense, she'd lay herself to, the beauty, if you give her a chance!'

It can hardly be imagined how one comes to love a vessel that behaves so splendidly as does the 'Sunbeam' in an emergency such as this; meeting each threatening wave gallantly with her graceful bow, and riding bravely over it like a cork, tossed about on the 'wild sea of circumstance,' but never overwhelmed by it. I know nothing that makes one feel one's own littleness and the greatness of the Creator so much as a big storm at sea. Man is so utterly powerless against it. All his most cunning contrivances and carefully conceived precautions (though of course too many cannot be taken) are so absolutely futile if the crash does come; for there are some circumstances in which no knowledge of science or ability of command could save the mariner, bravely as he might struggle to do his very best. In an emergency like the present there is nothing to be done but to watch and pray.

Though the sea looked so wild and grand, it was not so vicious as I have seen it in a much less violent commotion. I fancy that the very force and fury of the wind kept down the waves in a certain measure, and prevented them from breaking so angrily as they might otherwise have done. For-

tunately the motion of our good little vessel, lying-to, was comparatively easy; and down below seemed like a haven of rest, where it was impossible to imagine the turmoil of the elements that was going on above. Most of the party are good sailors, and have capital spirits. Only three of us were ill, and nobody was frightened. In fact scarcely anyone knew what was going on until it was all over; and except on deck there was really nothing alarming to be seen. The motion of



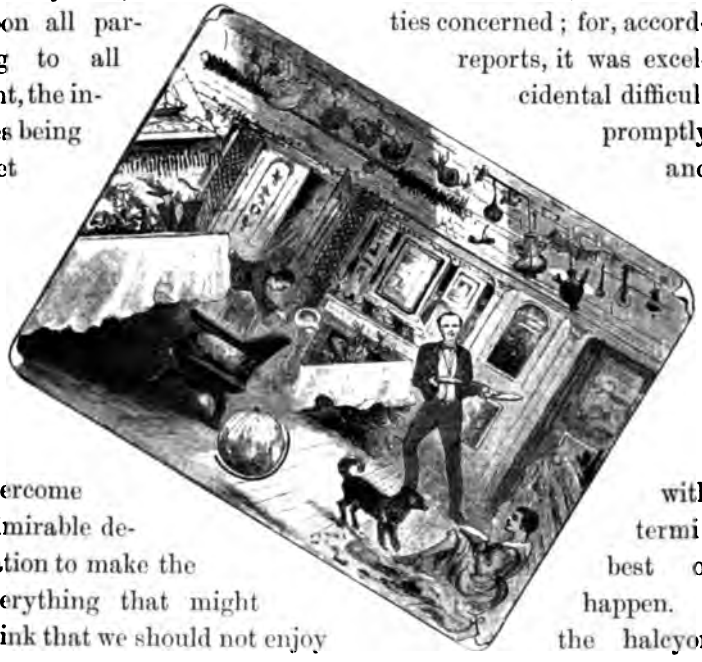
'THE BEAUTY'

the vessel was such as would have been experienced in an ordinary rough sea, with the addition of fearful lurches at comparatively rare intervals. Not a drop of water came below; and everything being properly secured, there were none of those sudden and startling crashes which add so much to the terrors of a storm at sea; especially to the minds of inexperienced people. It is astonishing how even a very small quantity of water slopping about on the floor, a con-

tinual dripping from overhead, a damp berth, and a more or less considerable destruction of crockery, increase the fury and importance of the gale in the imagination of those who know nothing at all about it; although, as a matter of fact, such accidents only add considerably to the general misery and discomfort, and may to a great extent be avoided by prudent precautions. It is, as a rule, quite impossible to adopt any remedies, or to do much to ameliorate circumstances, after the storm has fairly commenced. As in the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, the lamps should be filled with oil and trimmed beforehand. Everything of importance should be arranged where it can readily be found in a moment of emergency, so that it may not suddenly become necessary to search for what is urgently required in a large cupboard up to windward, the contents of which, even if it can be opened at all, will infallibly be projected on to your head and over the floor, while the cupboard cannot be closed again until the vessel goes on the other tack.

Although we had thus far escaped any serious casualties, lunch and dinner to-day in the saloon were accompanied by a series of small catastrophes. The stewards were too ambitious; and in their zeal and anxiety to please, tried to behave as though the weather were normal, instead of very abnormal. All the carpets had been taken up before we left Nassau, to avoid the possibility of their being wetted by the water coming through the skylights, which always gives them a disagreeable odour. It is, moreover, impossible to dry them again properly while at sea; and a good thick Axminster carpet, well saturated, is converted into something very like an unpleasant morass. Bare boards, on the other hand, have the disadvantage of being very slippery in a gale of wind, as the poor stewards found to their cost to-day; for they slid about in every direction, across the saloon, despite all efforts to maintain their equilibrium. Then one of the big terrestrial globes

apparently disapproving of the manner in which it was being treated by the ocean, 'carried away,' and went bounding about the floor; while the swing-tables, which had for some time been tried severely, were now tested to the utmost limits of their capacity for movement. At dinner matters were even worse. How the stewards managed to serve the meal at all—much less how it was cooked—I can scarcely imagine. The result reflected great credit upon all parties concerned; for, according to all reports, it was excellent, the incidental difficulties being promptly and



overcome with admirable determination to make the best of everything that might happen. I think that we should not enjoy the halcyon days of a voyage like this nearly so much, if it were not for the occasional storm and tempest, the contrast of the rough with the smooth.

When I went on deck, or rather peeped through a chink in the companion, just before we were absolutely shut down for the night, all looked sombre and dreary, not a star to be seen, nothing but gloomy and impenetrable darkness:—black sky, black clouds, and black sea, the water being only

discernible, after long peering into the gloom, by the aid of the fitful light thrown from the crest of a wave, as it broke and disturbed some myriads of luminous marine animals, driven hither and thither by its ever restless motion. As a rule, this light is regarded as a beautiful phenomenon of nature; but now!—was it imagination, or did it really assume a lurid and angry aspect, as it threw a transient gleam upon the scene? Taking one lingering last look round before I went below, I could not help wondering, with a feeling of awe, unmixed with fear, whether it would please a merciful Providence to bring us safely to the light of another day, or whether before morning, the one vast problem that, more than any other, concerns all men, the great mystery of life and death, time and eternity, would be solved —for *us* at least.

Wednesday, November 28th.—The morning broke better than might have been expected, after a terrible night; and we began to hope that things were mending. At 7 A.M. a double-reefed topsail was set. At 8 a reefed mizen-trysail. Soon afterwards some of the battens and canvas coverings on the lee-side were removed, in order to allow us a little light, which was a great comfort, though the amount of air admitted was still unpleasantly infinitesimal in quantity. The lee-doors of the fore and after-companions were also left slightly open at the top; and as not a single door was closed below, the refreshing current rushed through the yacht as through a funnel; the occupants of the various cabins doing their best, by various clever devices, to direct some of this fresh oxygen into what for some little time past had been their somewhat ill-ventilated apartments. From nine till eleven o'clock, although the sea did not abate, the general aspect of affairs was much brighter. The sun tried to come out from behind its veil of clouds, thus enabling Tom to take an observation and to ascertain, approximately, our position. Then

came a very heavy squall—perhaps one of the heaviest we had experienced; after which the gale went on steadily increasing again till sunset.

At noon we had come thirty-five miles through the water since we were hove-to, and were in lat. 31.47 N., long 71.4 W. At 3 P.M. we saw a large barque hove-to on the starboard tack, and at five another barque passed astern of us, steering to the southward under her main-royal only.

Dinner was apparently an impossibility; but the incidental difficulties were overcome with great ingenuity and determination, and it appeared to be a very merry feast, in spite of all adverse circumstances. The state of my health unfortunately did not permit me to join the festive scene (one could hardly refer to it as 'the dinner table,' since the guests all sat in a straight row on the floor, with their backs against the side of the vessel, where they could not easily be upset); but from the sounds of joyous laughter that I heard borne, not exactly on the gentle evening breeze, but on the funnel-like draught through the engine-room passage, I inferred that they were all thoroughly enjoying themselves at what was not unjustifiably described by one of the party as a 'floricultural' entertainment. Perhaps the following little narrative, which was afterwards communicated to me, and which amused me considerably at the time, may not be without interest:

'Earlier in the day, the perpetual rolling and tossing of the vessel had warned us that in all probability the maximum clinometrical angle of the swing-table would ere long be reached; and our party, now unfortunately reduced to somewhat exiguous proportions, had scarcely, with some little difficulty, and by dint of much judicious tacking in the direction of their respective chairs, succeeded in placing themselves at the table, when a sudden roll almost capsized the soup into their laps, and deposited various spoons, forks, &c. on the floor. These were replaced; the soup was finished; and the

guests were preparing to quaff the joyous vintage of Champagne, when the cup was literally dashed from their lips by a violent lurch, which sent the table swinging wildly to its extreme limit, until it stopped with a sudden jerk, sending nearly everything upon it on to the floor. A general game of clutch and claw, demanded by the exigencies of the moment, was promptly played with considerable success; and though everyone felt for the moment the necessity of an extra pair of hands in order to grapple satisfactorily with the difficulties of the situation, the work of salvage was so far accomplished that only three or four glasses and a plate or two came to utter grief.

'It being undesirable that any more glasses should be broken, or any more stewards bowled over, it was decided to continue the dinner in somewhat different fashion. We accordingly all retired to different corners of the saloon, where, some seated on the floor, some on sofas, and some standing, we did what justice we could to the succession of good things, which, notwithstanding the gale, continued to arrive from the galley. Horns were substituted for glasses, but though possessing the advantage of greater capacity, they showed themselves equally ready to upset at every possible opportunity. They had to be coaxed into good behaviour by being propped up comfortably with sofa-cushions; but I think those of our party did best who boldly faced the difficulty by placing the horns in the breast-pocket of their coats Unfortunately, this resource was denied to the ladies, who, however, were not less fertile in expedients of equal ingenuity. Perhaps the most comical point in the amusing string of incidents was to be found in the absurd angles of inclination assumed by the stewards, whose bodies bent and swayed in every possible direction, in the effort to combine the almost hopeless endeavour to offer dishes gracefully at arms' length, with the effort to preserve something like equilibrium. For the

moment, doubtless, they envied the pet-monkey the possession of a prehensile tail, which would have been invaluable. To their praise be it recorded, they succeeded in maintaining a decorous gravity, which was far more than we could accomplish. Continuous shouts of laughter, and strings of jokes—more or less feeble—served to show that even a dinner in a cyclone in the North Atlantic has its comic side.'

Thursday, November 29th.—Another bad day; wind as strong as ever. Still, somehow or other, at noon we found that we had sailed 82 miles through the water, and were in lat. 31.35 W., long. 70.57 W., only 310 miles from Bermuda.

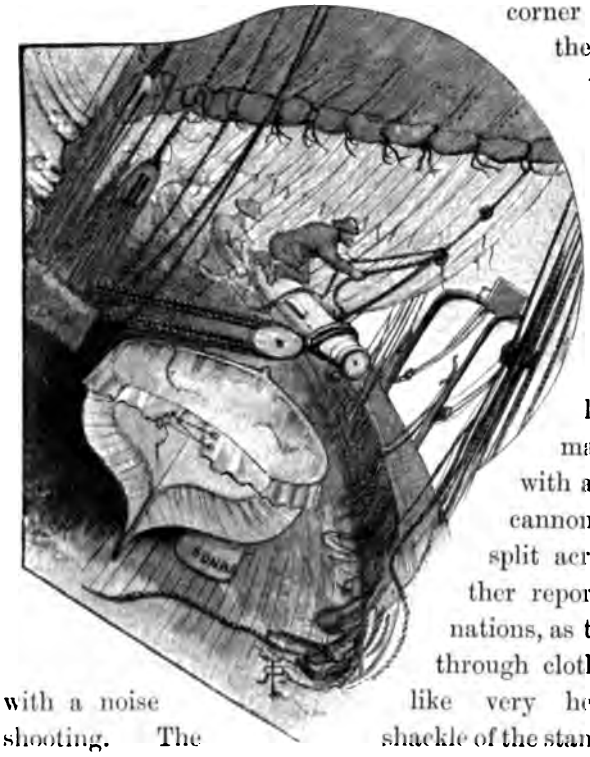
We are all trying to get gradually accustomed to the present state of things; but there is not a great deal to say about it from hour to hour, or day to day. I wonder how much longer it will last. Even a storm becomes monotonous after a day or two, notwithstanding the grandeur and sublimity of its effects, and the touch of excitement added by a good deal more than a mere suspicion of danger. The waves were really magnificent to-day, rolling past, mountains high, their tops reflecting the most exquisite green tints, as they caught an occasional stray ray of sunlight before breaking. In the morning we saw a brigantine hove to on the starboard tack, under her foretopsail. In the afternoon we had heavy squalls and constant showers. Towards sunset we took a third reef in the mainsail.

At night the sea looked more weird and uncanny than ever, as if it had been suddenly frozen in the midst of all its uproar and agitation. I do not know in the least the cause of this extraordinary appearance, unless it were the poor pale watery moon trying vainly to struggle through her extra thick mantle of stormy clouds. Whatever may have been its reason, the scene was most ghastly; and it seemed quite natural to expect to behold some poor tempest-tossed ship, denuded of

that he was stunned for a moment, but that he did not feel so very frightened when he recovered and found himself in the water, as he had been overboard more than once before, and was a strong swimmer; and he knew his friends would be on the look-out for him. All he feared was that he might receive a blow on the head from the dolphin-striker as the vessel plunged, or that the forefoot of the yacht might cut him in two as he rose to the surface. His ribs were a good deal bruised and his hands lacerated; but under the skilful care of Dr. Hudson he was fit for work again in a couple of days. Another of the men had sprained his wrist severely a few days previously, and, as I have already mentioned, we have lost Baulf; so that altogether we are very short-handed for such storms as we have encountered, one watch not being sufficient to carry out any important evolution. This is rather hard on all concerned, as they do not get their proper quantity of undisturbed sleep. Tom, I need scarcely say, works 'like a nigger,' and gives himself no rest, day or night; in spite of which, and of his grave anxiety, he keeps remarkably well; although he is so excessively drowsy at times that he drops off to sleep at the most unexpected moments. The other day he had a merciful escape from a serious accident. He fell asleep at the mast-head, where he spends a great deal of his time; and if it had not been that Kindred wanted to ask him a question about some proposed change in our course, and, wondering why he did not come down, went up to speak to him, he would in all human probability have fallen down on to the deck or overboard. It makes one's blood run cold to think of it.

At noon we had sailed or drifted forty-six miles through the water, were 270 miles from Bermuda, and in lat. 31.19 N., long. 70.2 W. At 3 P.M. the longitude by chronometer was 69.47 W. Directly after Tom had worked this out, and while he and I were still discussing our position, a terrible

squall struck us suddenly, scarcely any warning having been given of its approach. Everything of the very little there was to let go was sent down by the run; but still we felt a tremendous lurch to leeward, and the yacht seemed almost as if she were struck from above and beaten down into the sea. I never experienced such a sensation before. Even in my secure little sheltered corner the force of the wind seemed to take my breath away, and to make me feel as if I should be driven through the deck. The after-leech of the mainsail burst with a report like a cannon, and then split across with further reports and detonations, as the wind rent through cloth after cloth with a noise like very heavy sharp-shooting. The shackle of the standing-jib-stay was carried away, and came down with a crash; and the deck was so hampered with rigging and canvas, and there was such a flapping of sails, rattling of blocks, knocking of ropes, howling of the tempest, hissing of rain, and roaring of the sea, that for the next few moments nobody quite realised or knew exactly what had happened. It was a *mauvais*



quart-d'heure altogether; but the rush of the squall was soon over; we bore away, and in an hour or two the most serious part of the damage had been repaired, and a main-trysail had been set to replace the mainsail. The weather continued much the same throughout the rest of the day, with heavy squalls and a nasty rolling swell from the north-east.

About 10 P.M. the wind moderated a little, and we were able to shake a reef out of fore-sail and mizen, and to set a reefed fore-stay-sail.

Saturday, December 1st.—At 3 A.M. the weather had really improved, and we were able to shake the reefs out of the mizen. At 6.40 we saw the sun rise out of the sea, for the first time for many days past; and a gorgeous sight it was. How thankful we felt to behold it, looking bright and beautiful, once more; the sea meanwhile rapidly going down, the wind greatly diminishing in force, and everything betokening that the gale was over!

For the last few days it has been necessary to pay the greatest care and attention to the steering of the yacht, especially in consideration of the somewhat damaged state of the rudder-head. None but the oldest and most experienced hands have been allowed to take the wheel; an arrangement which, although it has of course entailed extra work upon them, has been a stern necessity. The slightest want of attention on the part of the helmsman would probably have caused the yacht to broach-to, sending a great sea over her, which would have washed about on deck, found its way down the companion, swamped the cabins, and made us generally miserable; while a not much greater amount of inexperience or indecision would simply have led to the vessel being pooped, with the possible result of her disappearing for ever beneath the stormy surges of the Atlantic. One might verily believe that the saucy little water-witch knows who is steering her, almost as well as a horse knows its rider; and that when she thinks the man at

the wheel is not paying sufficient attention to his business and to her pretty little self, she says to herself, 'Well, I have done my best to take care of you and keep you dry, but if you won't look after me and your duty too, and will go on staring up at the sky, or at what people are doing on deck, or thinking about your sweetheart, or wife, or somebody else at home, I will just show you what I can do;' and down she goes, with her nose into the sea, burying herself in the top of the waves, and drenching everybody forward of the foremast with spray. I fancy, from the somewhat remonstrant and angry looks which I occasionally see cast at Mr. So-and-So, the incompetent or careless helmsman, that he 'hears of it again,' if his mates consider he has unduly and without any necessity exposed them to the risk of getting wet jackets.

I can scarcely describe how the spirits of all on board rose with the brightness of the sky, the comparative smoothness of the sea, and the revivifying heat of the sun's rays. Everybody, even the invalids, found their way on deck in the morning, creeping and crawling about, and gradually 'pulling themselves together' and becoming quite bright and lively by the afternoon. The crew were busily engaged in repairing the mainsail, and generally in making good the damages of the last few days. There was still a heavy swell running; and the sea was sufficiently rough to cause one to notice how important are the duties of the steersman, showers of spray being sent over the deck more than once by the want of skill or by the negligence of some of the less experienced hands. Each of the seamen was allowed to take his turn at the wheel, now that the weather was finer; and, down in my cabin even, I could almost tell who was steering, so great is the difference that a little care and experience make in the behaviour of a vessel, especially in that of such a handy and clever craft as the 'Sunbeam,' susceptible to the least touch of the rudder.

I do not believe that the ship is yet on the stocks that

would lay-to as she has done during the last few days. I am sure she is a true-hearted woman in every sense of the word, thoroughly to be trusted in an emergency, but at the same time with a slight touch of frivolity in her nature; and of course dearly loving a little bit of finery, like the rest of us. I mean, if I have my way, directly we get into port, to reward her good behaviour by giving her the dandiest dress that money can procure in the islands of the 'still vexed Bermoothes.' A robe of snowy white, with a brilliant golden girdle round her graceful bow, her slender waist, and her gently swelling stern, to show off her exquisite proportions to the fullest and greatest advantage, and make her outshine in beauty everything that she meets.





CHAPTER XVII.

BERMUDA.

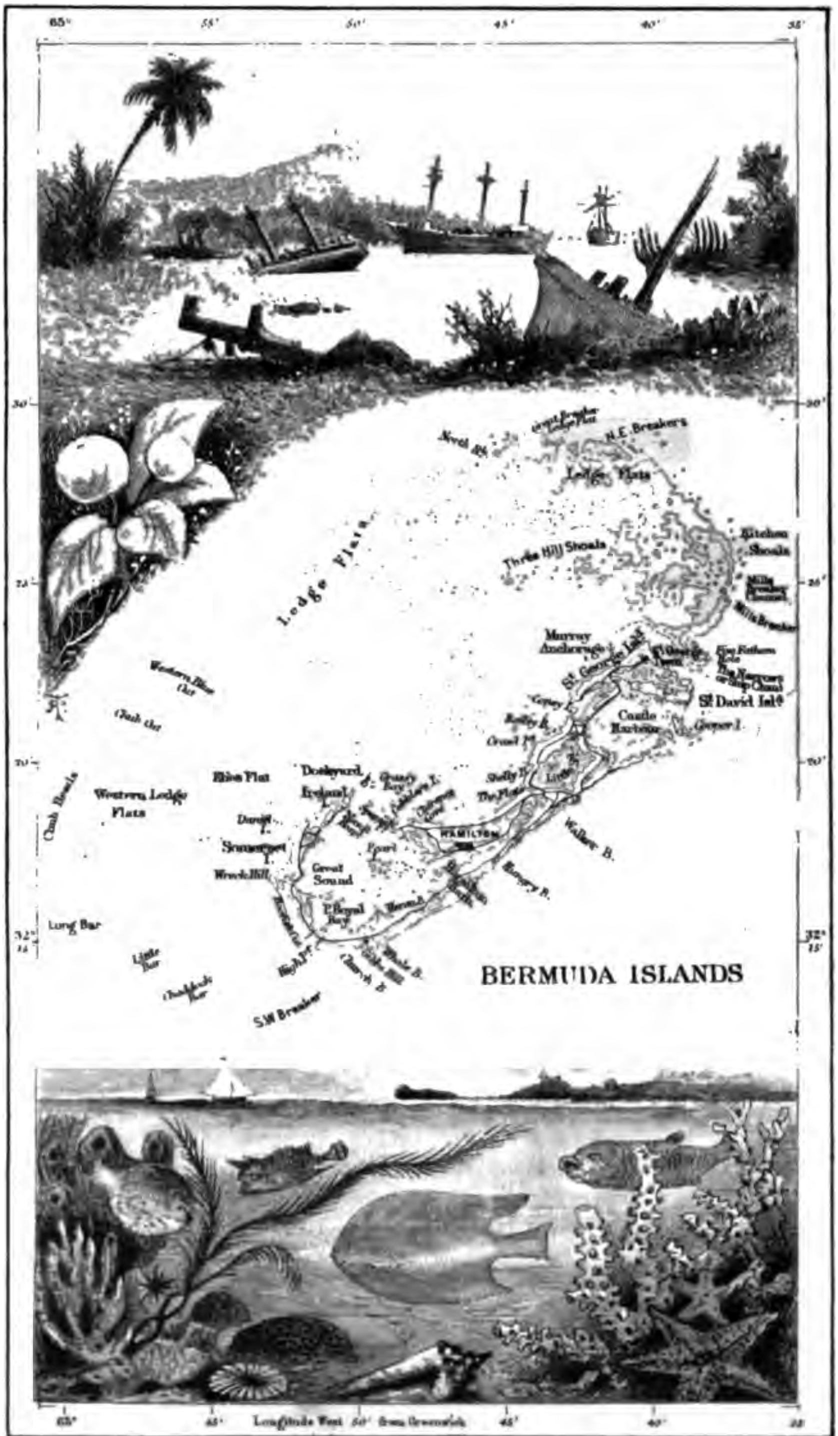
Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song:—
'What should we do but sing his praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?'

KINDRED called us at 4 A.M. and informed us that no change had taken place in the weather since nightfall, and that we were still going nine knots, on the same course. At 4.30, he came down once more, to say that a light was visible right ahead, from the fore-yard. Tom told him to keep the same course, while he dressed himself speedily and went on deck.

In a few minutes he came down to fetch me, in order to show me, with considerable, and I think pardonable, pride, the light, almost straight ahead, but a little on our port bow. Both our hearts were filled with thankfulness at the sight of the welcome beacon, and at the knowledge that we were at length in sight of a harbour. The last ten days and nights have been full of anxiety; and 'many a time and oft' I have wondered if we should be spared to see lights and land again. Orders were at once given for fires to be lighted, and at 6.30 A.M. we commenced steaming. At seven we took a pilot on board.

The aspect of Bermuda from the sea is charming; and as we steamed as close to Gibbs' Hill—the friendly light on which we had made with so much accuracy, and with such sentiments of pleasure, early this morning—as safety would permit, the vista of rock and reef, rising from a pale green sea, divided by a long line of creamy surf from another sea, of the deepest and clearest sapphire-blue, was extremely fine. Off St. David's Light we met a corvette, showing her number, which we took for that of the 'Flamingo.' A closer and more careful examination through the glass showed that the signal was really G.R.S.P., and that she was the 'Griffin,' a small screw gun-vessel carrying three guns. The pilot told us that she had been detained by the recent hurricane, and was bound for Hayti. Not long afterwards we met the old 'Foam,' a screw gun-boat carrying four guns. She was the first gun-boat in which Tom embarked with his Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, in 1878, at Sheerness. This will explain why I was so much interested to meet her again. I had never seen her from that day to this, and had always thought of her somewhat in the light of a cradle to the real cruising volunteer movement.

The pilot informed us that the departure of the 'Foam' from Bermuda had also been postponed by the same hurri-

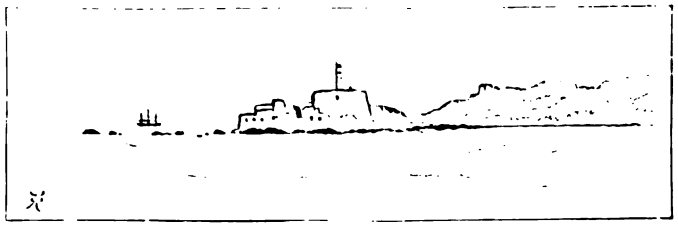


London: Longmans & Co.

Edw. Weller

cane which we had experienced—the most violent that had been known here for years, and which, besides doing other serious damage, had driven the flag-ship 'Northampton' aground, where she still remains. This is indeed a terrible calamity, and one which, from the pilot's account, seems to have filled all hearts with sorrow.

Before proceeding further with the account of our visit to the Bermudas, a few words of general description may perhaps be given. The distance of the group from England is 2858; from New York, 677; Halifax, 730; and Jamaica, 1103 miles. The nearest land, Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, is distant 580 miles. The islands are about 100 in number, of which fifteen or sixteen only are inhabited:



FORT ST. GEORGE

their total area being 41 square miles. The surface, which is composed of shelly coralline rock, is mostly low. The greatest care is necessary in approaching the Bermudas, or Somers' Islands; especially on account of the barrier-reefs by which the group is surrounded, and which form a strong natural defence. The only approach to the harbour of Hamilton, the capital of the islands, is from the eastward, by way of St. George's Channel and the Narrows. Among the islands there are several good anchorages, which afford shelter from the severe gales of winter. In fact, the entire group, extending in the form of a crescent for about twenty miles, from north-

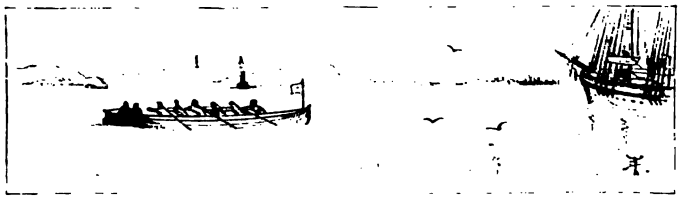
east to south-west, and protected to the northward by a barrier-reef, forms one of the finest havens in the world. The principal islands are Bermuda, St. George, Somerset, St. David, Boaz, and Ireland. On the first named is situated the town of Hamilton; on St. George—which, like Ireland, is strongly fortified—is the ancient capital, of the same name; and on Boaz are the well-known convict-prisons. The climate is mild and very healthy, though rather too damp and relaxing to suit all constitutions. The chief productions are cotton, timber, arrowroot, cocoa, potatoes, and onions; although tropical and other fruits are also raised in abundance. The islands were first discovered by Bermudez, a Spaniard, in 1527. Sir George Somers was wrecked here in 1609, and the group was soon afterwards colonised from England and from Virginia.

We must have steamed sixty miles after we took our pilot on board, before we dropped anchor in Hamilton Sound; and we were indeed fortunate in having such a lovely morning on which to see the fine and varied views presented by these islands, which, though they are called by different names, are now nearly all connected by means of causeways. Steaming along the south coast in an easterly direction, we passed Hungry Bay, and could see the house-tops and churches of Hamilton, over the land, picturesquely and snugly, but somewhat provokingly, ensconced on the other side of the island. Then came Prospect Hill, with its long line of spacious barracks; next, Newton Bay, very near the Little Sound; then the entrance to Castle Harbour, and St. David's Island and Head, on which another fine lighthouse, 208 feet above the sea-level, has been erected by the Cunard Company. Soon afterwards we went through the Narrows—and very narrow and intricate they seemed to be—and, having passed St. Catherine's Point, the north-eastern extremity of St. George's Island, we altered our course and steered to the westward.

At St. George's there appeared to be a good harbour, and quite a large town, including a great many churches and barracks, and several formidable-looking forts. The prospect changed constantly in character, and was always pretty, as we steamed rapidly along on the surface of a perfectly smooth sea of azure, infinitely refreshing to the eye. Oh! what a luxury it was, after all the tossing and tumbling, amid the angry black waves, with white curling tops, by which we had been buffeted! We were, of course, all anxiety to see the poor flag-ship 'Northampton,' which had been driven ashore by the cyclone; and soon we came in view of her, hard and fast aground, alas! in Grassy Bay, just off Ireland Island, looking dismantled and melancholy, almost like a wreck, with all her top-masts and yards and spare gear sent down from aloft. She was surrounded by quite a flotilla of lighters and small boats, engaged in taking all the heavy things off her as fast as possible, so as to diminish her draught of water; while every available steamer and tug was trying with might and main to release her from her unpleasant position. It was a case, not of 'all the king's horses and all the king's men,' being quite unable to perform their Herculean labour, but of all the Queen's ships and all the Queen's men (and a Queen's grandson to boot; for Prince George of Wales was on board the 'Canada') trying to pull the good ship off again. I fear they have a desperately hard task before them; for she went aground on the top of the very highest tide ever experienced here. There is as a rule not much tide among the Bermuda Islands; but the recent 'hurricane,' as they here call it, seems to have done all sorts of abnormal things; among others to have driven four more feet of water into the Sounds and harbour than had been remarked on any previous occasion.

While we were watching these operations, a six-oared boat came alongside, bringing the Officer of Health, who was most

minute in all his inquiries and cross-questionings as to the sanitary condition of every individual on board. I could not help thinking that his investigations were being carried to a preposterous extent at last; and, as a gentle hint, caused 'Sir



THE HEALTH BOAT

Roger' and 'Waif' to be paraded for inspection. I had also serious thoughts of producing the opossum and the parrots and canaries; only I feared that the official might think that some of the latter were touched with yellow fever; and the indulgence of my whim might therefore have got us into trouble. It seemed as though the Health Officer and Dr. Hudson would never have finished their confabulations; and I began at last to fancy that curiosity must have something to do with the numerous inquiries made by the former; but I heard afterwards that the authorities had unfortunately allowed a ship with several cases of 'Dengue,' or 'Breakbone fever' on board to pass into the harbour, without discovering her condition; and that they had been extra careful ever since. No sooner was the Officer satisfied, and our quarantine flag had been hauled down, than several men-of-war's boats, which had been hanging about, came alongside, from one of which stepped on board our old friend Captain Victor Montagu, whom it was a real pleasure to see again, though he was looking worn and worried, like all the other officers here, about this unhappy flag-ship business. It is said that Admiral Commerell has never left the bridge of the 'North-

ampton' since the accident occurred. He has also been anxious about the 'Fantôme,' which was considerably overdue from Port-au-Prince, and of which nothing had been heard since her departure from that port. Having fortunately happened to see her at daybreak on the morning of November 13, at Port Royal, just as she arrived from Hayti, and as we were leaving for Ocho Rios, we were able to relieve much anxiety on the subject, and a signal was at once made to convey the good news of the ship's safety.

The pilot distinctly disapproved of our remaining long among the reefs and shoals by which we were surrounded: the navigation being rendered still more difficult than usual at the present moment by the numerous hawsers and chains which are out in every direction, and by the lighters, full of shot and shell, removed from the 'Northampton.' Captain Montagu seconded the pilot's advice, and returned to his own



THE 'NORTHAMPTON' AGROUND

vessel, the 'Garnet,' while we proceeded on our way to Hamilton, through tortuous passages, between tiny islets and

rocks, which were in many cases disfigured by the hideous boards of enterprising tradesmen, stuck up in the most conspicuous places, apparently with the deliberate purpose of spoiling the picturesqueness of the landscape. I really think that the Bermudian House of Assembly ought to pass a unanimous vote of censure, disapproving such acts of vandalism, followed by an Act of the legislature to prevent their recurrence in future. Apart from the hideous business-placards the whole scene was very Norwegian in character. Save for the absence of the high snow-clad mountains in the background, it reminded me forcibly of one of the southern Scandinavian fiords, dotted with little islets, covered with firs of various sorts, principally the island-cedar. To say that it was practicable to throw a biscuit on shore in many of the straits we passed through would but imperfectly convey an idea of their narrowness. It seemed, more than once, as if the 'Sunbeam' was likely to have her sides scraped by the rocks; and although our paint was in so disreputable a state, after all the knocking-about which we have experienced, that a scratch or two more or less would not make any great difference, the result might not be pleasant if the abrasion happened to penetrate more deeply. However, the pilot seemed to be quite devoid of apprehension on this score, and went boldly on at full speed, till we dropped anchor safely in the harbour of Hamilton at ten o'clock.

The town is a nice clean little place, surrounded by pretty white villas, embosomed in green trees. Inglewood, the house which the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne occupied last year, at the head of the Sound Rocks, is a large and comfortable edifice, surrounded by a green verandah, situated in the middle of a large garden, which, in its turn, is encompassed by what, for Bermuda, is an extensive park.

In the course of the day we had many visitors, including

the Admiral's secretary and the aide-de-camp to the Governor, besides several old friends and acquaintances, whom we had not expected to have the pleasure of meeting here. Later on we landed and proceeded to call upon General Gallwey, and Sir Edmund Commerell, both of whom live some distance from the town. It was a pleasant drive of about a mile to Mount Langton, the entrance to which, through a deep cutting between two high walls covered with purple bougainvillea,



and planted on either side with oranges, lemons, hibiscus, and mespilus, is singularly like that to the Palace of San Antonio, at Malta. The house itself looks cool and comfortable, and is surrounded by a broad green verandah, which has been sadly injured by the recent hurricane. From Mount Langton there is a magnificent view of land and sea—principally the latter—on all sides. Attached to the Governor's residence is a pleasant garden, with two lawn-tennis courts, and also a little farm, from which we were able once more to enjoy the luxury of some real milk.

We next proceeded on another pretty drive of about a mile to Clarence Hill, passing on our way a church, many trim little cottages, much semi-tropical vegetation, and many beautiful coast scenes. Sir Edmund, who is the Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West Indies Station, was of course on board the 'Northampton'; but we found Lady Commerell and her two daughters at home, and paid them a long visit, watching the sunset and then the twilight fade over Clarence Bay, with its rocks and pretty bathing-cove just below us, and the islands of St. George's and St. David's in the distance. The Misses Commerell told me that they had only returned from Halifax a few days since in the 'Northampton,' and that they find a considerable difference between the climates of the two places. When they left Nova Scotia there were four feet of snow on the ground, and the temperature was 60° lower than it is here; a contrast which, I should think, must have been very trying, especially when it is remembered that this variation took place in the space of two or three days.

It was pitch dark when we left Clarence Hill, and drove to the imposing-looking Hamilton Hotel, where the obliging manager and his civil attendants had promised to give us 'a nice little hot dinner' at six o'clock, although it was their 'invariable custom only to serve meals at stated times.' But,



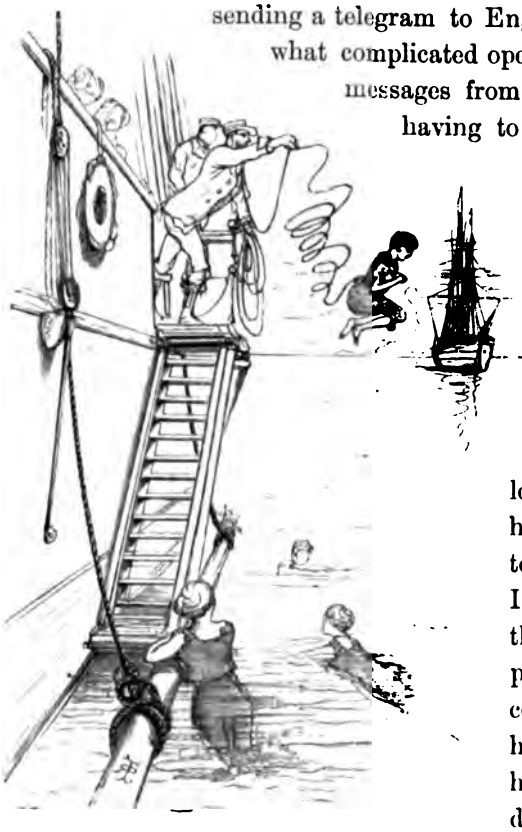
alas! we were doomed to disappointment; for the 'nice little hot dinner' consisted of some tepid and tough cutlets—made to appear tougher by having to be cut with the bluntest of silver knives – and some cold and greasy fried potatoes; the only redeeming feature of the repast being excellent rolls and good salt butter. At seven o'clock some of the party went to the cathedral, where they heard a harmonious choral service, followed by an excellent sermon. Personally, I was too poorly and tired to join them, and therefore went back to the yacht with the children; and before the others returned from their devotions, we were all in bed and fast asleep.

Monday, December 3rd.—I had always heard that among the great attractions of the Bermudas were the coral-reefs and the strange-coloured fish which inhabit them. Accordingly, one of the first things which we did on our arrival yesterday was to engage a suitable boat and a man to take us out to-day to the reefs, which are at a considerable distance from the shore, in order that we might see these wonders of the deep; although I scarcely anticipated that they would equal—certainly not surpass--the innumerable marvellous and beautiful things which we had seen in the Bahamas. We managed to secure the services of one of the best boatmen on the island; jet black, and a member of a large fraternity, being one of a family of seven brothers, who are all so absurdly alike in face, form, and voice, that it is almost impossible to distinguish one from the other. They rejoice in the name of Shebu; and appear to have all been very well known to Lord Charles Beresford, about whom they made frequent inquiries: his lordship forming a leading and apparently an entertaining subject of conversation among them.

The eldest and most accomplished of the brothers arrived at 6 A.M. with a nice little sailing-boat; but he might just as well have stayed away, for it was blowing so hard that he

flatly refused to take us to the coral-reef, and suggested that we should go instead for a sail in Fairy-land, which, on this particular occasion, strange as it may seem, we had no particular wish to visit, having other things to do. He brought us one useful and pleasant piece of information, to the effect that there were no sharks so high up the Sound as the spot where we were lying, and that we might bathe overboard without any fear. This intelligence was received by the children with shouts and acclamations of joy; and it was not long before the whole party were assembled on deck, and soon after in the water, where they enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. I know nothing more delicious than a swim overboard in a warm sea, where it is possible to remain in the water for a considerable period without any fear of cramp, or of afterwards shivering to death. I think that I share the feeling of sailors in the matter of sharks, and dislike the *Carcharias vulgaris* more than almost any other creature; one of my chief reasons being that the ugly and voracious brutes interfere with one's ability to bathe in the tropics, where a dip in the sea would really be so very great an addition to the enjoyment of life, if it could only be indulged in with even a moderate degree of safety, without incurring the risk of having a leg or an arm snapped off at any moment. How we all did enjoy ourselves; especially the children! They jumped off the gangway; they swam alongside the yacht; they hung on to the Turks' heads on the booms; they clambered up the steps again, to have more high jumps; they splashed; they shrieked; they chattered; they ducked, and disported themselves like a party of very flighty mermaids. Great were the amusement and astonishment of old Shebu and his crew of ebony mariners, as well as of Mr. Burgess, who, with his coxswain and smart man-of-war's men, in the 'Diamond's' boat, were alongside, waiting to take Tom over to the Dockyard at Ireland Island.

Before breakfast was removed, the deck-house was full of visitors, who continued to arrive in an unbroken stream until noon, when I was compelled to leave them to go on board the 'Orinoco,' in order to make arrangements for sending a telegram to England—a somewhat complicated operation here, all messages from the Bermudas having to be despatched by post or in charge of friends to New York, whence they are repeated by cable. The 'Orinoco' is a fine-looking ship, but her cabins are too small; and I was assured that the temperature in the coolest of these had stood as high as 105° during her last passage from New York. I wonder what that of the hottest cabin must have been! She was lying alongside a very West Indian-looking wharf, covered with an iron shed, with long drooping eaves, which effectually protected the contents from the sun. Mark Twain, in describing a similar (perhaps the same) wharf at



Hamilton, remarks that upon it, under shelter, were some thousands of barrels containing that product which has carried the fame of Bermuda to other lands—the potato, 'with here and there an onion.' The last part of the sentence, he explains, is facetious, 'for they grow at least two onions in Bermuda to one potato.'

All the chief officials connected with the Dockyard, to which we paid a short visit in the course of the morning, had been assisting in some way in the floating of the 'Northampton,' and we were delighted to hear that a telegram had been received just before our arrival, to the effect that the flag-ship had been successfully hauled off, to the great joy and relief of everybody concerned, without having sustained much damage. The heavy squalls last night had really been of some service as it turned out; the force of the wind, acting on the vast sides of the ship, having helped to push her off the rocks.

In the afternoon, after lunching with Lady Commerell, we visited the celebrated cave which was tunnelled in the rock by a former Admiral, and in which I believe a ball was once given. On a hot day the atmosphere must be deliciously cool; but on the present occasion it was decidedly chilly. The views through the windows and arches cut in the rock over the deep-hued sea and the numerous rocks and islands are very beautiful—something like those from the entrance to the galleries at Gibraltar over the anchorage, the Neutral Ground, and Catalan Bay.

From Lady Commerell's house I drove quickly down to the quay, and went on board the yacht, which at once steamed over to Ireland Island. It was a delightfully fine afternoon, though somewhat breezy; and on the bridge (where I took up my position, in order to be sure of seeing anything I might have missed on our inward passage) it was quite cold enough.

Just outside the camber, Staff-Commander Clapp met us in the dockyard steam-launch; piloted us in through the narrow entrance to the basin, and within a very short space of time moored us safely alongside the dockyard wall. Within the camber is the famous 'Bermuda,' the largest floating-dock in the world, built at North Woolwich in 1868, and towed across the Atlantic in thirty-five days by H.M.S. 'Warrior' and 'Black Prince.' The extreme length of the dock is 381 feet, and the breadth 123 feet, its total weight being 8340 tons. The number of rivets used in its construction was 3,000,000, and they weighed 800 tons—as nearly as possible *one-tenth* of the entire structure. The dock is sufficiently powerful to lift a ship of the 'Minotaur' class, with a displacement of 10,000 tons; and several of the largest ships of our navy, including the 'Bellerophon,' 'Royal Alfred,' and 'Northampton,' have been upon it for repairs at various times.



Soon after we had entered the camber, Tom arrived on board, looking very tired, after a hard day's work in the dockyard and on board the various ships. He had invited Prince George of Wales and several of the captains to dine with us, and preparations had accordingly to be somewhat hastily made. But, notwithstanding the short notice, all went well; and our little party, consisting of Captain and Mrs. Barnardiston, Captain Durrant, Captain Victor Montagu, Prince

George of Wales, and ourselves, spent a very cheery evening, enlivened by plenty of music.

I have given the names of our guests in the order in which I was told they ought to go in to dinner, according to the rules of naval precedence; and I take this opportunity to remark that I should much rejoice if somebody would publish a book of etiquette and a scale of precedence applicable to the whole of the Colonies, specially the West India and other remoter dependencies. In many of these places the rules that prevail are similar; but it sometimes happens, that just as dinner is announced, and the host is flattering himself that his guests are rather nicely arranged, a flag-lieutenant, aide-de-camp, or secretary, interposes with the remark: 'I dare say you don't know our *local* etiquette: So-and-so ought to go in first!' Sometimes the Governor, to whom, as representing the Queen, I should be always inclined to give precedence, goes in second, or even third. Royalties sometimes go in first, sometimes in the middle, and sometimes even last. As for Colonial Secretaries, Chief Justices, Attorney-Generals, Government officials, Admirals, Generals, English 'Honourables,' and Colonial 'Right Honourables' and 'Honourables,' the complex and variable character of the rules is most perplexing. I really gave up the subject in despair, for I found it was quite impossible to master it without devoting to it a greater amount of attention than I thought it was worth; unless, indeed, I had intended to take up my abode for a lengthened period in these regions.

It would be a good thing if some permanent resident in Bermuda, with abundance of spare time, would devote a portion of his leisure moments to mastering this apparently hopelessly intricate question, and would give the result of his investigations to the world in the form of a well-digested little book or pamphlet, which would be of incalculable service to unfortunate strangers.

Tuesday, December 4th.—I woke at four o'clock as usual, and spent a busy morning in writing, until interrupted by a succession of visitors from the various ships. Captain Barnardiston had been good enough to arrange to send his steam-launch at half-past ten, to take me to 'The Cottage' —as the residence of the Captain Superintendent is called— where I looked forward to seeing the wonderful fish-pond, the description of which by the other members of our party, who had already paid Mrs. Barnardiston a short visit on the previous evening, had greatly excited my interest.

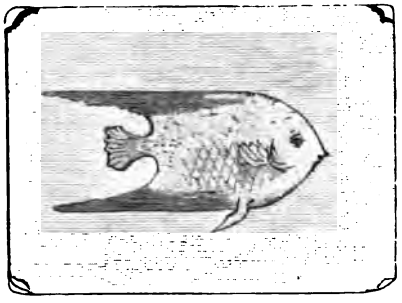
It was a pleasant trip along the coast for about a mile to 'The Cottage'—one of the best houses in the Islands, I should think: certainly one of the pleasantest to live in; only one story high, surrounded, as almost all the houses are here, by a broad verandah, and standing in the middle of a pretty garden, the coral paths of which were so white that they looked almost like the deck of a ship. The garden has been until recently bright with flowers, but just now everything is black and scorched, as if by the heat of a fierce fire, and has all the appearance of having been swept by a hurricane. The house contains a suite of good rooms, conveniently arranged, opening one into another, and tastefully and prettily furnished. A tea-table, made of a fine specimen of the native cedar, specially attracted my attention.

We did not stay long indoors, for we were all anxious to see the fish of which we had already heard such glowing description. And well worth a visit they were, swimming about in a natural cavern in the rock, into which the tide rose through iron gratings, and quite protected from the blazing heat of the sun by part of the deck of an old ship.

'Oh, how lovely!' was the first exclamation from everybody. 'What are those beautiful blue creatures swimming

about? It is like another peep into "Fairy Land." Real fish cannot surely be so lovely as that!' 'Those are angels!' was the reply.

We could therefore no longer wonder at their beauty, however much we might continue to admire it. The fish were indeed quite the most ethereal-looking objects I ever saw in this prosaic world of ours. In shape, and in colour especially, they more than realised childhood's idea of what an angel's wings should be like—celestial blue, purple, and gold, in every possible shade of delicate tint, on a sort of substratum of pale, shimmering brown. Their movements too might almost be said to be angelic, as they swam gracefully through the water, just as one might imagine an angel would float through endless space. To complete the resemblance, they had the most exquisite eyes, and a calm, serene expression of face. I am afraid no description, however carefully written—certainly not one from such a pen as mine—indeed, scarcely even the most accurate picture from the most skilful pencil, could convey a really correct idea of the extremely fascinating charm of these rightly-named angel-fish. It was therefore rather a shock to one's feelings to hear that their ordinary name among the common people is 'Mike,' possibly (as some ingenious philologer has suggested) a convenient contraction of 'Michael the Archangel.' They do not in the least resemble the angel-fish of the Bahamas, or the bright little blue and yellow Spanish angel-fish of the same place. Those are more like our gold-fish at home, and do not weigh



ANGEL-FISH

more than three or four ounces at the most; whereas the true blue angel-fish of the Bermudas weigh from two to six pounds.

There were great red and brown and grey and white 'groupus' (*Epinephalus striatus*), 'gar-fish' (*Hemirhamphus pleii*), bright canary-coloured 'snappers' (*Lutjanus*), and fine little black and white 'sergeant-majors' as they are called, because of their many stripes; 'pilot-fish' (*Naucrates ductor*), which serve as guides to the shark; 'porcupine-fish' (*Chilomycterus reticulatus*), looking, I thought, very much more like hedgehogs swimming about than porcupines; the beautifully coloured 'cow-fish' (*Ostracion quadricorne*), with an expression of face exactly resembling that of a very benignant cow, horns and all; and another fish, almost exactly like it, but with only one horn in the middle of its forehead. To see a 'cow' and a 'calf' swimming about together was droll in the extreme; and the smaller the fish, the more comical its shape appeared. There was also a huge eel, the particular name of which I fail to remember; and a curious brown turbot with beautiful purple violet eyes, entirely different in make, shape, and colour to our old familiar friend of the English dinner-table, and apparently not more nearly allied to the blue and brown creature we saw at Stirrups Cay the other day. There were little puff-fish, sometimes as round as a puff-ball, sometimes as flat as a pancake, according as fancy impelled them to blow themselves out, like the frog in the fable, or to collapse and sink modestly to the bottom, where rock-fish lived, and cuttle-fish lurked in felonious corners, seeking whom they



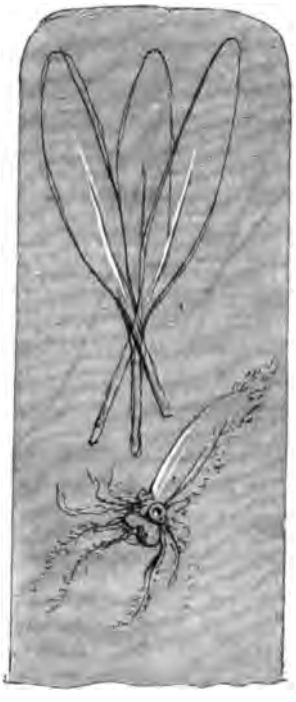
COW-FISH

might devour, cunningly concealing their ugly bodies by changing their colours and sprinkling themselves with sand and small stones, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the rocks themselves, except by very minute observation.

> 'New forms they take, and wear a borrowed dress:
> Mock the true stones and colours well express.
> As the rock looks, they take a different stain—
> Dappled with grey, or blanch the livid vein.'

There were shoals of little sparkling silvery whitebait darting about and adding life and animation to the whole, as they rushed backwards and forwards among their larger-bodied and slower-moving companions. In spite of their advantages of speed and activity, however, I fear that some of the poor bright glittering creatures were occasionally gobbled up, as they swam about in all directions. Specially brilliant did they look by contrast with one or more very bright scarlet fish, the name of which I forgot to ask, or with those sedate old turtles that flapped about the pool in the stateliest way imaginable; or when they approached the pretty and delicious little hind-fish (*Epinephalus guttatus*), spotted like a Japanese deer or a dappled fawn, which lay on the almost uncovered rocks, basking in a stray sunbeam that had crept through the roof of this curious ocean-side prison. Highly suitable in every way for its purpose, and well contrived and arranged as was this fish-pond, or aquarium, I fear it must still be regarded in the light of a prison, the inmates of which are iron-railed, cribbed, cabined, and confined, unable to take long excursions or to join their companions in their gambols in the vasty deep. I could have sat watching them for hours; but the announcement that the seine was about to be drawn sent us rushing off to the shore to see the result of the haul, by means of which the contents of the pond were to be replenished. I am afraid that the pool frequently loses some

of its finny denizens, for, besides being one of the most marvellous of aquariums, it combines the more utilitarian purpose of preserving the fish fresh for domestic consumption against the day when an unexpected guest happens to arrive, or the weather is too rough to allow of any fish being drawn direct from the sea. The first haul only produced a few small whitebait and 'squids,' or cuttle-fish, common enough here, although this particular variety was new to me. I had also the pleasure of seeing in their natural state the transparent, elegantly-formed 'sea-pens,' which I have so often admired in collections. They are often taken from the back of the living animal, and are apparently ready at once for use as a writing implement. The poor cuttle in the present instance did not approve of the operation, and, even after death, ejected vast quantities of the inky fluid by means of which it frequently succeeds in covering its escape from its enemies.



'SEA-PENS'

'Th' endangered mollusk thus evades his fears,
And inky hoards of fluid safety wears,
A pitchy ink peculiar glands supply,
Whose shades the sharpest beam of light defy.
Pursued, he bids the sable fountain flow,
And wrapt in clouds eludes th' impending foe.'

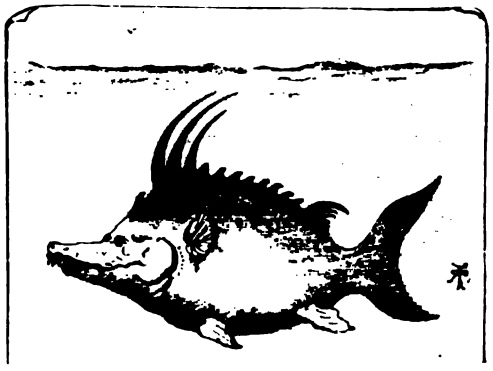
While the captives were lying in the net on the white sand of the pretty little cove where the seine had been hauled up, they made the most extraordinary noise, which it was difficult to believe could proceed from fish of any kind, much less from so comparatively small an object, ranking so low in the scale of creation, as the poor, much-vilified cuttle-fish, which, I really think, possesses far more intelligence than it is credited with. A near relative of the 'squid,' or common cuttle-fish (*Sepia officinalis*) is the well-known and well-abused octopus, or Devil-fish, son of a lovely mother and husband of a beauteous wife, whose praises have been sung for many ages by the greatest poets: a circumstance which ought, in these prosaic days, to secure even so ill-looking a spouse a cordial welcome in intellectual circles.

I cannot but think, judging from my own recent ignorance, that few people are aware of how closely Beauty and the Beast are allied in many instances, and in this one in particular. It really does seem at first incredible that the graceful argonaut--one of the daintiest gems of the Southern Seas—should bear any relation to, still less be thus closely connected with, so exceedingly hideous and repulsive-looking a creature as the Devil-fish, whose sinister and malignant aspect has caused him to be perhaps unduly calumniated by modern naturalists who have failed to do justice to his marital and parental affection and his generally intelligent instinct.

Only a day or two since, I happened to see in part of an old number of the 'Illustrated London News,' pinned against the wall in a quaint little cottage by the sea, a description of a large 'squid' (*Loligo*) that was taken in Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, on September 22, 1877. The following dimensions will convey some idea of its enormous size:—length of long arm 30 ft., of short arm 11 ft., of body 10 ft., of caudal fin 2 ft. 9 in., circumference of body 7 ft., diameter of suckers

1 in. This huge monster was not destroyed until he had nearly crushed the boat by which he was attacked, and had partially disabled some of her crew.

The next haul of the seine was much more successful, and produced many more 'squids' and whitebait, a porcupine-fish, some nice little puffs, two or three other not very interesting kinds of fish, and a large hideous, horny creature, with a head exactly like that of a pig, small eyes, and the most malignant expression of face I ever saw. He had great sharp spines where the mane of a wild boar would be, and was of a kind of pink-marbled colour, just like a common domestic pig, freshly scalded and ready for cooking. His weight I should think was about 8 or 9 lbs. This interesting object was sent on board the yacht the same night, and under the skilful and judicious manipulation of the cook, was converted into a most excellent dish, which had rather a porcine flavour about it. A very curious and beautiful sponge, of bright scarlet, or perhaps rather cardinal-red, was also brought up in the seine. It is said that the angel-fish frequents the places where these sponges grow at the bottom of the sea. Can it be that even the 'angels' are vain, and think that the contrast of colour tends to show off to the best advantage the exquisite beauty of their complexion; or are they even greedier and more prosaic; and do they like to feast on the small animalcula



HOG FISH

by which such succulent and inviting morsels as 'Neptune's gloves'—as the sponge is called—are surrounded? It must be confessed that his marine majesty's handgear is of rather a disappointing character, for its red colour quickly disappears and leaves nothing but a delicate brown framework, resembling the fragile skeleton-leaves sometimes produced by the action of chloride of lime, but without their snowy whiteness. There were also a few jelly-fish, echini, and other small and insignificant objects in the net, but nothing else of special interest. It was curious to see how the fish in the aquarium gobbled up the fragments that remained, pouncing upon the wholly or half-dead fish, and making short work of them before they had time to reach the bottom of the pool. The cuttle-fish from which the sea-pens had been removed was evidently regarded as a special delicacy, corresponding in character to the boned larks and quails that grace fashionable dinner and supper-tables during the London season.

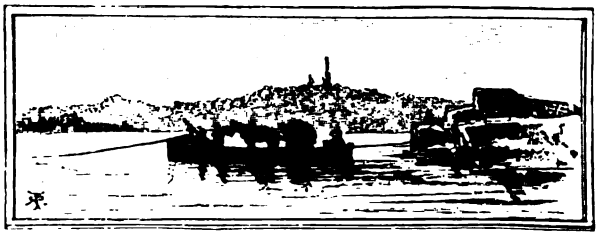
It was now getting late, and, fascinated as we were by the 'angels' and their graceful ways, we were obliged—almost reluctantly, so deeply interested were we in watching the beautiful creatures—to remember that we were engaged to lunch with Captain Victor Montagu on board the 'Garnet,' and to meet the Admiral. We therefore quickly steamed back and found all ready and waiting for us. The 'Garnet' is a composite screw-corvette of 2120 tons, carrying twelve guns, and commissioned to the North American and West Indian station. After we had been all round the ship, which is just now being put into thorough repair, some of the party went off in the Admiral's smart little cutter-yacht, the 'Diamond,' which was built in Portsmouth Dockyard, under the supervision of Lord Charles Beresford. Now she is rigged like a Bermuda craft, and sails 'like a witch,' I believe, whether there is any wind or not. We all enthusiastically admired her appearance

as she quietly crept out of the Camber, spread her wings to the breeze, and darted off like an arrow from a bow.

While we were discussing the graceful lines and fine proportions of the 'Diamond,' Tom and the Admiral made up two spirited sporting matches: one to sail the yacht's cutter, 'The Gleam,' against the 'Northampton's' cutter, the 'Ella'; and the other to row our gig, 'The Ray,' against the Admiral's private gig, Tom and the Admiral each to steer his own boat. The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club have kindly promised to get up some races, in order to enable us to see something of the performances of their famous craft. There is also a dinghy yacht club here, of which Princess Louise is the Lady Patroness, and the members of which also wish to afford us an opportunity of seeing their boats race. The Admiral and Governor are going to offer some prizes for competition; and Tom and I have each promised a challenge-cup for the respective yacht clubs, and some prizes for the long-shore races; so that, with plenty of entries and propitious weather we ought to have a good regatta and great fun.

After settling the various knotty points connected with the impending contests, we embarked in the Admiral's steam-launch to perform the interesting duty of inspecting the hospital, cemetery, schools, and other public institutions. First we went to the hospital, passing on the way the same coast we had seen this morning, and catching a glimpse of a cottage and a bowling-alley on a little island just big enough to hold them, connected with Ireland Island by means of a tiny causeway. Further on, the shore is well wooded, and in a bend of the coast is a small boat-harbour. Just in a line with the gates of the hospital, and below the hill on which it stands, we were met by Dr. Mason and Dr. O'Grady, who took us through the various buildings, which were spacious and airy, and appeared to be admirably well arranged.

We went into every ward and saw the patients, except those who were suffering from infectious diseases. The poor invalids, I was told, had greatly appreciated some old newspapers and 'Sunbeams' which I had presented to them (and which can be burnt when read); as of course these patients cannot be allowed any books from the excellent library attached to the hospital. The officers' quarters are cosy, their mess-room and sitting-room being particularly comfortable, provided as they are with the usual spacious verandahs, with jalousies opening in squares, each commanding a charming view. The outlook in the direction of Boaz Island specially interested me. It was in this island that the convicts performed so much hard labour, and did such good



SOMERSET ISLAND FERRY-BOAT

work, in levelling the top of the hill and building the useful edifices that have withstood so many years of exposure to wind and weather. I fear that we sometimes forget that convicts, although they are criminals, are also human beings, and deserve our gratitude for the many great and beneficial works which they have executed in many parts of the world; even though their labour may have partaken of the nature of 'travaux forcés,' and may not have been undertaken precisely at their own sweet will and pleasure.

Somerset Island, where some of the repairs to the vessels are executed, and where a detachment of the garrison is quartered, is chiefly remarkable as the proud possessor of one

carriage and two horses, which are on rare occasions conveyed by horse-ferry to Ireland Island; but for which circumstance equine quadrupeds would be as entirely unknown in the neighbourhood of Her Majesty's dockyard as they are practically in Venice. Touching the 'Queen of the Adriatic,' I remember being told a story—*ben trovato*, if not *vero*—of a Venetian gentleman who had a palace on the Grand Canal, and, foolishly dissatisfied with his beautiful gondola, ordered a steam-launch to be built for him by an English firm. Of how many horse-power would he like the engines to be, he was asked. 'What is the use of talking about horse-power to me?' was the reply; 'we have no horses in Venice.'

The causeways and ferries afford a roundabout means of communication by land between Hamilton and Ireland Island; so that, in the event of heavy gales occurring, the inhabitants of the latter place are not absolutely cut off from all their supplies, or quite starved out, though they are sometimes, but not very often, put to great inconvenience when boats are unable to run direct between the two places. To-day it seemed quite impossible to realise such a state of things, as we gazed over the placid and unruffled waters of the Great Sound to the North Road, which we could see peeping forth at intervals among the heather, from Spanish Point right away to St. George's Island, the lighthouse on St. David's being also plainly visible in the same direction. On our way down to the shore, after our inspection of the hospital, we were introduced to Dr. Rees, who is a great botanist, and who kindly helped me with the names of many of the plants which have been puzzling me so long.

Resuming our voyage in the steam-launch, in a very short time we arrived at the landing-place for the Admiralty School, which was the next institution we were to visit. The school appears to be excellently managed by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who take a great interest in their pupils. They had been

hoping that we should arrive during school hours, in order that we might see and hear something of the system of instruction, and specially that we might hear the children sing; but the claims on our time had unfortunately been too many. We could, therefore, only glance at the boys' books and exercises with the master, and at the girls' needle-work with the mistress, which last we thought wonderfully creditable; especially the sewing done by the girls of between nine and fourteen, who had made several kinds of undergarments very neatly—some quite beautifully—totally unassisted. We left half a dozen copies of the 'Sunbeam' for the six best boys, and the same number for the six best girls, as a slight consolation to them for not having seen us in the flesh. We also invited thirty of the girls and as many boys, to go over the yacht; and this tour of inspection will, I think, probably be even a greater pleasure for them. From the schools we went to the cemetery—one of the prettiest 'God's acres' I have ever seen, situated just on the top of one of the numerous little rocky necks of land that separate the wide ocean from the many lovely sounds and inlets that are so numerous among the Bermudas. It is tastefully planted, and yet only just enough not to interfere with the natural beauties of the ground. There are many interesting and some beautiful monuments, and several of the inscriptions are touching.

From here Tom went to join a party of naval-officers, who were playing lawn-tennis hard by, while I proceeded to pay a little visit to Mrs. Barnardiston, and to ask permission for our maids, to whom we were showing some of the beauties and wonders of the islands, to see the aquarium. There I found Prince George of Wales and several other officers, who had been among the lawn-tennis players. Some more dropped in from time to time until we were quite a large party. Then the brief twilight ended; it became dark; and everybody dis-

persed to their homes, most of which were of a floating character, and not boasting of such a luxury as Mrs. Barnardiston's cosy fireside—a luxury not at all to be despised in this damp climate.

We had accepted an invitation to dine with the Governor and Mrs. Gallwey, at Government House, in the evening; and after leaving the cottage we had therefore to go all the way over to Hamilton in Captain Barnardiston's steam-launch, which he kindly lent us. Luckily it was a fine night, but the expedition was rather a serious addition to the fatigues of the day.

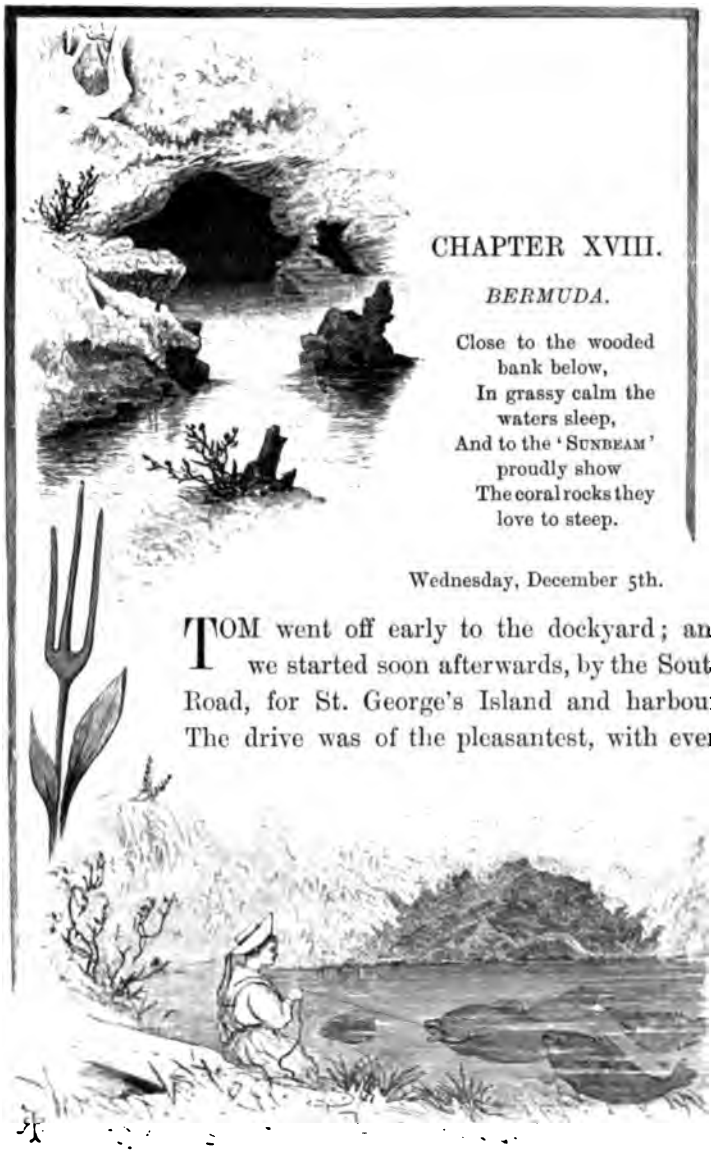
Nothing could exceed the kindness of our host and hostess, who had invited some of the most distinguished official personages in the islands to meet us. The simple but effective character of the table decorations struck me as very remarkable, especially when one remembered the devastation that had been caused among all vegetation of a delicate nature by the recent hurricane. The materials used were merely branches of coleus, crotons, and other beautiful foliage plants, tastefully arranged on the table and surrounded by ferns.

The moon was shining brightly, and our drive to the boat in an open carriage was most enjoyable. Tom and I were so tired that, on arriving on board the launch, we curled ourselves up in separate corners, and remained buried in the deepest slumber till we reached the 'Sunbeam' and were roused to go on board. I fear, therefore, that I can scarcely furnish a lively



or accurate description of the beauties of a passage by moonlight between Hamilton and Ireland Island.

The whispering waves were half asleep;
The clouds were gone to play;
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of heaven lay.



CHAPTER XVIII.

BERMUDA.

Close to the wooded bank below,
In grassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the 'SUNBEAM' proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep.

Wednesday, December 5th.

TOM went off early to the dockyard; and we started soon afterwards, by the South Road, for St. George's Island and harbour. The drive was of the pleasantest, with ever-

changing views over land and sea—or perhaps one ought to say over sea and land, for the former very largely predomi-

nated, and the numerous islands looked like mere specks, dotted about and peeping above water. We passed by Pembroke Church and Government House, and leaving Clarence Hill and the Admiral's boat-house, at Ducking Stool Bay, on our left, we made our first halt at the 'Devil's Hole,' or 'Neptune's Grotto,' a curious rocky cave, which, although only separated by the width of the road from the sea on the south shore, is entirely supplied with water from the north coast by means of a natural subterranean passage.

The proprietor, a civil old man, 'for a consideration,' allows the visitor to see his 'pets,' consisting of some hundreds of finny monsters of the deep, principally repulsive-looking red and brown groupers, rock-fish of various kinds, turbot, and other varieties of fish. Conspicuous among them all was one of the blue and yellow angel-fish already described, gliding along near the surface of the pool, and now and then lazily waving one of its winglike fins to change the direction of its course, in obedience to the call of the proprietor of the cave, who, by clapping his hands, caused the fish to swim towards him, when it would eat bread daintily from his hand, or complacently lie against the rocky side of the cave, to be gently rubbed and tickled. It was strange to see so much intelligence displayed by a creature belonging to an order which one has always been disposed to regard as rather deficient in that quality. Very different to the angel-fish were the groupers—fierce, voracious creatures which, it is said, would tear a man to pieces before he reached the bottom of the pool, were he unfortunate enough to fall into it. A dead sheep and a dog were thrown in not very long ago as an experiment, and both were torn to fragments and disappeared at once.

So greedy are these groupers that they jump almost out of the water in their eagerness to snatch food. They are indeed easily captured by means of a piece of white

rag tied to a hook; and it appears to be one of the 'amusements' of visitors to the cave to catch them in this way, pull them out of the water, and throw them in again. What would Izaak Walton have said to such 'sport'? The 'Complete Angler,' it is true, could be slightly cruel upon occasion.

From the Devil's Hole we drove along the shore of Harrington Sound to Painters' Vale, one of the most charming places in the island, which derives its name from the numerous picturesque spots and beautiful views which attract many artists to its shady groves and rocky caves and grottoes. Some of the caverns are of great size and depth, have never been explored, and rejoice in highly romantic names. While Mr. Pritchett was sketching one of the caves, called the 'Shark's Hole,' I conversed with Mrs. Penniston, whose husband owns the neighbouring property. We were seated beneath the shade of the orange trees, among the branches of which the beautiful little blue and red birds of Bermuda were flitting and building their nests, and chirping and chattering; occasionally coming quite close to our feet, and pecking and hopping about among the grass in the tamest manner possible. The contrast between their light blue and red plumage and the ripe orange fruit, white flowers, and glossy green leaves, was very charming, and I could have watched the feathered darlings and their pretty little ways for hours. The gambols of one pair among the foliage of a small cedar tree were most amusing. The brilliant glossy scarlet gentleman, looking as if he were very much 'got up' in his best Sunday clothes, with his topknot erect, was trilling his sweetest lays to the lady, who, in her more sober dress of brown relieved with red, listened with her head coquettishly on one side, and then flew to a branch a little farther off, as if somewhat bored, pecking and pluming herself as though she were not paying the least attention;

but all the time keeping a watchful eye on her suitor, and following him up quickly if he in his turn retired to a distance. The pretty blue-bird (*Sialia sialis*), the plumage of which is of a most delicate hue, is, I believe, plentiful throughout North America, migrating southward in November. It has been classed among the cage-birds of the islands; but except for



WALSINGHAM CAVES

its beauty, it has not many attractions as a pet, for it seldom sings in captivity, although its sky-blue jacket, relieved with purple, would make it an ornament to any aviary. The red-birds, or 'Cardinal gros-beaks' (*Petylus Cardinalis*) are a

kind of Virginian nightingale, gifted with vocal powers of no mean order, and easily tamed. These birds abound in Bermuda at the present time, although they have probably been introduced into the islands within the last hundred years or so. At one time they were still more numerous, and used to fly about in large flocks; but the islanders thought that they did more harm than good to the crops, and therefore succeeded in nearly exterminating them; but Nemesis was not slow to put in an appearance, and the Bermuda crops were all but destroyed by the ravages of insects. A fine was then imposed on anyone killing a red-bird, the result of which has been that they have now become almost as abundant as they were originally.

From Painters' Vale a short drive brought us by way of The Flatts to Dr. Outerbridge's farm, where are situated the celebrated Walsingham Caves. The carriages were sent round by the road; and we proceeded to walk to the sea-shore across the land adjoining the farm, the crops on which appeared to consist principally of onions, potatoes, and tomatoes, planted in curious little clearings among the trees, which serve to protect them from the prevailing winds. Notwithstanding this precaution, however, last week's hurricane has caused terrible devastation among the vegetation, one entire field of young tomato plants having been uprooted and blown nearly a hundred yards away. The Walsingham Caves are most picturesquely situated in the centre of a thick wood, through which we had some difficulty in forcing our way, owing to the fallen branches and stumps of trees which impeded our course. From the rocky roofs of the caves hang numerous stalactites, covered with a sort of delicate fretwork of lime deposit, which has the appearance of the finest lace. One peculiarity of these caverns is that the atmosphere of the interior is quite mild and soft, and not at all like the dank air that generally pervades such places. In the centre is a pool, with a small

mushroom-shaped stalagmite projecting from it. The effect of the bright sunbeams shining on the light green water and of the darkness of the cave itself, illuminated at the further end by the brushwood torches carried by our guides, was very fine. At the entrance we picked up a curious specimen of *Piper obtusifolium*, which resembles in appearance a naturally-grown green Neptune's trident.



MOORE'S CALABASH TREE

From the caves we had a long but interesting walk, past innumerable small pools filled with curious fish, to the calabash tree under which Thomas Moore, the poet, composed the stanzas which have delighted so many of his legions of readers :—

> Oh had we some bright little isle of our own,
> In a blue summer-ocean, far off and alone;
> . . . . . .
> Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
> Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

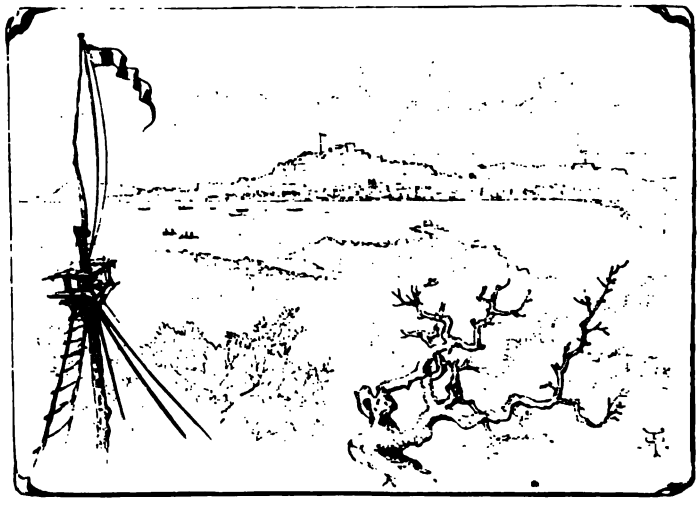
Moore obtained an appointment under Government as Registrar to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda, in 1803, and arrived at his post at the beginning of the following year. According to the trustworthiest authorities he seems to have been a most pugnacious little man, and to have been constantly getting into difficulties of all sorts on account of his peppery temperament. He only remained at Bermuda for two months, at the end of which period he appointed a deputy

to fill his place, and, after making a tour in the United States, returned to England.

Just as we reached the road again, we came to a new house, the owner of which, observing that I appeared tired, kindly invited me to come in and rest, while the others went on to see some more caves, thus entailing a long and somewhat fatiguing walk. In the interval of repose I obtained some interesting information concerning Bermuda from my host, who is here regarded as an extensive farmer; his estate covering an area of about forty acres, which is considerable for these small islands, although it does not sound much to our English ears. When, however, he explained to me that from an acre of onions he could, under favourable circumstances, realise a profit of as much as 80*l.* in the year, the limited dimensions of his estate became less surprising. He also informed me that new potatoes were an important item of production, as they fetch as much as six shillings per bushel on the farm. In fact, farming in Bermuda is more like market-gardening; a ready sale for the produce being found in the United States. In the spring season special steamers carry cargoes of potatoes, tomatoes, onions, and other vegetables and fruits to New York. The more enterprising inhabitants are anxious to establish a better direct communication with England, which seems to be rather a difficult matter to arrange, all homeward and other mails being at present despatched either *viâ* New York, Halifax, or Jamaica.

Some of the trees which we noticed by the road-side were curious, especially one called the 'pride of India,' which I had only previously seen with bare branches. It is not unlike a large sweet verbena, and bears a similar greyish-coloured flower. There were also large quantities of guavas, from which the jelly so well known to us is produced, and a pretty tree with a large lavender flower, and great orange-coloured clusters of what are called 'pigeon-berries.' We

likewise saw specimens of a plant which grows luxuriantly here, and which is much used for garden-borders, called the 'lace-plant,' from the extreme delicacy and beauty of its foliage; and another called the 'artillery-plant,' owing to the curious way in which the seeds that grow round the edges of the leaves explode if touched when the plant is nearly ripe, cracking with a sharp noise like that which might be produced by Lilliputian riflemen. The rose-geranium is here called the 'graveyard geranium,' probably from the fact that it is grown



ST. GEORGE'S AND WRECKS

in all the churchyards on the island, and that the pillows used in coffins are frequently stuffed with the leaves and flowers.

In former times the visitor from other parts of the Bermudas to St. George had to reach that island by means of a ferry; but of late years a causeway, nearly two miles in length, has been constructed over a series of reefs in St. George's Harbour, and across Long Bird Island, ending in a

swing-bridge, which enables boats to pass through the channel. This causeway was commenced in 1867, and was finished in 1871, at a cost to the colony of 32,000*l*. As we drove along this most interesting piece of engineering work, a strange sight met our eyes. I have already referred to the number of wrecks that are to be seen in the Bermudian harbours, but here there were wrecks on every side, including old hulks which had been brought here to end their days, and to be broken up, and the remains of vessels which had been driven on to the rocks, and which were being gradually knocked to pieces by the fury of the sea and wind. It was a spectacle which would have caused consternation in the mind of a Lloyd's agent.

Soon after we had reached St. George's Island we embarked in a small boat belonging to the agent of the Cunard Steamship Company, for St. David's Island, passing on our way two or three of the loveliest spots in the Bermudas, known respectively as the 'Fairies' Hole,' the 'Fairies' Walk,' and the 'Doll's Rock.' The channels that divide the numerous islets are all more or less picturesque, although the innumerable wrecks by which they are studded produce a somewhat ghastly effect. Three ships, the 'Francis Hilyard,' the 'Daniel Dresser' of Boston, and the German vessel 'Der Sud,' have been towed in here recently as derelicts, and not being in quite so dilapidated a condition as the rest, are now used as storehouses for kerosene oil, of which, at the time of our visit, we were informed that there were no less than 10,000 barrels on board.

St. David's is one of the most curious and primitive islands of the Bermudas. Sir Henry Lefroy, in describing it a few years ago, said that on the occasion of his visit he had himself seen a man ploughing, with a team consisting of his wife, a donkey, and a pig. There are now said to be two horses on the island, though some people assert somewhat

paradoxically that one of them is a donkey. I myself saw one of the equine quadrupeds, with a nice little fluffy foal by her side.

From the summit of the St. David's lighthouse, which has been the means of averting a large number of wrecks, the view obtained over the sea and islands was very extensive; and the evidences of catastrophes were only too frequent in the form of the timbers and framework of many ships which had sailed on to destruction among the cruel rocks. On our way down to the shore we passed several of the light-house-keepers' cottages, and a curious fish-kraal, in which were some extraordinary cray-fish. As we returned we saw a small steamer lying off the harbour, waiting to come in; but as neither pilot nor quarantine officer had gone off to her, and darkness was rapidly coming on, it seemed probable that she would have to wait until the morning before entering the narrow channel which leads to the town of St. George. We also passed the place where, in the olden times, whales used to be boiled down; but the number of these fish that are now captured is not sufficient to make it worth while to adopt this process. The 'schools' of whales very seldom approach close enough to the land to be caught by the fishermen of the place, who have consequently



lost some of their skill. I expect that the truth of the matter is that in former days great recklessness was shown in the way in which whales, both old and young, were destroyed, and that this has had the effect of diminishing their numbers to a very considerable extent.

The town of St. George is clean, well-built, and pleasant-looking. We went to the church, which is a curious edifice, and which contains an interesting collection of sacramental plate of elegant design, presented by William III. The church clock had originally been made for Portsmouth Dockyard; but being too small for the position for which it was intended, it was secured by an enterprising and economical Bermudian, at a reduced price, as suitable for the church-tower of his native place. Some tombs in the churchyard attracted our attention; and we spent a long time in deciphering several quaint inscriptions upon them. In the public garden is a monument to Sir George Somers, originally erected in 1726 by Charlotte and John Hope, with an inscription by Sir John Lefroy. It commemorates the shipwreck which took place on July 28, 1609, and which led to the ultimate colonisation of the Bermudas by the British. In the year named, a fleet of nine vessels, commanded by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Capt. Newport, on its way to Virginia, was dispersed by a great storm, one of the vessels called the 'Sea Adventure,' with Sir George Somers on board, being cast on the reefs of the Bermudas, and the crew, to the number of 150, fortunately contriving to reach land. They spent ten months on the islands, during which period they constructed a cedar pinnace, in which some of their number sailed for Virginia, whence they returned in due course in a larger vessel. Sir George Somers soon afterwards died on one of the islands; and those of his crew who still remained, with the exception of three, who volunteered to stay behind to retain possession of the islands, sailed for England, where a

coming down steep places or over such huge stones, with such jolts, that I thought our springs must break, especially when we came to the margin of the sea close by a ruined cottage, and meandered along over the beach and boulders for some distance, the waves on one side of us washing the wheels of the carriage. At last we saw a light, and pulling up outside a dwelling on the top of one of the steepest banks we had encountered, we were assured by a very stout negress that this was 'Massa Bertram's house.' We entered the kitchen, which was dimly illumined by the light of a tallow candle, and our arrival was duly announced to Mr. Bertram. To describe the personal appearance of our host, as he emerged from the dark shadow, would be almost impossible. He was a very old man, quaintly dressed in a long dressing-gown, something like a gaberdine, with grey hair hanging in wild elfish locks, and a still longer beard, the central portion of which was carefully plaited in three and brought to a point. He was not bad-looking, and his eyes were bright and piercing. Rather to our disappointment, after our long and perilous journey, he announced that none of his curios were for sale, but that he would be very happy to show us his museum, which was situated at a short distance from the cottage. The stout negress led the way, holding a tallow-candle which flickered, and spluttered, and guttered, and nearly went out in the wind; and, with the aid of that and with the light



from a paraffin lamp, we managed to see something of the collection, which, although somewhat overpoweringly odoriferous, was well worth a visit, and fully came up to the description which we had received of it. I was enabled to verify the names of many specimens which we ourselves had procured, and to add much to my knowledge of the natural history of Bermuda by our interview with the owner of what might with truth be called 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' Our visit did not at first appear to afford much pleasure to Mr. Bertram; but he afterwards assured us that he would not mind if I stayed for hours, as I appeared to take a *real* interest in his rarities. He did not, however, like showing them to 'folks who put their heads in at the door and then went away, saying that they had seen Bertram's collection and knew all about it.' He was a shrewd old man, and some of his remarks were most amusing. I felt quite sorry that we had not been able to find him by daylight, and to spend more time with him. On leaving, he begged me to pay him another visit, and to remain two or three days if I liked, when he would give me a great deal more information.

By this time it had become darker than ever, and how we managed to regain the main road in safety I scarcely know, although Mr. Bertram appeared to be somewhat indignant when I suggested that his carriage-drive was a little difficult on a dark night. All ended well, however; and we reached Hamilton just in time for the hotel dinner, which is said 'to run' from six to eight o'clock, and which as a rule during our stay appeared to have run out by the time we arrived home from our various expeditions.

Thursday, December 6th.—This morning the Admiral was good enough to send the 'Diamond,' with its black pilot, to take us for an excursion to Fairyland; a pleasant place to start for, though our experience of it was somewhat stormier than was agreeable. It was blowing more than half a gale

of wind when we left the shore, and even with two reefs in her mainsail, the lee-rail of the 'Diamond' was well under the water, which occasionally threatened to fill the little cock-pit in which we sat, comparatively sheltered from the wind and waves. On arriving at Spanish Point, the 'Diamond' was brought up alongside the shore, and Mr. Pritchett and I embarked in the dinghy with two sailors, in order to row up the shallower waters, where the larger boat could not penetrate. The scene was undeniably beautiful, but we could not avoid a feeling of disappointment, probably because our ideas



FAIRY LAND

had been formed from the written descriptions of it as it appears on a placid summer's day, when the islands lie basking on the face of the blue sea. To-day the condition of things was quite different. The waves were beating angrily against the shore, while overhead black clouds, evidently the forerunners of a tempest, scudded across the otherwise bright sky, and obscured the sun at frequent intervals. Very near the entrance to the narrow channel leading to 'Fairy Land' is a magnificent mangrove tree, which, as it was growing in a more healthy locality than is usual with these trees, we were enabled to observe with close attention: its peculiar style of growth,

and the way in which its roots are thrown into the water from a considerable height—producing a somewhat similar effect to that of the Pandanus—being specially noticeable. Each creek and channel which we ascended presented fresh changes of scenery. At the top of the main channel we landed in a Bermudian cedar grove, in the centre of which a large house is being built for an American general, the material used being coralline limestone, which looked very white and cool in the midst of the encircling verdure. Birds of various kinds abounded; and we spent a long time in observing the gambols of some dozen blue and red birds among the crops in the kitchen-garden, up and down the furrows of which they ran and hopped in the most amusing manner, while one or two of their number, perched on a rail-fence, carolled their sweetest lays, apparently with the sole object of amusing their companions. Presently we met the person in charge of the building operations, who appeared to be something of an architect and something of a boat-builder, and who, in order to prove the truth of a favourite theory of his, that it was quite possible to build a serviceable boat of stone, provided that due care were taken to shape and ballast her properly, had constructed from the material named a small craft, which was now floating alongside the little pier, and which he was proceeding to rig. I was much interested in his conversation, and thought that I should like to add a stone-boat to my already somewhat large collection. I accordingly left instructions for a model to be built for me, and rigged in Bermudian fashion, which would make it more interesting.

It was now time to return; and this we found a somewhat serious operation, both tide and wind being against us. Directly we emerged from the more sheltered creeks, our two sailors had the greatest difficulty in keeping the bow of the boat to the sea. To add to our troubles, a very heavy squall suddenly came on, torrents of rain de-

scended from a cloud as black as ink, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed and roared, and the waves looked black and threatening, rearing their angry white crests as if eager to engulf our tiny boat. It was all that we could do to manage the rudder while the two men rowed; and at one moment I thought that all was over, when a small sea broke into the boat, and a larger one threatened to follow its example. By changing our course, however, getting under shelter of the point, and then taking a fresh departure as soon as the men had had time to recover their strength and breath after their buffeting and tossing, we safely reached the 'Diamond' once more, drenched and cold, but greatly to the relief of Burgess, the black pilot, who had suffered some anxiety on our account. On our way out of the creek, in one of the most sheltered coves, we passed the wreck of a tiny boat, a fairy-like craft, which we could almost fancy might have been used by elves. There she lay, abandoned, on the beach, partly resting on the snowy-white sands and partly lapped by the water; and I could not help thinking how narrow had been our escape from meeting with a similar fate.

The sail back to the yacht was glorious. We simply flew before the wind, the 'Diamond' shaking the spray from her bows as we dashed along, guided in the most skilful manner, and brought up alongside the 'Sunbeam.'

During the remainder of the morning I was busily occupied in sending out invitations for a reception on board the 'Sunbeam,' to take place on Saturday, a very general wish having been expressed by our friends on shore to see the yacht. At noon, a meeting was held at the Mechanics' Institute for the purpose of inaugurating the ambulance centre, which meeting went off very successfully, and was attended by the most influential people of Hamilton and of the neighbourhood.

After a hasty lunch at the hotel, we drove with Mrs. Barnardiston and one or two other friends to the Gibbs Hill

lighthouse. At Warwick Camp we stopped for a short time, but could not remain long enough to partake of tea, to which we were hospitably invited, the day being so stormy and the twilight coming on apace. We reached the lighthouse just as the keeper had lighted the lamps, and were nearly blown away at the door while waiting to ascend. The light is very powerful, and has done good service





in saving many a ship from destruction. It rises to a height of 362 feet above the sea, and is visible at a distance of 25 miles.

The wind on our return journey was even more violent than it had been earlier in the afternoon, and we were glad to find ourselves once more back again in Hamilton. Getting across Grassy Bay to the yacht was a matter

of some difficulty, for it was now blowing a perfect hurricane; and even in this comparatively sheltered spot the waves were short and steep and somewhat dangerous to a small boat.

Friday, December 7th.—At an early hour this morning the doctor came to me with a grave face, and announced that one of the stewards, who had been ailing for some days, was, he feared, seriously ill with fever, and that he thought the sooner he was sent to the hospital the better. The Admiral shortly afterwards came on board, and thinking that it might prove to be a case of dengue, or yellow-fever, he advised us to postpone our proposed afternoon-party of to-morrow. This was not only a great disappointment, but it involved considerable trouble, the means of rapid communication in these somewhat scattered islands not being easy or numerous. However, there was no alternative; so with great reluctance we set to work to write and telegraph and despatch messengers on horseback to everybody to whom we had already sent invitations. The weather was still so bad that the regatta, which was to have taken place in the afternoon, had to be put off; which fact afforded us an excuse for our own alteration of plans, and enabled us to avoid causing unnecessary alarm by mentioning the real cause of the postponement; for at the slightest suspicion of fever the Bermudian becomes nervous, having suffered severely on several occasions from terrible epidemics, in consequence of the quarantine regulations having been imperfectly enforced or altogether evaded.

In the afternoon Tom and I went to a most interesting part of the islands, called the Sand Hills. One might almost call them sand seas, for they would speedily engulf anything that might come within the range of their influence. We could see plainly how the sand, driven before the fierce gale, had buried trees, houses, and cottages in its

terrible onward march, covering everything as with a lava torrent of irresistible power. It was most curious to look down the chimneys of cottages, and on to the projecting tops of trees, which had thus been buried by the sand-storm.

From Spanish Rock, which commands an extensive view over the sea and of the partially submerged reefs, we went on to Hungry Bay, on the south shore, where the rocks are heaped up in wild confusion, and where the coast is full of openings and holes and coves made by the ever-surging ocean, the colour of which is sometimes bright green and sometimes deep blue.

We were to have dined at the Admiral's to-night; but the steward's illness caused us to hesitate as to the prudence of so doing. The invalid was sent ashore to the hospital during the day in charge of the doctor, who, on his return, informed us that his opinion as to the fever being of an infectious kind had been fully confirmed, and that he had accordingly telegraphed to the Admiral to inform him that it would be better not to run the risk of entertaining us at dinner, as we knew that if the report got abroad that there was a suspected case of fever on board the yacht, it would cause quite a scare all over the island. I thought it strange that we had had no direct communication in reply from Sir John Commerel; but although we were all ready dressed and prepared to start, we decided that it would be better to remain on board, and to improvise a dinner, which we were just about to commence, when a message arrived from the shore to the effect that the Admiral's carriage was *still* waiting for us. Tom, astonished at this news, went off at once, but on reaching the shore found that the carriage had just gone away; and it being quite impossible to procure another vehicle without considerable delay, he returned on board the yacht. The next day we had the annoyance of hearing that our host had waited dinner fifty

minutes for us; although it was owing to no fault of ours that the misunderstanding had arisen.

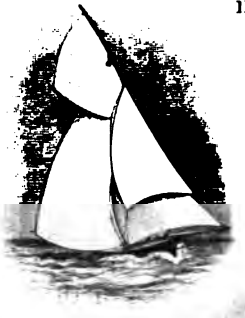
Saturday, December 8th.—This morning we received a telegram from the hospital to the effect that there was nothing the matter with Foy beyond a chill and a sore throat; so that it was evident that all our trouble in regard to the party had been in vain, although we could not help feeling that it was better to have erred on the safe side. Knowing how great was the disappointment that had been felt by people who had looked forward to visiting the 'Sunbeam,' we now took almost an equal amount of trouble to that which we had had yesterday, in order to inform them all once more that we should be delighted to see them, though the weather was still too rough for the postponed regatta to take place. This we greatly regretted, as we should have liked to have seen the various specimens of Bermuda boats racing. The match which had been arranged between representatives of the crew of the flagship and of the 'Sunbeam' would also have been very amusing and exciting. Both sides were confident of victory, our own people especially; although our opponents would of course have had a great advantage over us in being able to select a crew from between six or seven hundred men instead of from twenty-eight only.

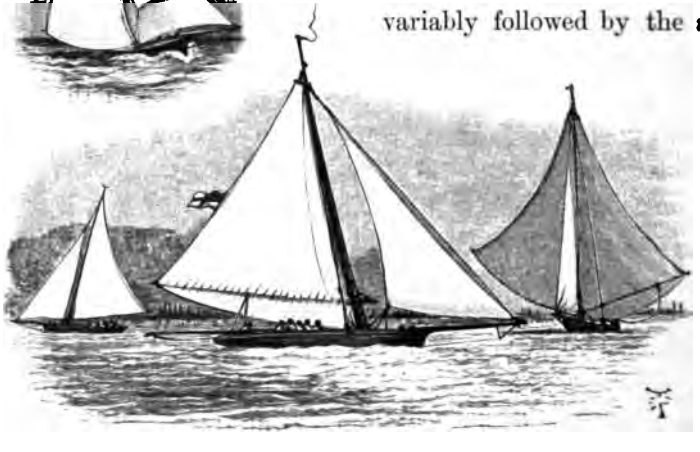
The grand yacht race which takes place on the occasion of the annual regatta is quite one of the events of the year in Bermuda. The yachts themselves are of a build peculiar to these islands, and carry an enormous spread of canvas when racing. I was assured that one yacht, of less than 5 tons, and only 16 ft. long, carried a mast 44 ft. high, a boom 33½ ft. long, a bowsprit 19 ft. long, and a spinnaker-boom 25 ft. long; so that when running before the wind, her canvas actually measured 58½ ft. from side to side. The 'dinghys' are also wonderful little craft, some of them, not more than 10 ft. in length, carrying masts between 25

and 30 ft. long, bowsprits 2 ft. longer than the keel, and booms 21 ft. in length. It may be imagined, therefore, at how great a speed these small craft dash through the water, their varnished sides and snowy canvas glittering in the bright sunshine, and forming a picture of inexpressible grace and beauty. I fancy that the merest neophyte in boat-sailing in general, might become enthusiastic when witnessing a race between these well-managed boats in the beautiful waters of the Bermudas. I was assured that those in charge of the boats occasionally get so excited that they run serious risks by carrying too much canvas, and that not unfrequently several of the craft capsize and go down in the course of a contest. But their crews are invariably good swimmers; and it has been said that 'the sudden subsidence of a boat is invariably followed by the ap-









pearance of six brown burnt corks on the surface of the water'; by which graceful figure of speech the heads of the crew, rising from their sudden immersion, are referred to.

I was somewhat amused to-day, when making inquiries as to the best way of getting out to the reef to see the corals, at being asked by a young lady: 'What do you want to see the coral for? It is not worth looking at. It is only fit for making houses with; I never think of coral in any other light than that.' True it is that not only in Bermuda itself, but in the whole group of islands, the houses are built of coralline limestone, sawn out into blocks, the material being quite soft enough when fresh to be treated in this manner. It soon hardens by exposure to the air, when it presents a beautifully white and slightly polished surface, impervious to wind and water alike.

Sunday, December 9th.—A fine morning, although a strong breeze was still blowing. We waited somewhat impatiently for our pilot, who had faithfully promised yesterday to be with us at 6.30 this morning, and had just given up all hope of taking the yacht across to Hamilton to-day, when, with true 'Bermudian' unpunctuality, the pilot arrived at 7.45, with no other excuse than that 'My carriage was late, sir; and on Saturday nights one is always inclined very much for sleep.' We steamed quickly across the bay and moored alongside the wharf, inside the camber, once more. The morning was so clear and bright and sunny that, in spite of the strong wind, I should have liked to stay on deck all the time; but I was unfortunately far too ill to leave my cabin or to accompany the rest of the party to the very pretty little dockyard church, where I understand that a short service of an hour was excellently well conducted by Dr. Penning, the Rector, who also preached a short but eloquent sermon, admirably adapted to a congregation composed principally of soldiers, sailors, and marines. Tom returned quite delighted, saying that it was

one of the most impressive dockyard services which he had ever heard anywhere.

On their way back from church the children discovered some 'Portuguese men-of-war,' which had been blown up by the recent gales, together with a heap of Sargasso weed, into a corner of the dock. Poor wee things; the waves had behaved very badly to their fragile forms, having torn off some of their blue and mauve feelers, and over-inflated their bodies with air, so that their slender sails did not show to the fullest advantage. Blue and mauve would not perhaps appear to form a pretty mixture; but Nature has skilfully blended them upon her palette, and the gradations from delicate mother-of-pearl to the deeper hues are tenderly harmonised, the result being extremely beautiful. Mr. Pritchett, who in all his travels had never before met with these interesting creatures, was delighted with their loveliness even in death, and made an interesting sketch of some of them. The *argonautæ* are curious and apparently capricious little objects. Like their namesakes, the discoverers of old, they find their way, or are taken by the love of adventure, into every corner of the civilised and uncivilised world. I have found them looking very dilapidated and sorry for themselves, after a long and



PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR

tempestuous voyage in the Gulf Stream, on the coast of the stormy Shetland Islands; and on various parts of the English coast, after a heavy gale, whole fleets of them, varying from a quarter of an inch to three and even four inches in size, may be seen sailing along in all the pomp and panoply of brave and gay attire, with every delicate tentacle spread out beneath them to catch the innumerable and invisible animalcula which form their food. They float onward with, if not exactly 'sails of sendal, ropes of pearl,' yet with their lovely prismatic sails, combining every tint of the rainbow, set to catch the breeze; and I cannot help thinking that their tentacula also serve to assist their progress. Or is this merely fancy, and do they simply drift about on the surface of the ocean, the sport of the ever restless waves, driven wherever the wind listeth? Directly a storm comes, it takes the wind out of their sails; or, more strictly speaking, it obliges them to perform that operation for themselves. Their sails are double, and so they quickly allow them and their bladder-like bodies to collapse, turn up their tentacula quite tightly and cosily on the two orifices in their bodies, so as to make all taut below, and then sink a few inches beneath the surface of the sea into comparatively calm water, and remain quietly there till the storm is past. Occasionally, however, they are caught unawares, before they have had time to furl their tiny sails; for I have seen them with their bladders inflated to such an extent that they look as if they must burst, as they hopelessly and helplessly drifted, at the mercy of the winds and waves. In the Tropics the *argonautæ*, like everything else in those delightful regions, are more fully developed than is the case elsewhere, both in size and in colour. I never shall forget one small fleet of them which we met one evening in the South Pacific, in 1876. They were all of large growth, and having captured more sunbeams than usual for the decoration of their sails, had

converted them into prismatic colours of the most exquisite hues. It was just before sunset, 'the hour when daylight dies, and sunbeams melt into the silent seas.' The surface of the water was scarcely ruffled by the light air of a very faint and almost expiring trade-wind. The vast ocean looked like one immense sheet of opal, with even more fire and change of colour than that lovely and ever-changing stone itself; while on the bosom of the deep floated this fairy fleet of fragile craft, of every conceivable rainbow-hue, in striking contrast with the brilliant tones of a sunset, such as one can only see in the Tropics. As we gazed, it was almost difficult to believe that we had not been suddenly wafted to some strange land, far away from this prosaic world of ours. The fairy-scene too soon vanished from our view; but it will remain graven in our minds for aye. The brief twilight was absorbed in the effulgence of a glorious full moon, the sunlight tints faded from the sky, and our fairy little fleet became 'like craft of silver, sailing on a lake of azure blue.'

It was too rough to row round, and as I was too weak to walk to the Barnardiston's to lunch, Tom, who was particularly anxious that I should go, had a very comfortable chair arranged on two boat-hooks for me, and some of the sailors carried me—a most simple and yet convenient mode of locomotion.

Our way led right through the dockyard, which bears a strong family resemblance to all the other dockyards which I have elsewhere seen—Malta more especially, perhaps. Outside, the road ran between Great Sound on the one side and the broad Atlantic on the other, and was sufficiently breezy. The air was fresh and bracing, and it was difficult to understand why this climate should be so relaxing as it undoubtedly is to European constitutions. No one who remains here for a long time together seems to keep quite up to the

mark. On the other hand, the islands have been spared, on the whole, the scourge of violent epidemics, although they have not been entirely exempt from them. We passed a neat-looking Sailors' Home, built on the crest of a neck of land, where the edifice catches every breeze and commands extensive views on all sides. This institution, which is comfortably furnished, and well supplied with books, newspapers, and periodicals, is thoroughly appreciated by the sailors. Close



BACK OF THE COTTAGE

by are several rows of cottages, occupied by the dockyard-labourers. How their English compeers would envy them their cosy little dwelling-places! I should not mind living in one of these snug cabooses myself, with their white coral-covered walls, trim little verandahs, and neat garden-plots, full of what in England would be greenhouse and hothouse flowers.

We met several friends at 'The Cottage'; but I was compelled to rest instead of accompanying the other members of the party on their expedition to Boaz and Somerset Islands, and to the cemetery and lighthouse.

Captains Victor Montagu, Custance, and Poë dined on

board the yacht; but I did not attempt to join them until ten o'clock, by which time the storm had completely disappeared; the moon was shining brightly, and I found the whole party sitting on deck, chatting, and sipping coffee, and smoking cigarettes.

Monday, December 10th. - I awoke at five, feeling rather better than yesterday, but still far from well. It was no good thinking about it, however, for there was much to be done in the way of getting ready for departure, the weather having become fine, and it being highly desirable to leave these storm-beaten islands before the arrival of another hurricane. The storms are distinctly local in character. It often happens that ships coming both from the north and from the south report having encountered much better weather at sea than they find on reaching Bermuda. Yesterday evening the gale was far worse at Hamilton than it was on this side of the bay, although the distance between the two places is so small.

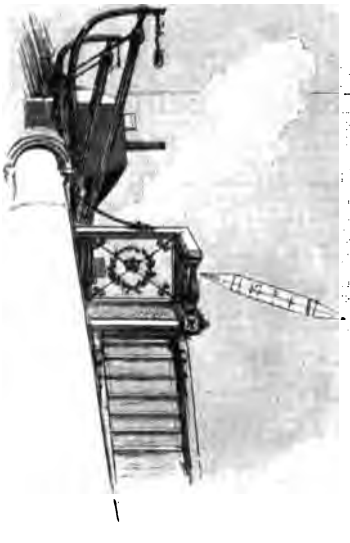
A boat from the 'Northampton' came for us at half-past nine; and we went on board the flagship, which I had not been able to visit before, although Tom had minutely inspected her last week. She is a fine ship: but was of course somewhat in disorder after her recent unfortunate accident, and in consequence of the preparations which were being made for the reception of 600 tons of coal this afternoon. Her coal-carrying capacity is twice the quantity just named; but the last 400 tons have a tendency to make her plunge so heavily, even in a moderate sea, that the full pabulum of 'black diamonds' is rarely taken on board. The whole of the shot and shell had been removed from the racks; nearly 600 tons of materials and gear had been disembarked, and preparations were being made to take out her guns—weighing another 500 tons—when she was happily towed off the rocks, without having sustained any serious damage. The impending court-martial,

which begins to-morrow, throws a gloom over everything; and I am not very sorry that we are going away before the trial begins; for it is a most unpleasant business. I only hope that the Court may feel more inclined to dwell on the good work done in getting the ship off so quickly and with so very little damage, than on the unfortunate mistake made in allowing her to drift on shore. The 'Northampton' is a double-screw, iron, armour-plated ship, of 7630 tons and 6070 horse-power, carrying 12 guns, and is the flagship of the North American and West Indian stations. Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, K.C.B., V.C., is in command, assisted by Captain Noel Digby, and many other officers, several of whom are old acquaintances of ours, whom we have met in various parts of the world.

From the 'Northampton' we crossed the breakwater; and getting into the gig that had been sent to meet us, we went on board the 'Canada,' a ship the name of which has been made familiar to us all of late from the fact of her having been the home of another of our sailor Princes, Prince George of Wales, who is worthily qualifying himself for the profession so dear to all Englishmen. The 'Canada' is a composite screw-corvette of 2380 tons and 2430 horse-power, carrying 10 guns. Captain Durrant, who commands her, kindly took us into his own cabin, a charming room, comfortably fitted up, the walls being lined with some sort of newly invented cream-coloured composition, like plaster, which keeps dry in the wettest weather: a great desideratum, especially in an iron ship. To reach his private cabin we had to pass through his dining-room, where six middies (Prince George of Wales being one of the number) were hard at work at their six-monthly examination, a most important event for them. The examination papers are sent out in sealed packets direct from the Admiralty, and are only opened in the presence of the lads themselves.

There were a great many other things in addition to the captain's cabin to interest us on board the 'Canada.' We specially admired some new Armstrong guns, a little over fourteen feet long, the shape and general appearance of which, brightly polished as they had been by the application of kerosene oil, can only be appropriately described by the favourite American adjective 'elegant.' It can scarcely be imagined how great a difference the extra foot or two in length makes in the appearance of the guns. Then there was a wonderful Vavasseur gun, fitted with ingenious hydraulic machinery for the purpose of preventing a too sudden recoil after firing.





Some excellent practice was made with it, which we watched from the poop. The gunnery-lieutenant informed us that he considered the apparatus *quite* invaluable, and that he only wished that all broadside guns were fitted with it. Two Whitehead torpedoes were also discharged for our edification—one at a stationary target, and one at a small keg towed slowly past the ship by a boat. A white galvanised iron tube, about

fourteen feet long, looking something like a large fish, was seen to take a sudden header from the ship's side, through one of the ports on the lower deck, which aperture we had been watching intently in anxious expectation for some minutes. Diving but a short distance beneath the surface of the sea, the torpedo darted along, swift and straight as an arrow from a bow, the bubbles of air, as they escaped in its rapid progress, leaving a track like a huge sea-serpent behind it. At a distance of about 150 yards the fish-like explosive suddenly rose to the surface, burst into flames, and then took a sudden turn backwards, so sharp that it almost returned on its own course. The second torpedo behaved in very much the same manner, only varied by its making a curious sort of deflection at the end of its flight, so that, instead of coming right back on its track, it described a curve in the shape of a sickle. Torpedoes are formidable but uncertain weapons; and it can scarcely be safe to depend on them absolutely at a greater distance than from fifty to a hundred yards. At that range they would be extremely valuable in warfare; since the knowledge that a vessel had several of them on board would undoubtedly tend very much to prevent an enemy attempting to board her, or approach at too close quarters.

After bidding our kind host farewell, and with many mutual good wishes for pleasant voyages, we went on board the 'Tenedos,' which was lying just astern the 'Canada.' The 'Tenedos' is a screw-corvette of 1760 tons and 2030 horse-power, carrying 12 guns. She has been commanded by Captain Charles F. Fane since 1880, and has made some very interesting cruises. She experienced terrible weather recently on the voyage from Halifax: her decks being covered with snow and ice, and her ropes so frozen that it was almost impossible to move them. She also encountered terrible gales as she got into warmer latitudes; and was for three days

[illegible] a short cut far from these islands, waiting for a pilot. Captain Fane has recently been cruising off the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, with the object of protecting our fishing interests in those waters. He states that the salmon-fishing has already been nearly destroyed by the excessive netting, and that in his opinion a man-of-war, or perhaps a gunboat or two, should cruise along the coast once or twice a year and seize the nets that have been illegally spread across the rivers, at the same time taking steps to severely punish the poachers whenever practicable. Strict laws have been passed against netting; but there is nobody



to enforce them, and directly the man-of war disappears in the offing, no time is lost in resuming the nefarious practices.

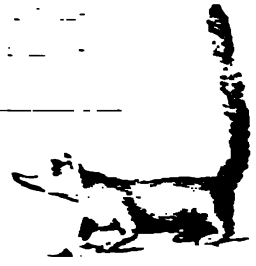
As we were rowing back into the harbour, after leaving the 'Tenedos,' we met Mrs. Barnardiston coming out in the steam-launch. We could only shout our farewells and sincere thanks for all her kindness, instead of exchanging a warm grasp of the hand, which would have been far more satisfactory. Then we saw the dear old 'Sunbeam' turning round and slowly steaming out from her moorings, the band of the flagship playing in her honour, and everybody on board the

'Northampton,' the 'Garnet,' the 'Irresistible,' and all the other ships in the camber—even the dockyard men—stopping work to look at her, and perhaps keenly wishing they were on board the graceful craft that 'walked the waters like a thing of life,' to say nothing of her being 'homeward bound.' Notwithstanding her denuded state, with her top-gallant yards and top-masts on deck, and only her storm-canvas bent, she still looked beautiful, as her bow gently cleaved the smooth surface of the water, like the soft breast of an eider duck in some calm Norwegian Fiord.

On reaching the shore we entered the one carriage which Ireland Island boasts, and drove through the dockyard and on



to the Commissioner's house, now used as officers' quarters for the Marines. Charming quarters they are too. Major and Mrs. Sharp, old friends of Mr. Pritchett, received us most kindly and showed us all over the buildings, which are encircled by a large verandah, so that there is always a cool corner and a breeze to be found somewhere, commanding a delightful and ever-changing view of many-coloured sea, sky, and land, diversified by rocks, reefs, and wrecks. The surroundings of the house are of a rural character, and we came away laden with a nice little bag of fresh eggs; while we saw heaps of poultry of all kinds, pigs, goats, and cows, to say



rather resembled that of an opossum, in the drollest way when he wanted to coax his proprietor, or to get some condensed milk and eggs—his favourite delicacies—or anything he specially liked to eat. Nobody seemed to know exactly to what species he belonged, or his proper status in the animal world. He was what Artemus Ward called 'an amoosin' little cuss,' with not much of the 'bear' about him—at all events as regards his manners. The 'Irresistible,' on board which he and his master are at present residing, is a wooden hulk of the third class, sent out here to serve as a depôt ship.

While we were visiting the honey-bear Tom had gone off to the yacht, which was moored to a buoy just astern of the 'Canada' and 'Tenedos,' outside the camber, in order to see that all was really ready for our immediate departure; for there was now a fair breeze blowing, of which he was anxious to take advantage. On our arrival on board we found him in a great state of mind; and no wonder: for although Bermudian unpunctuality is proverbial, I do not think that he had until now quite realised the fact that we could not possibly sail until two or three hours after the time originally fixed, and that, owing to the wind having died away almost to a flat calm, it was becoming only too probable that we should not succeed in getting outside the reef before dark. The fresh provisions had arrived alongside; but unfortunately the cook had sent two men off to meet them, who had not yet returned. After a considerable amount of whistling, and the despatch of sundry messengers, they appeared, together with the washing, and we thought we should really be able to make a start; when, to our horror, at the very last moment, it was discovered that the doctor, who had gone over to Hamilton in the morning on ambulance business, had not yet returned, although it was now past one o'clock, and we were to have sailed at eleven. Just as we were beginning to despair of seeing him again on

this side of the Atlantic, he arrived, looking very hot and tired, having, in the first place, found that his business occupied him a great deal longer than he had expected; in the second, that it was rather difficult to procure a boat to bring him across the bay; and, in the third, that no amount of whistling would induce the wind to spring up and waft him over, in anything like reasonable time, to where the 'Sunbeam' was lying.



FAREWELL TO BERMUDA

At length our party was complete, and we really began to move ahead, exchanging salutes and signals of farewell with the various ships which we passed, carrying with us many messages and good wishes from those who were

Loved, yet left behind;

and perhaps exciting a few sorrowful although not unkindly reflections on the part of those who were thinking lovingly of many dear ones at home, and would have been glad to find themselves, as we were, homeward-bound, with a prospect of

spending a Happy New Year, if not a Merry Christmas, in Old England.

Four-letter signals and three-letter signals were hoisted in such quick succession, that it was necessary for all engaged in repeating and replying to the messages to have their wits about them, in order to read them off quickly enough. The deck looked quite animated; everybody being interested in watching the ships and wondering what signal was coming next. Two men were at the halliards, two at the locker containing the flags, till every single flag was out and the contents of the locker were strewn all over the deck. The flag-ship and 'Garnet' ran up the signal B. R. D. = 'Goodbye,' D. C. L. V. = 'Happy,' C. P. B. D. = 'Christmas,' B. Q. R. = 'pleasant voyage,' and B. R. D. = 'adieu,' to which we replied R. S. J. = 'Thanks,' B. R. D. = 'Farewell.'

All this time we were steaming quietly out, under the shelter of the islands and reefs; but when we began to emerge from their friendly shelter the story was very different, and not nearly so agreeable. The swell from the recent gales had not by any means subsided; and the long heavy rollers, which broke in lines of white foam on the reefs near the shore, caused us to roll and pitch in a manner which disturbed the equilibrium of almost everybody and everything on board: for the rough weather came upon us somewhat unexpectedly. The poor pilot was anxious to possess a copy of one of my books, but was too shy to ask for it until the last moment. He must have had rather a bad time hanging on to the side, waiting for me to write his name in the volume—a work of some difficulty, under the circumstances. As the pilot-boat rowed away we could only just catch a glimpse of the head of the man who was steering, and of those of his two mates, who were pulling at the oars, ere they disappeared from sight in the trough of the big waves, through the passage between the breakers at the entrance to St. George's Sound. It was in-

expressibly grand to watch the heavy swell of the mighty ocean, covered with white foam, as it dashed and surged against and over the coral reefs and cruel sharp-pointed rocks, which had doubtless been the last resting-place of many a gallant ship and brave man before the useful light-house of St. David's was built.

I do not wish to weary the reader with painful details, and will simply say, that from illness and sea-sickness, my life on the passage to the Azores was full of suffering. This remark is only made in anticipation, and I need not dwell on the dark side of the picture.

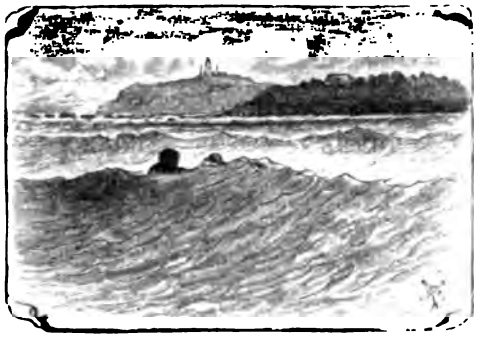


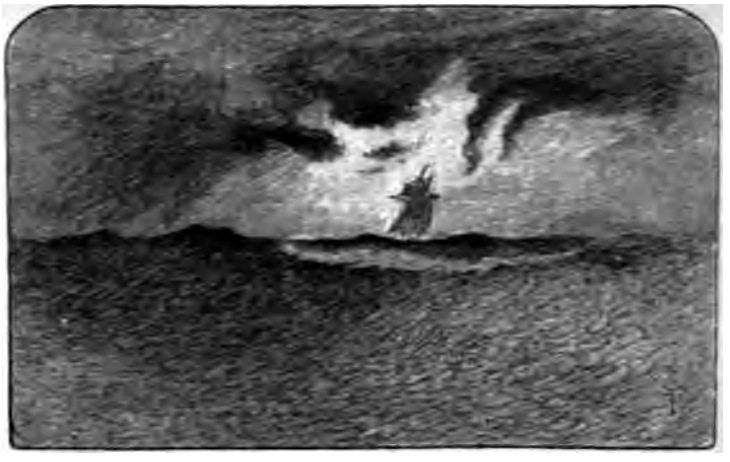
PILOT HANGING ON

We are now fairly off, on another long voyage; 1804 knots to Fayal, in the Azores; 2918 knots to Plymouth. We are provisioned for a month; but hope to accomplish our voyage in two or three weeks, if we have any luck and are fortunate enough to escape a spell of bad weather. It is to be earnestly hoped that we shall not have to encounter many contrary winds or calms; for we have only 25 tons of coal on board: rather a short allowance for such a long voyage. Tom does not, however, like to interfere with the buoyancy of the yacht, or to cause her to be too deep in the water, with the chance of encountering heavy gales in the North Atlantic, about Christ-

mas time. As the night advanced the sea moderated and the weather improved somewhat; and

> Before morning's light
> Pierced through the night,
> We shook her sails to the wind.
> With a freshening breeze,
> We walked the seas;
> And the land sank lower and lower.





CHAPTER XIX.

BERMUDA TO THE AZORES.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly, too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze.

Tuesday, December 11th.

THE weather was very stormy, and we encountered a heavy head-swell. We were the whole day under storm-canvas of various kinds, sometimes having two, and sometimes three reefs in the mainsail, but always knocking about in the most unpleasant manner, to the great discomfort of everybody.

Wednesday, December 12th.—The weather this morning was very promising; and all the storm-canvas was taken in and replaced by the ordinary cruising sails. At 10 A.M. the wind fell light; at noon it was a calm; at 3 P.M. we commenced steaming against a heavy swell from the N.W., which made our progress through the water a most disagreeable and

disturbing process for some hours. At 4 P.M. we passed a sailing-ship on the starboard beam. Towards night a fresh breeze sprang up, and we were able to cease steaming.

Thursday, December 13th.—I could not sleep; and at about four o'clock, being thoroughly roused by the moonlight which flooded our cabin, I went on deck, where I was quite repaid for my trouble. The gallant little ship was cleaving her way over the billows, tearing and hissing through the seething foam at the rate of some ten or twelve knots an hour, as the breeze slackened or freshened. Every sail that could be carried was set; and all were bathed in the glorious golden light of the full moon. It was one of those sights that are not seen too often in an ordinary lifetime, and one that I think is almost more fully appreciated when witnessed in solitude.

Soon after six I again went on deck to see the sunrise, which was unusually splendid, even for these latitudes. It was a lovely morning, and top-masts and all fine-weather spars were being sent up aloft. The top-gallant yard was about to be crossed, when the swell increased so much that the attempt had to be abandoned. At noon our run was 190 miles, and we were in lat. 33.37 N., long. 54.36 W. Distance to Fayal, 1292 miles. In the afternoon the weather was squally, with occasional bright gleams of sunshine. I wished it had been possible to sail or row alongside the yacht in a boat; but the sea was altogether too rough for such an amusement. A big steamer, or a balloon, would have afforded the only means of observing the 'Sunbeam' with comfort, as she scudded along before the gale, under double-reefed fore-top-sail, standing-jib, foresail, main and mizen topsails. I am sure she must have looked lovely, tossing on the top of, or half cutting through the angry waves, in the ever-varying light, caused by alternate changes from storm to sunshine. The atmospheric effects were marvellous in their diversity. A

heavy squall on one side, a bright ray of sun on another; and not far off some black clouds, so low on the horizon, and with such a curious corkscrew-like appearance, that one could almost imagine that they had descended with the intention of inviting the ocean to join them in their gambols, and were asking the winds to give the waves a similar spiral twist upwards, so as to enable the portion of the sea immediately beneath them to rise and meet them half-way, and so, by uniting their forces, to produce a waterspout. Unfortunately for those who had never yet seen this phenomenon of nature, the necessary combination was not completed on the present occasion; so we missed the wonderful spectacle of the two cones, one from above, and one from below, like two vast funnels, whirling round and round with equal velocity, and in close juxtaposition, until at last they unite, and form a column very much like an hour-glass in shape. Woe betide the unfortunate vessel which is overtaken or met by one of these swift, ghostly columns! The largest ship-of-war would almost inevitably go down at once, if she encountered the watery mass; and not a trace of her, or of her living freight, would remain.

In certain latitudes, where, owing to the circular tendency of the winds, these curious freaks of nature are of comparatively frequent occurrence, merchant-vessels are recommended to carry small guns (cannon) in order to fire at and disperse the waterspouts from a distance, before they are near enough to do any harm. These guns must always be kept loaded; for waterspouts move with the speed of lightning, or rather of the hurricane-like gust that drives them along.

Friday, December 14th.—At six there was a fearful deluge of rain, which flooded the decks and filled all the boats, except those that were turned bottom upwards. It especially annoyed and disquieted some of our live-stock, including the

opossum and the monkey, who inhabited one of the cutters, and who were as thoroughly drenched—poor little beasts—as though they had been dragged through the sea, wooden houses and all. The rain-storm did not last long, however, and the day was not at all bad—rather the reverse, in fact. Between heavy squalls we had long intervals of bright, really hot sunshine. Sometimes we were progressing at the rate of twelve knots, sometimes of eight; sometimes the sea was rough, sometimes smooth; sometimes we were lying at a moderate angle, sometimes at an acute one; sometimes we had many sails set, sometimes very few. Still, to whatever extent the state of affairs in these respects might vary, there was always a strong south-westerly wind blowing us on our direct course. It was really glorious work; and my only regret was that I was not well enough to enjoy it. Tom thinks that we are on the perimeter or edge of another circular storm, and is full of precaution and anxious looks; but for the moment it is all very delightful. Our run at noon to-day was 190 miles under sail, *exactly* the same as that of yesterday; a coincidence which I have never known to occur before, in all my yachting experience.

We have been passing through, or rather sailing over the surface of, the Sargasso Sea during the last few days, and have noticed great quantities of gulf-weed of various kinds floating about, both in small pieces and in large masses. We have not, however, seen any of the solid acres of weed which some writers describe. The varieties of sargasso are most interesting in themselves, and still more so for the different types of marine animal life—some of them quite unique—which live and breathe and have their being in these vast marine meadows. Almost all the specimens which we have fished up have belonged to five varieties only, and in every case they were full of little crabs, so exactly of the colour of the weed that it was impossible to distinguish them at first. The

sargasso was also covered with tiny plants of various kinds *Bryopsis*, the berries being often coated with small cora sometimes with false-coral or *Flustra*. I do hope that shall see a really extensive floating mass of the weed befc we reach the Azores.

During the afternoon the squalls became more freque and the wind stronger. We saw numerous rainbows, t brilliant hues of which contrasted grandly with the som times almost black sea, covered with surging 'white horse rising against a background of inky clouds. Just as one e ceptionally hard squall was passing away, the effect was pa ticularly beautiful. The rainbow was so near that it seeme to form an arc over the yach its bright ray touching the se on either side so close to u that the rain drops on the deck were quite dazzling in their brilliancy; and I felt almost inclined to run and pick up the glittering jewels as they lay in the sunlight. We had a sublime, although stormy sunset; masses and masses of black clouds piled up, like Pelion on Ossa, against a luric red sky verging on the colour of that seen in a desert sand storm; while a heavy black squall, coming up swiftly with the wind, looked almost like a waterspout.



From four to eight o'clock we sailed 44 miles. At nine I went to the stern, where Tom was at the wheel, to see the long bright luminous track we were leaving behind us, as we scudded swiftly before the gale. The swelling sails seemed as if they must tear the ropes from the blocks through which they were rove, so hard were they pressed, and so strained by the ever-increasing wind. We then went right into the bows, to see how her stem was cutting through the water, sending out two great luminous waves on either hand, which ran high up the vessel's sides, before they mingled with the ocean again, and their disturbing circles were distributed over illimitable space.

Saturday, December 15th.—At six A.M. I went on deck to look at one of the finest sunrises that I have seen for some time past, and was well repaid for my trouble, notwithstanding the fact that the mornings and evenings are not by any means so warm now as they were in the tropics. The appearance presented by the rest of the party, as they emerged from below, one by one, half-asleep and rubbing their eyes, with cloaks, shawls, and blankets hastily thrown on to keep off the sharp, fresh morning breeze, reminded me of Mark Twain's familiar description of a sunrise on the Righi. Although they tried hard to be enthusiastic, I am not sure that all of them thoroughly appreciated this recurrence to the abnormally early hours of the tropics.

At noon we had accomplished 243 knots. It was very squally all day, with constant showers. I counted seven rainbows during the afternoon alone; and there had been many more in the morning, some of them of the most extreme beauty and brilliancy: heavy clouds and passing showers combining to produce atmospheric effects as charming as I have ever seen. The sunset was perfectly superb. To describe it would be almost impossible in simple prose.



Sunday, December 16th.—A bright breezy day. We had prayers at eleven and at six.

7 A.M.—Saw barque astern, standing south.
8 ,, Stowed foresail.
8.30 ,, Stowed mainsail.
9.30 ,, Stowed mizen.
10.15 ,, 61 on log. Commenced steaming. Repaired after-leech rope of mizen.
11 ,, Litany. Favourable weather for steaming.
1.30 P.M.—Set fore-staysail standing and boom jibs.
3 ,, Crossed topgallant yard.
4 ,, Set foresail.
5 ,, Repaired leech rope of mizen and set the sail.
6 ,, Prayers. Magnificent sunset.
10 ,, Stowed topgallant sail.

The sunset was, if possible, even grander and more exquisite than that of last night. The entire sky was suffused with clear orange-coloured light, fading into a delicate bluish green—like the green of a hedge-sparrow's plumage—while gorgeous masses of crimson and gold clouds gave weight and substance to the scene.

Monday, December 17th.—It was raining at sunrise, though the barometer was high.

9 A.M. Set foretopsail and topgallant sail.
11 ,, Stowed topgallant sail; shook out reef in mizen.
Noon Lat. 36.57 N. Long. 38.22 W. Steam 228.
4 P.M.—Log bitten off by fish. Stowed foretopsail, topgallant sail, and mizen.
6 ,, Lowered headsail and foresail. Notable similarity of recent barometrical readings with those of January 1882. See Whitaker's Almanack.
7 ,, Sea smooth.

At 4, when one of the men went to haul in the log, he nearly fell backwards off the taffrail. Instead of the resistance he expected to meet with in pulling in fathoms of line



with a heavy weight at the end of it, a little bit of line came up at once with its end bitten off by what was evidently 'a great big fish.' How Mr. Bain's patent log agrees with his digestion, if he should have swallowed what to him must have been a glittering bait, we shall never know; but it is certain that the greedy 'log-bolter' has deprived us of a friend which has, for many a week past, faithfully marked for us our distance over the trackless ocean. The sunset was again magnificent, and quite different in colour to that of last night, consisting of scarcely anything but the brightest reds and greens, shading off in parts almost into deep black, in others into the tenderest tints of green and blue, and in others, again, into brighter shades of the same hues.



Tuesday, December 18th.—In the early morning, during a rain-squall, a marvellous effect was produced by a combination of moonlight and a rainbow against the clouds.

6 A.M.—Stopped engines to repair circulating pump.
7 ,, Continued steaming.
10 ,, Hands repairing rigging.
11 ,, Set foresail and standing jib.
12 ,, Increased head wind and sea. Lat. 37.41 N.; Long. 34.52 W. Steam 175. Distance to Fayal 297.

The days are becoming terribly short; and it was very soon after five when, from the windows of the deck-house where I was lying on the sofa, I enjoyed the spectacle of another glorious sunset. It was almost a flat calm, and we were steaming merrily along; though how long this state of things will continue I know not: for we are getting very short of coal, and Tom's face begins to wear a somewhat anxious expression when he thinks how little fuel there is left in the bunkers, and where we are likely to be when that comes to an end, with only five tons of coke to fall back upon. The coal which we took on board at Bermuda has turned out so badly that all our calculations as to our steaming capabilities have been upset. Owing, I suppose, to the coal having been stowed in the open air, it seems to have become disintegrated and to disappear chiefly in the form of dense smoke, which covers everything on board with blacks, and makes it quite impossible to keep one's hands or anything else clean.

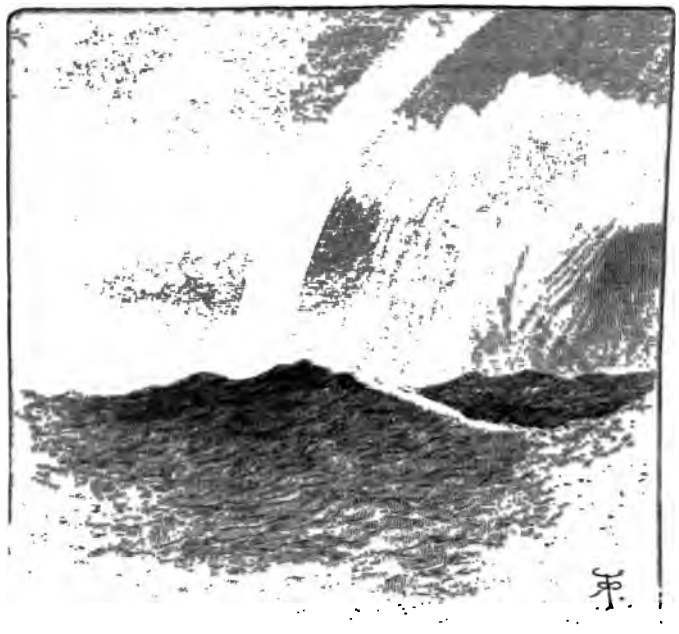
Wednesday, December 19th.—In spite of the beautiful weather, which is perfect for everything (except sailing), and the good passage we are making, I seem to get steadily worse day after day; till I am so weak that I can hardly crawl along the deck. I do not often give in; but it is really most disheartening to suffer so much from sea-sickness, after more than twenty years of hard apprenticeship. How grateful I should be if the 'Sunbeam' would only keep quiet for a few minutes; and, oh, how glad I am to think that we may hope to reach Fayal to-morrow, and to enjoy the blessings of the land, for a few hours at all events.

The log for to-day is as follows:

4 A.M.—Foresail and standing jib set and taken in from time to time, according to the direction of the wind.
9 ,, Weather clear and cool.
10 ,, Light easterly winds throughout.

Noon Lat. 38.4 N. of Lisbon, 31.52 W. of Greenwich. S
153. Made good 147. Distance to Fayal 155.
3 P.M. Passing showers, fine rainbow.
4 ,, Foresail and jib drawing well.
5 ,, Set boom jib and fore-staysail.
7 ,, Hauled down foresail and boom jib.
8 ,, Hauled down standing jib.

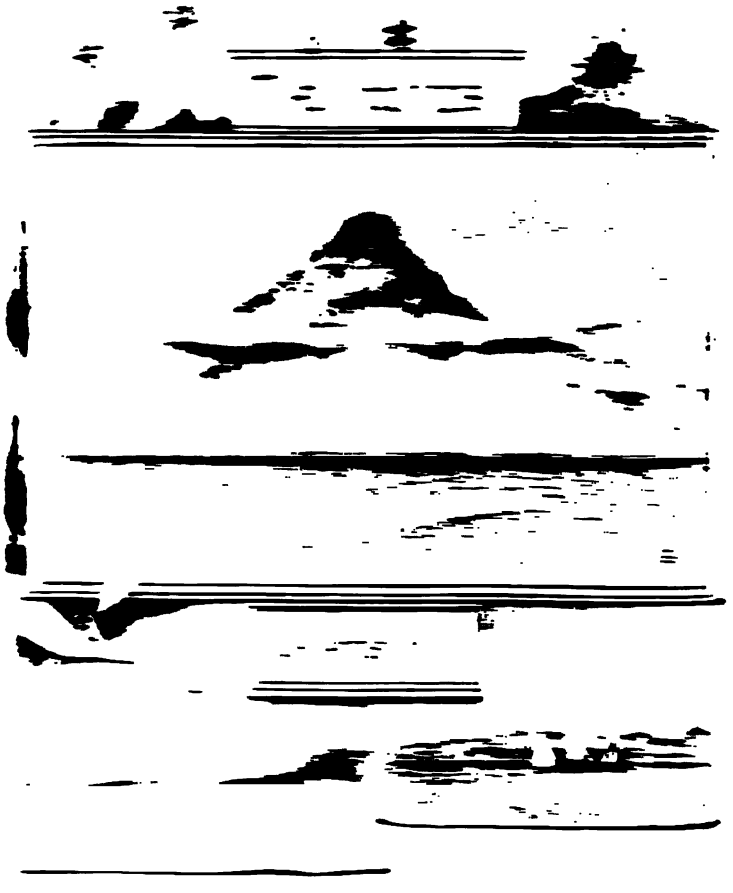
You will be quite weary of hearing of the beauty of sunsets; but they have endless variety and seem really



increase in grandeur and splendour of colour every nigl The effects, too, last so much longer than usual, and spread entirely over the surface of the whole visible portion of t western heavens, that it would almost appear as if some n and strange phenomena were taking place in the celesti system.

As it became dark we had another strange spectacle to admire. Myriads of tiny nautilidæ illumined the sea ; and among them sailed majestically the large, umbrella-topped medusæ, so brilliant as to look like thousands of moderator-lamps, floating along among the smaller lights of the night. It almost seemed as though they were enjoying a Feast of Lanterns among themselves, instead of being as usual dependent on a disturbance of the water for the opportunity of displaying their splendour. The effect was very strange; and one could almost imagine that the order of things had been reversed, and that we were sailing through the sky among the stars, instead of on the sea, the surface of which was scarcely smooth enough to reflect the stellar lights.

> Lights overhead and lights underneath seem doubtfully dreaming
> Whether the day be done, whether the night may begin.



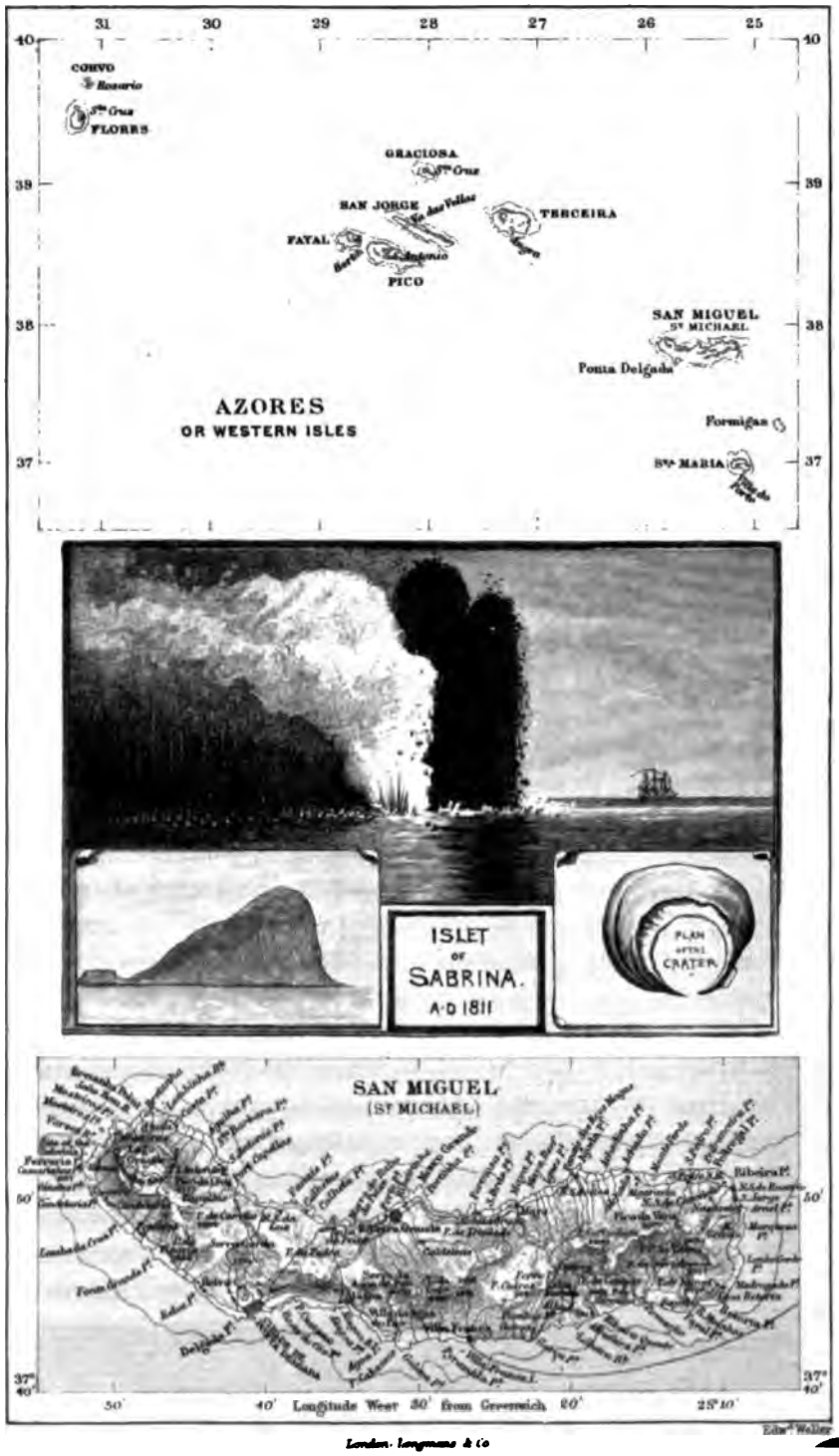
Pico and Fayal, which made it rather doubtful if we should be able to coal in the somewhat exposed little harbour of the latter island. Tom, in his anxiety to profit by the favourable breeze, made the most of these facts, and further remarked that it was possible that we might get into Fayal and not be able to reach St. Michael's at all. To my bitter disappointment, therefore, my cup of expected rest was dashed from my lips. Later on we were under the shadow of the mountain called Pico, standing grandly up with its head above the clouds, very like the Peak of Teneriffe. The shelter of the land took all the wind out of our sails; and we flapped about for many weary hours, in the course of which we had the mortification of seeing a pretty little barque sail past us, aided by a friendly current of air. In the evening we recommenced steaming, and having cleared the east end of Pico we picked up a fresh northerly breeze, too late, however, to enable us to make the run to St. Michael's before nightfall.

Before starting on our present cruise we had endeavoured to obtain all the information procurable concerning the Azores, which we looked forward to visiting on our way home, and where we hoped to make a much longer stay than will, unfortunately, now be possible. I was somewhat surprised at the time to find how vague were people's ideas on the subject of the exact situation of the group, the number and extent of the islands, their climate, the nationality and character of the inhabitants, and other matters of interest to the intending visitor. Although it is, of course, only necessary to turn to a gazetteer to solve the principal questions, it may perhaps save some people the trouble of doing so if I remind them that the Azores, Ilhas dos Açores, or Isles of Hawks, consist of a group of nine islands, belonging to Portugal, from which country they are distant about 800 miles, the shortest route to England being nearly 1400 miles. They are scattered over a somewhat large surface of ocean, a considerable space

intervening between Corvo, on the extreme western edge of the group, and St. Mary, on the east; although the united area of the islands is barely 1000 square miles. The islands are of volcanic origin, and their coasts are rugged and precipitous. The highest elevation is the Peak of Pico,[1] which attains an altitude of 7613 feet; but there are many other mountains of importance. The inhabitants of the Azores are of Portuguese origin; though their blood appears to contain a considerable admixture of the negro element. The peasantry are quiet, well-behaved, and industrious, but superstitious to a gross extent, and lamentably ignorant of agriculture. The climate is moist but healthy; and the variations of temperature throughout the year are comparatively insignificant. The principal products are oranges, pine-apples, bananas, grapes, various kinds of grain, and tobacco; besides which the sugar-cane and coffee are also cultivated on a small scale.

The early history of the islands is obscure. They have been regarded by some as relics of the ancient Atlantis of Plato, who described that island or continent as 'situated in front of the straits which you call the columns of Hercules,' and as 'larger than Libya and Asia put together.' He also refers to the occurrence of earthquakes and floods which overwhelmed Atlantis and caused it to disappear in a single day. It appears probable that the islands were known to the Phœnicians, traces of whose presumed visits still remain in the shape of coins which are occasionally dug up in various parts. It is certain, however, that the Azores were not known to what may be called the modern world until late in the fourteenth or early in the fifteenth century, when they gradually came to be marked upon the maps of the period. Cabral, one of Dom

[1] Pardon the tautology: the Spaniards speak of the bridge of Alcantara, and *cantara* is the Arabic for a bridge. This is excelled, however, by the announcement common in Andalusian *cafés* of '*Cerveza de Paliali*,' meaning beer of pale-ale; which pleonasm can be again matched by the French advertisement of *Eau de Soda-water*.



London: Longmans & Co

Henry of Portugal's navigators, is generally credited with their discovery, in 1431; but the existence of the whole of the islands was not known until some years later. With the exception of the period during which they formed an appendage of the Dukedom of Burgundy, and the sixty years or so of Spanish rule in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Azores have always remained part of the dominions of the Portuguese Crown.

Friday, December 21st. — We made the island of St. Michael's at daybreak, and anchored off Ponta Delgada at eight A.M. Mr. Hay and Mr. Seeman promptly came on board, willing and anxious to do all in their power for us. I felt that my only chance of recovery was to spend a few days on shore; and steps were accordingly taken to ascertain what could be done in the way of securing lodgings. The result of the inquiries was not very encouraging, it being found



PONTA DELGADA—LANDING PLACE

that the only English hotel in the place was nearly full, a that the few vacant apartments were engaged for guests w were expected to arrive by steamer this evening. It was, h ever, ultimately settled that I and my maid were to h rooms at the hotel, and that the rest of the party were remain on board the yacht.

Our first impressions of Ponta Delgada were that the to appeared to bear a strong general resemblance to Venice, curious hats worn by the men, and the black or dark-blue clo of the women, with their strange head-dresses, rather serv to keep up the illusion. The city ranks third in extent a importance among those of the Portuguese dominions; population being about thirty thousand, and the trade c siderable. The main streets are wide; the public buildi are somewhat numerous; and many of the churches a private houses are well and substantially built, and disp a considerable amount of architectural skill and taste. hotel, to which I was carried on landing, commands vi over extensive orange-groves, the town, and the harbour, a wears a cheerful and comfortable aspect. It is kept b motherly-looking Scotch woman, and her son and daugh all of whom did their best to make us feel at home. Close is the charming Borges Garden, where I reposed upon grass while the rest of our party made a little tour of explo tion. The vegetation appeared to combine the products the temperate and of the tropic zones. The hedges camellias, thirty and forty feet high, were covered with red a white double blooms, so full, and thick, and firm, that th resembled rosettes on a baby's cap rather than flowers; wh the ground was completely covered with the pure white a rosy red petals which had fallen from above.

The temperature of the island of St. Michael's varies l little throughout the year, its extreme range not exceedi thirty-five degrees, and the average being about sixty degre

Large quantities of pines are grown under glass, without the aid of artificial heat, the number exported last season amounting to no less than 134,000. Oranges are also extensively cultivated, the number of flat boxes annually exported varying between 708,000 in 1875-6, and 144,000 in 1882-3. The tobacco produced and consumed, or exported to the adjacent islands, or to Madeira, in 1882, was about 177 tons, valued at 19,231*l.*, although—chiefly in consequence of the imposition of a tax, which has tended to diminish the consumption and export—the value of this year's crop was somewhat less. Cereals, such as wheat, maize, and beans, are also extensively cultivated. The wheat is all consumed on the island, and the exportation of maize is restricted by law.

In the Borges Garden are several ponds, full of gold-fish, which, at our approach, came crowding to the side, to be fed by the hands of their owner. These beautiful members of the finny tribe are the natural denizens of most of the Azorean pools and rivers. At Sette Cidades there are two large lakes, full of gold-fish. The Jacome Garden, which we next visited, was, if possible, even more delightful than the first. I do not know which was to be the more admired—the wild luxuriance of nature, or the artistic tastefulness which had brought so many beautiful trees, shrubs, plants, and ferns, into such close, but judicious juxtaposition. As I was carried in a kind of hastily improvised palanquin along the narrow paths, I could fancy myself at one time in Chili, among the giant cacti and aloes; at another in Jamaica, with its tree-ferns and foliage and flowerless frondage; at another in Venezuela, with its wonderful tropical forests and mountain scenery; and at yet another in Trinidad, with its virgin forests, and thick walls of verdure and bright blossoms. The hydrangeas, geraniums, and oleanders, were of enormous growth, and the camellia japonica assumed the proportions of a forest-tree.

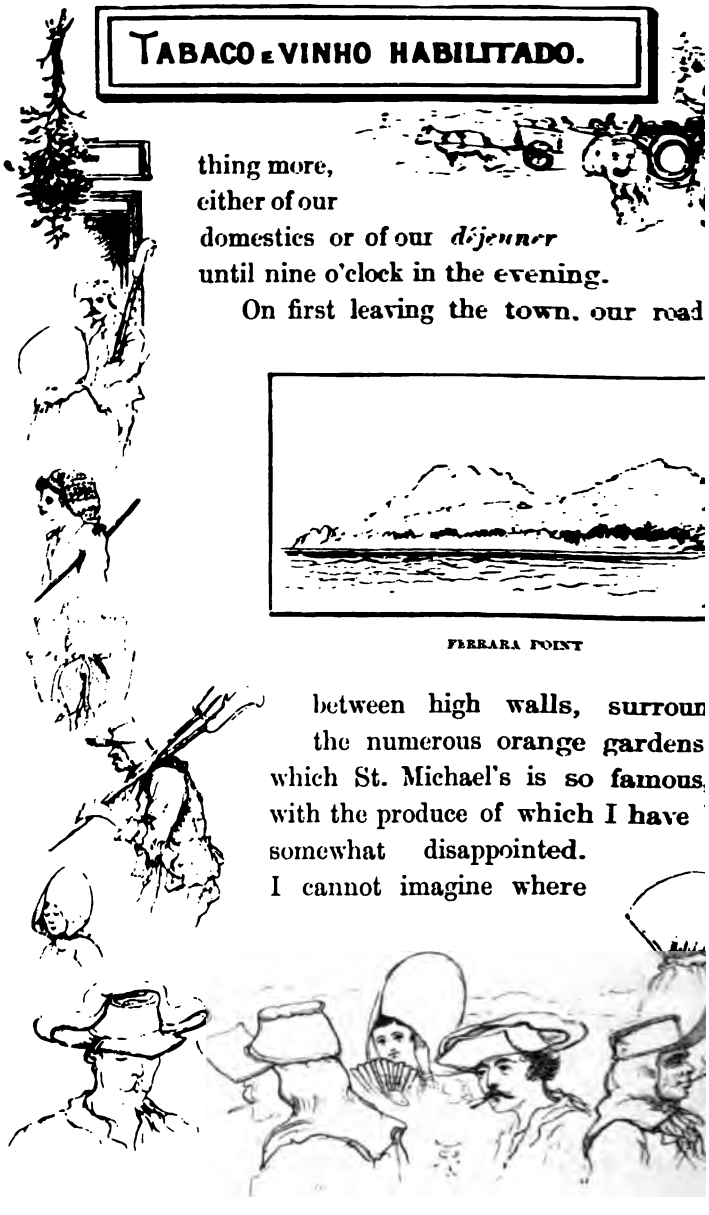
At the hotel, to which I was glad to return after what
been to me a somewhat fatiguing expedition, we me
American lady who had been staying at Fayal, described
her as a most enchanting spot, but with very indifferent h
accommodation. But she seemed to think that the magnific
view of the Pico from her bed-room window had fully c
pensated for the discomforts which she had suffered, and wh
after all, were not very serious. She had also made an
pedition to the island of Flores, which justifies its name
abounding in flowers, and which is, I believe, one of the m
fertile of the Azorean group.

It would appear that most of the places which we h
recently visited stand much in the same relation to
United States as health-resorts as the Riviera, Algiers, Eg
and Madeira, do to England. The Azores, the Bahamas,
Bermudas, and even Venezuela, are annually sought in win
by many of the inhabitants of the more northern parts
America, just as the sunny shores of the Mediterranean
sought by British invalids.

Saturday, December 22nd.—Tom had an idea that mount
air might perhaps do me more good than anything else, a
had accordingly made arrangements for us all to go up to I
Furnas, supposed to be one of the healthiest spots in t
Azores. These islands, which, as I need scarcely remind yc
are of volcanic origin, abound in geysers, such as exist el
where only in the Yellowstone Valley, in Iceland, and I thin
in New Zealand. Early in the present century an isla
which was called Sabrina suddenly sprang into existence,
the vicinity of St. Michael's, having been thrown by son
volcanic disturbance to the height of between three and fo
hundred feet above the sea. It quickly subsided again, ho
ever, and is now wholly submerged. The eruption whi
produced this short-lived member of the Azorean group con
menced on June 13, 1811. The appearance of the strang

phenomena, as seen four days later by Captain Tillard, of H.M.S. 'Sabrina,' was that of a body of white smoke revolving almost horizontally on the water, from which a succession of columns of black cinders, ashes, and stones, like church spires in form, rose to windward, at an angle of from 70 to 80 degrees from the horizon, and to a height of between seven and eight hundred feet above the sea, assuming the most graceful and fantastic shapes as they mingled with the white feathery smoke and fell into the sea beneath. Vivid lightning and heavy reports, as of artillery, proceeded from this sulphurous mass; and as the smoke was gradually blown off by the light wind, numerous waterspouts appeared to be drawn up by it, forming a striking addition to the marvellous spectacle. At the end of four days a crater was visible above the surface of the sea, which is here about thirty fathoms in depth, and after twenty-nine more days of eruption a complete island, about a mile in circumference, had been formed, upon which Captain Tillard and some of his officers landed. Sabrina subsided almost as rapidly as it had sprung up; for within a year all traces of it had disappeared, except an extensive shoal, from which, towards the end of February, 1812, smoke was observed to issue forth, but which has since then given no similar evidence of its existence.

We started from Ponta Delgada soon after 9.30 A.M. with Mr. Seeman and one or two other friends who had kindly volunteered to accompany us; others having already gone on beforehand to see that all was prepared and made ready for our comfort. Before setting out, some discussion took place as to the way which we should take, the choice lying, as we were informed, between 'the ugly short road, or the pretty long one.' We ultimately decided in favour of the latter; but the result of our hesitation was that our servants and the luncheon, owing to some misunderstanding, went by one route, while we travelled by the other, and we never saw any-



thing more, either of our domestics or of our *déjeuner* until nine o'clock in the evening.

On first leaving the town, our road

FERRARA POINT

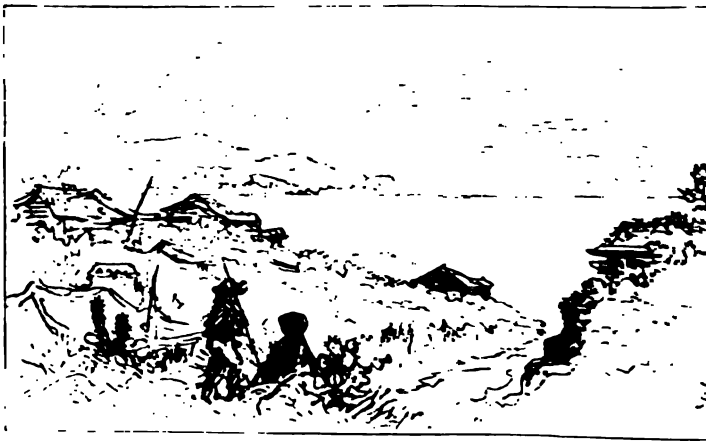
between high walls, surroun the numerous orange gardens which St. Michael's is so famous with the produce of which I have somewhat disappointed. I cannot imagine where

the good St. Michael's oranges come from. Certainly not from the island from which they derive their name; although perhaps they are to be found on one of the others of the group. It is said here that the orange-trade of the Azores is not so prosperous as was formerly the case; that the trees are getting old; and that they are not being replaced by younger ones. The specimens of the fruit which we have tasted, although of the choicest descriptions, fresh-culled from the best groves, and sent to us as presents by our friends here, are decidedly inferior in quality to those which we brought with us from the West Indies.

It was market-day at Ponta Delgada; and we saw many peasants coming down in their varied costumes, some of the women dressed in white, and wearing cloaks or *capotes*, which, although they bore a strong family resemblance to one another, varied slightly in shape, according to the islands from which their wearers came: the general appearance being something like that of the Maltese *faldette*. A few of the men wore very curious high-peaked caps, called *carapuças*, of an old-fashioned shape, with flaps, turned up just like two horns; although, as a rule, they were of a more modern and fashionable cut, and much less conspicuous in style. We were also greatly interested by seeing a sheep, harnessed to a small cart, which he drew as well as any horse could have done, his only fault being that he seemed inclined to tread on the heels of his master, whom he followed closely, and to whom he appeared to be devotedly attached.

About noon we reached Ribeira Grande, a little town of some pretensions to importance, from the hills above which we enjoyed a magnificent view all along the north coast of the island right away towards Punta de Malagas. Here we proposed to make a halt and to endeavour to obtain some refreshment at the hotel; but upon a closer examination it looked so very dirty, and so very unpromising in the way of food, that

we thought it better to proceed on our way until we arriv
a deep verdant ravine, in the midst of a fine forest, whe
stopped to rest and to water and feed the horses.



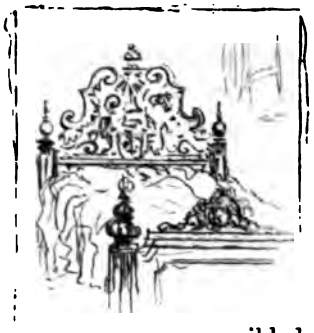
RIBEIRA GRANDE

Resuming our journey and mounting steadily to a h
of 2000 feet, we reached the top of the pass, by which ti
was nearly if not quite dark, so that we could scarcely
tinguish the justly-lauded view of the valley of Las Fu
of which we had heard so much, and which had been desc
to us as 'quite Swiss in character.' Our horses, whicl
appeared to be thoroughly tired-out during the latter pa
the ascent, suddenly recovered vigour and freshness, and
down into what might very well have been the 'bottor
pit,' judging from the horrible odours of all kinds v
assailed us on our downward career. Sulphurous and
vapours of every degree of pungency and density seem
exude from the earth in all directions, and to be preve
from dispersing by the heavy mists which now enshro
the tops of the mountains, and made it impossible for u

see anything of the landscape as we rushed down the steep zigzag road.

At last we reached our destination—I cannot say how much to my joy; for although our road to-day had led us through enchanting scenery, as fair as could be met with in well-nigh any part of Europe—past groves of shady trees and luxuriant masses of ferns and flowers; and although the temperature throughout had been delightful, neither too hot nor too cold; I had felt so faint and weary that I was but imperfectly able to appreciate it all. The lights shining from all the windows of the hotel gave the building quite an imposing appearance from without; but the interior, in despite of the kind efforts of our friends, Mrs. and Mr. Hay, felt somewhat chilly and sepulchral, probably owing in some measure to the dampness of the heavy vapours that pervaded the surrounding atmosphere. With the aid of bright fires and numerous lights a better effect was soon produced; and a good dinner warmed us, and made us feel better able to resist the humidity which seemed to envelop and cling to everything, and to give a cell-like character to all the rooms. My own apart-





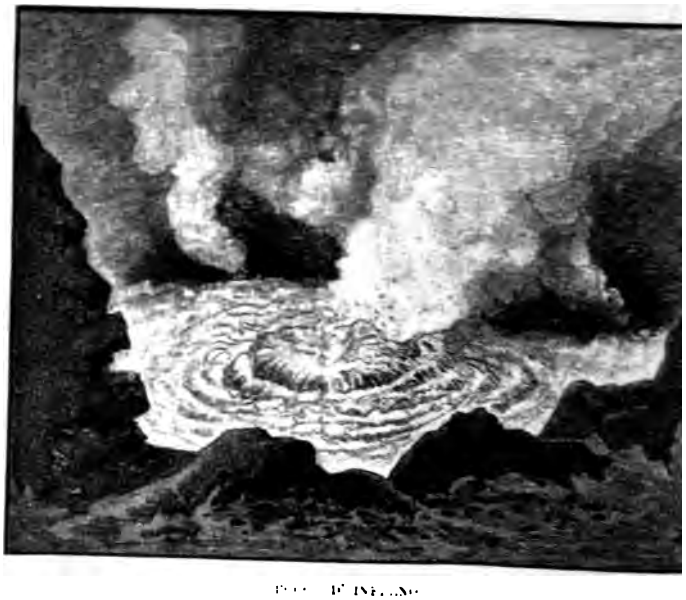
ment in particular was
conventual in appear
with its heavy doors and
dows, its stone floor, ar
curious old-fashioned
stead. To atone for th
fect the window comma
an extensive view acr
valley, which became
beautiful when the sun ros
gilded the peaks of the mountains
penetrated into the picturesque vall

At half-past seven there was a great commotion h
and much laughter, as the whole party, mounted on don
scampered off at full gallop, down the steep hill, to the
brated sulphur and iron baths, which are about five mi
distant from the hotel. These baths have the reputati
being extraordinarily efficacious in restoring debilitated
stitutions. There is also a special spring of water used
for drinking purposes, which comes bubbling and efferv
from the rock, and which tastes not unlike Apollinaris
A good deal of it is bottled on the spot, for exportation.
friends were extremely anxious that I should at once t
iron-bath, which they assured me would do me good; a
I could not possibly go to the baths themselves, they o
to have the water brought to me. In due course, theref
group of men appeared, bearing a huge tin vessel, some
like the lining of an ordinary bath, followed by a proc
of individuals, carrying barrels of water, which they proc
to pour into the receptacle in question. I was busy w
at the time, and did not pay much attention to their
ments; but a little while after they had retired I found
the bath 'leaked like a sieve'; the aperture which had
left for the waste-pipe had not been stopped up, and the

was running out over the floor of the room and down the stairs. Vain attempts were made to procure a substitute; but nothing more suitable could be found than a small wooden washing-tub, which, not having been used for many months, had shrunk so much that the water ran away almost as soon as it was put in. Probably the proximity of the hotel to the bathing establishment accounted to some extent for this failure of its resources: but some other excuse must be found for the absence of baths in Ponta Delgada, where, even at the English hotel, it was impossible to procure anything bigger than an ordinary basin.

Las Furnas seems to be the very centre of nature's boiling-house; springs of all sorts of mysterious mixtures of varying temperatures, bubbling and spurting forth from the earth, sometimes with considerable force, in all parts of the lovely valley. Close by the bath-house, a spacious and well-appointed establishment, situated in a picturesque glen, numerous hot springs and great mud-geysers bubble and fume; the water being conducted into the clean marble baths by means of pipes. Several springs are made use of: but the two most in favour contain a large proportion of iron and of sulphur respectively. Their medicinal qualities are highly esteemed, not only by the people of the Azores, but by visitors from Portugal and even from remote parts of Europe and from America. The waters have been found to consist of hot alkalines and hot and cold carbonated chalybeates, and are supposed to be efficacious in cases of paralytic affection, skin-diseases, and rheumatism. The fashionable bathing season commences annually on St. John's day, June 24, and lasts until late in the autumn. The principal *caldeira* looked like a huge cauldron of muddy water, bubbling, and seething, and occasionally throwing up jets into the air, while a few steps further on was another, the activity of which seemed to be more internal. Throughout the entire extent of the valley of Las Furnas, *caldeiras* and *boccas* abound

in every direction. Nothing grows quite close to the
the sulphurous fumes from which fill the air, and kee
vegetation. The whole place seems to be constantly
in suffocated steam, while the earth around trembles
ceaseless rumbling and thundering as of subterranean
From one cavern called the Bocca d' Inferno, or M
Hell, streams of hot mud pour forth without int



BOCCA D' INFERNO.

This particular spot is much dreaded by the peasantry,
regard it as haunted by the ghosts of those who hav
various times fallen into the hideous depths beneath. Th
is another geyser not far from this, from which any for
substance, if thrown in, is immediately ejected with mor
less violence, according to its size. Our guide experimen
upon it with some large pieces of turf and stones, wh
appeared to irritate the demon of the fountain greatly, for t

were thrown up again with a tremendous spurt, after an interval of a few seconds. These springs are very uncertain and therefore dangerous in their outbursts. Count Silvas and Mr. Seeman had been out this morning, previous to our



CALDEIRA DI TAMBOUR

expedition, with a guide, in order to find out which of the most interesting places in the valley it would be safe for us to visit, and which it would be better to avoid. Not far from the Bocca

d' Inferno, is the Caldeira di Tambour, from which a jet water shoots high into the air, and a column of steam ascei far higher, while over all hangs a cloud of mist, which, exc on a clear bright day like this soon envelops the whole vall the eruption being accompanied by strange reverberations, unlike the rolling of a drum.

The Azores are famed for the prolific growth of all sort tuberous plants, such as potatoes, arums, and caladiums. never saw anything so luxuriant as the yams, which abo here wherever the soil is good, and which are watered warm streams, carefully conducted by an ingenious systen irrigation, to the roots of the plant. What studies of foli they would afford, and how they would have delighted David Cox's heart! If he could only have seen them, the y would have been immortalised. As we ascended the hill rather mountain, every ravine and every little stream v full of these glorious plants, which, mingling with the sta arums and the most delicate ferns, produced a wonderful eff The views were ever changing, as we turned and twisted al the zigzag road: for, owing to the volcanic character the islands, the landscape is broken into innumerable h and jagged mountains, and peaks, and craters, thrown gether in picturesque confusion.

From the summit of the pass we could see beneath Lomba di Cavalheiro, Provoçao, and a number of insignific cottages, scattered over seven hills, which rejoice in the na of the Sette Cidades, or Seven Cities, and which every who goes to St. Michael's is expected to visit. Whence place derives its extraordinary name is a mystery. So suppose it to be a corruption of *sette cividades*, or 'sev hollows,' while others suggest that it may have been cal the Seven Cities from some such reason as that for whicl place in Ireland is called the Seven Churches. The vi along the coast from this spot was very fine; the waters of





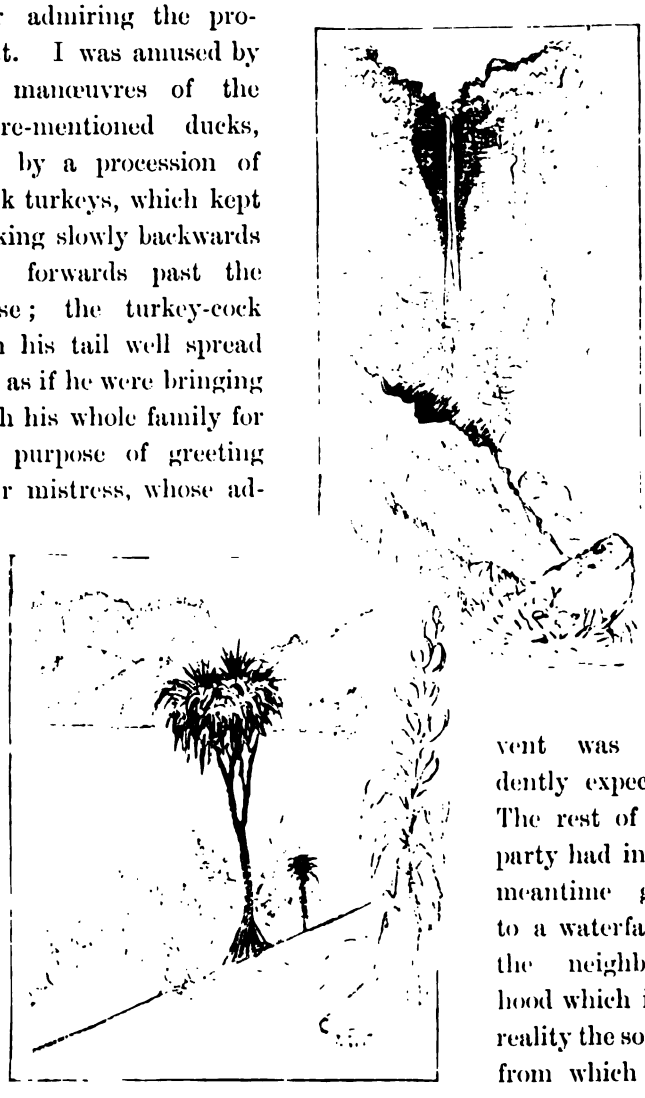
PROVOÇAO

broad Atlantic dashing in grand masses against the steep columnar cliffs, which are evidently basaltic in character, and which reminded me somewhat of the Giant's Causeway. The shores of the Azores are almost everywhere extremely precipitous: this characteristic being perhaps more apparent in the island of St. Michael's than in some of the others. At Pico, which we passed the other day, the coast scenery was also extremely grand and imposing. Our downward drive was, as usual, a very rapid proceeding; and we were soon once more among the *caldeiras*, and breathing the heavy sulphurous vapours of Las Furnas. We halted at a pebbly stream, and drank some of the water from a cup cleverly improvised out of a yam-leaf by our driver, and then went on through the village to the Lago das Furnas, or 'Lake of the Caverns,' which came suddenly into view as we turned the corner of the rocky road. The Lago is a beautiful pool, abounding with wild-duck, and teeming with gold and silver fish, which appear to form a great attraction to the birds of the neighbourhood; for one constantly sees vultures and other birds of prey hovering over the water, anxious to snatch a meal



[illegible] at present: but the views we
[illegible] that I sat for a long time on the terrace outsid

door admiring the prospect. I was amused by the manœuvres of the before-mentioned ducks, and by a procession of black turkeys, which kept walking slowly backwards and forwards past the house; the turkey-cock with his tail well spread out, as if he were bringing forth his whole family for the purpose of greeting their mistress, whose advent was evidently expected. The rest of the party had in the meantime gone to a waterfall in the neighbourhood which is in reality the source from which the lake is fed, and they described the surrounding scenery as picturesque in the extreme. At the northern end of the lake I had noticed dense columns of white smoke ascending with varying force



and interesting excursion should last up into the af- ternoon, and I a brief period elsewhere. The ef- I was informed, was produced by the boiling of the *caldera*. Instead therefore of remaining in the town, round it and the end of the lake in order to see the in- teresting phenomena. As we landed and approached the ground beneath our feet became very hot, and it peared as if there were only a sort of thin crust bet- ee and the nether regions; while in addition to the la *central spring*, which was bubbling and boiling, and spout with great force and velocity, it became evident that th were numberless small fountains bursting up through ground in all directions. In the centre of the hottest spri the temperature of which was I know not how many deg almost boiling-point, there is a stream of icy-cold water: that it would be almost possible to ice your champagne boil your kettle at the same time.

Our dinner at the hotel this evening was of so exception a two-legged character that I think we ought all to be ashar to look a chicken in the face again for many weeks to co although I anticipate that we shall have plenty of poultry our voyage home in the yacht. After dinner, at which sev toasts were drunk in the old-fashioned way, we found that Count de Silvao had been so kind as to make arrangem for a ball to take place among the peasants of the neighb hood, in order that we might see some of their nati dances.

The performers appeared to take their pleasure in a melancholy way, the figures being slow, monotonous, interminable. A solemn procession round the room t place between each figure; the dancers sometimes consis entirely of men, sometimes of women only, and someti of both sexes. Most of those who took part in the ceedings either played guitars or contributed to a n

lugubriously monotonous chant, which I was told was a song improvised in our honour.

The next day we started, about ten o'clock, in the Count's little phaeton, and proceeded past the lake, on the bosom of which we had been yesterday, and thence through a valley, in which the rocks looked exactly like antique monuments and pyramids. We felt as if we were traversing a City of the Dead. It is only within the last few years that there has been a carriage-road to Las Furnas; it having been previously necessary for all wheeled vehicles to stop about seven miles off, and for travellers to ride or walk up to the baths. The existing road is a good specimen of engineering skill, and is in excellent order—a fact of which the Count, being very proud of his little horse, took advantage to show off his steed's best paces, carefully timing each *kilomètre*, watch in hand, as we dashed along.



THE DANCE

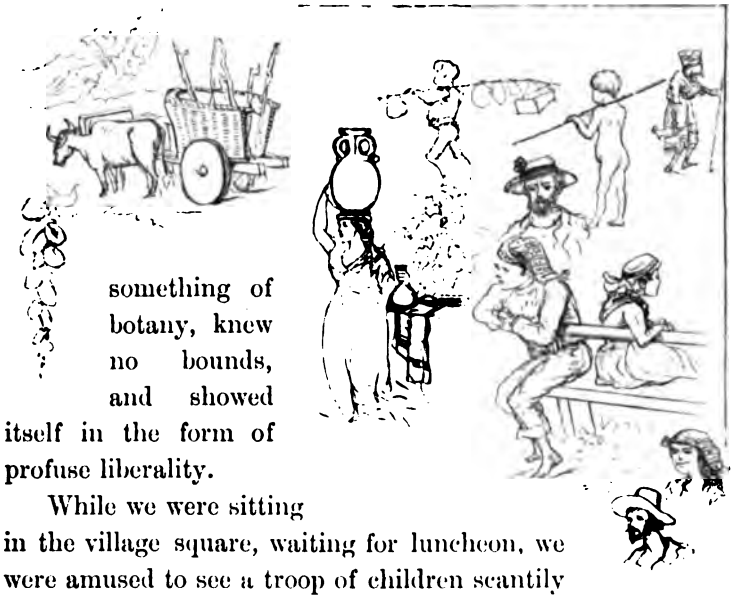
The island of Fayal, which to my great disappointment we were not able to visit, is so named from the circumstance that the Portuguese, on its first discovery, found the place covered with Faya, which they described as a kind of beech, but which was really myrtle. This shrub is now used extensively over all the islands as a hedge to protect the orange-orchards, which purpose it answers almost as effectually as stone walls would do. The orange-groves here are very beautiful to look upon, notwithstanding the fact that the trees are

in a shady hollow, and that the crop produced is not plentiful as in former years.

As we [illegible] the hill leading to the town of V[illegible] France, I almost thought that we must come to anchor was the Count to urge his favourite to its best pa Of course the yacht, which was to have come round f Ponta Delgada, had not yet arrived: and we therefore occup the time as usual, you will say in seeing a beautiful gard belonging to the Count, who, an enthusiastic gardener himse has certainly done what few people in the Azores can bo of, by making the most of the soil and climate at his dispos Such a blaze of foliage and flowers I have rarely beheld. T ground was one mass of coleas of every shade of colou begonias, and other foliage-plants; while the white *Souve de Malmaison* roses were more delightful than anything I h seen in Englan



No one could kinder than t proprietor, who e flowers lavishl dug up plant pulled up trees, a loaded not only of us, but hims and his gardene with floral and b tanical treasure to take on boa the yacht. H delight in findi that we not on appreciated t beauties of his ga den, but understo



something of botany, knew no bounds, and showed itself in the form of profuse liberality.

While we were sitting in the village square, waiting for luncheon, we were amused to see a troop of children scantily clad, one or two being minus garments of any kind whatever, playing at bull-fighting. A friend who was with us told me that until lately many of the children never wore any clothes at all till they were twelve or fourteen years old, and that she and some other ladies had formed a little club, in order to modify the crudity of this state of innocence, and had been for several years employed in making the most essential garments for the children of the poor.

The Azores are considerably overpopulated; and some thousands of natives annually emigrate to other regions, where I believe that they make fairly good colonists. It would be better if the number of emigrants could be doubled; but that is not easily arranged. We were told that 3,000 was the number despatched to the Sandwich Islands in 1883.

After a pleasant time spent in looking round the town, we returned to the hotel, where another meal, as gallinaceous as that of yesterday, awaited us. Just as we had taken our

places at table a cry of 'The yacht, the yacht!' was raised. Some of the party went on the house-top to look for her; and, true enough, there she was, coming round the point, and looking very spruce, with all her masts and her bowsprit decorated with bouquets of flowers, in honour of Christmas Eve. It was rather a lengthy business to reach the shore, laden as we were with chickens, eggs, vegetables, fruit and flowers, which had been presented to us, and which had to be sent off to the yacht before we could embark ourselves. As we rowed from the shore we passed through what we at first took for a quantity of sargasso weed, but which on closer examination proved to consist of myriads of small pieces of pumice-stone. One of the party who professed to understand such matters, asserted that the pumice could not have been locally produced, but that it must have come from a distance, judging from its sea-worn appearance. He even went so far as to attribute its origin to the great earthquake in the Straits of Sunda; although it would seem almost impossible that the influence of that catastrophe should have extended so far.

On board the yacht, to which our Azorean friends accompanied us, and with which they were much delighted, it was almost impossible to move about, owing to the profusion of flowers which had been sent on board as farewell offerings. The sun was sinking fast, and daylight dying, when we at last weighed anchor, bade farewell to our kind friends, and to the islands of the Azores, and resumed our homeward voyage. Some of our visitors had by this time found the motion of the yacht rather trying, and were, I think, glad when the moment for departure arrived, and they were able to return to the shore.[1] Once fairly under way, we proceeded to look round,

[1] As the land slowly receded from our gaze, and while we were still waving adieux to those who lingered until the last moment, we noticed a large boat putting off from the shore, and apparently rowing towards us. We paid no

and to get straight for sea. The cabins were all prettily decorated; the pictures being wreathed with myrtles, and other greenery, including a little bit of *real* holly, which had been procured, I know not whence, by some energetic admirer of old English customs.

With the reflection that our pleasant voyage was now practically ended, and that at the next port at which we looked forward to arriving we should be in our own beloved England, came thoughts of the past, and especially of past Christmas Eves, and of how and where they had been spent. Looking back for the last ten or fifteen years the record is indeed varied and comprehensive.

Towards the end of the year 1870 we lost the kindest and best of fathers—one of whom it has been written: 'On Mr. Brassey's death the grief of his friends was great and unanimous. They felt that in losing him they had lost one who gave a hearty welcome to them, whether they came to impart their sorrows or their joys, and who was equally ready, in either case, to give them aid and counsel, encouragement and sympathy.' One, too, of whom the Emperor of Austria had remarked, on hearing of an enterprising and daring feat performed by one of Mr. Brassey's agents, in the interests of his employer: 'Who is this English contractor, for whom men are to be found who work with such zeal and risk their lives?'

After this sad trouble we were anxious to get away for a change as quickly as possible; and Christmas Eve, 1870, found us speeding by P. and O. steamer across the Bay of Biscay and towards the Mediterranean, where we had left our yacht the 'Meteor' a few months previously. On leaving Southampton we encountered a heavy snow-storm and a thick fog. For nearly two days, owing to the intense cold, it was impos-

special attention to the matter at the time; but learnt, weeks afterwards, that the boat had been laden with fruit, vegetables, eggs, butter, and live-stock, which had been intended as a farewell offering to us by one from whom we had already received much kind attention.

Finally, we are leaving regretfully the harbour of V Franca, the last sound which greets our ears being a ring and heartily responded to cheer from the barque 'Undi which is waiting for her cargo of oranges, and which shortly follow us on our homeward-bound voyage.

Tuesday, December 25th.—Christmas morning broke, bri and cheerful, over the smooth surface of the broad Atlantic more like a summer than a winter's morning. The childr were up early, and evidently looked forward with ke interest to the arrival of the so-called 'post bag,' which ev we had arranged should take place at 8.30. As Pratt appear with it over his shoulder, it presented a most plethoric aspe Manifold and interesting were its contents: all the mo so, perhaps, because the various presents were of necessi 'home-made,' and the result of much loving thought, skil ingenuity, and original devices, instead of having merely be bought in shops.

At 10 o'clock a pleasant breeze sprang up, and we we able to put out the fires and spread our wings again. W had an early dinner of the true old English type—roast be turkeys, plum-pudding, and mince-pies—exactly the same fa being served all through the ship, at the respective hours noon in forecastle, one o'clock mess-room, and two in saloo The saloon dinner was served on a table decorated with ros and semitropical plants, which surrounded a triumph of t confectioner's art in the shape of a huge cake, covered wi dull snow and sparkling ice, constructed by the elder Sout gate, and surmounted by a figure of Old Father Christma Afterwards we inspected the pretty decorations in the for castle and mess-room, the occupants of which portions of t vessel all looked very comfortable, reading their books a illustrated papers. The crew subsequently came to see o own decorations; and at six o'clock we had service, whi was well attended, and at which some beautiful hymns we

really admirably sung—particularly all Christendom's favourite, *Adeste, Fideles.* After dinner various loyal and friendly toasts were proposed and drunk, beginning with 'Her Majesty the Queen: God bless her.' Then followed 'Auld Lang Syne,' and various other songs. It will be seen, therefore, that Christmas, as passed by us in the 'Sunbeam,' on the broad Atlantic, was not such a dreary affair after all.





Wednesday, December 26th. Boxing day; fixed for the first opening of the 'Royal Sunbeam Theatre.' The weather looks somewhat unpropitious, I fear, for

this important ceremony, as we have a strong, though pe
fectly fair wind, and are tearing along at the rate of te
eleven, and twelve knots an hour. During the last thr
watches we have run forty, forty-two, and forty-four kno
respectively, a speed which cannot fail to be accompanied l
a certain amount of heaving motion, delicious and invigorati
to those who are happily well enough to enjoy it.

The weather in the evening not being suitable for t
opening of the new Theatre, a concert was substituted, a
was very successful.

Thursday, December 27th.—We were racing along all nigh
and at 2 A.M., when we were going at the rate of twelve kno
the sway and the quivering of the vessel quite woke me u
After vainly trying to go to sleep again, I settled myself
write and make up some of my past arrears of work. T
sun rose from a somewhat sullen-looking bank of clouds; a
the aspect of the morning was not altogether too promisi
for the day that was to follow; but it turned out much bet
than might have been expected, and was, in fact, one of t
most perfect sailing days that I ever remember.

The afternoon was simply lovely; I cannot imagine mo
delightful weather for sailing: the wind being just enough
one side to keep us steady, and enough aft to prevent o
lying over too much. It was really quite the poetry of moti
and the perfection of yachting. If only I had been well, h
much I should have enjoyed it! Even as it was, I could r
help appreciating the easiness of the 'Sunbeam's' paces.
fancy that she wishes to show her gratitude for the dai
new coat (of white paint) which we gave her at Bermuda, a
for her pretty gold girdle, which I am sure she thoroughly a
preciates, and which she dips well down into the sea occasi
ally; I suppose just to let Father Neptune have a chance
admiring it.

In the evening the postponed opening of the Royal St

beam Theatre took place, under the most favourable auspices and distinguished patronage. It had been decided, at a general committee-meeting which was held in the morning, that a charade would meet the requirements of the case better



than any other form of dramatic composition, and that no more suitable word could be chosen for representation than 'Pilot.' The programme was as follows:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FIRST SYLLABLE.

Darby	R. T. PRITCHETT, Esq.
Joan	Miss R. LIDDELL.
Mary	Miss V. LIDDELL.
Captain Heavy Swell	R. A. BOISSIER, Esq.
John	H. E. HUDSON, Esq.

SECOND SYLLABLE.

Auctioneer	H. E. HUDSON, Esq.
Mrs. Lachrymose	Miss V. LIDDELL.
Sir Timothy Timkins	R. T. PRITCHETT, Esq.
Lord Melting	R. A. BOISSIER, Esq.
Lady Diana Stuckup	Miss R. LIDDELL.

WHOLE WORD.

Captain Bobstay Mainbrace	R. T. PRITCHETT, Esq.
Pilot	H. E. HUDSON, Esq.
Passengers	Miss R. & Miss V. LIDDELL. R. A. BOISSIER, Esq.

[illegible] … the following epilog[illegible] … for produci[illegible] —

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Yo[illegible] the rest,
To help us in our sail.

We're homeward bound,
In ship both sound
And sure as you all know:
We've happy been,
And much have seen,
Among them 'Old John Crow.'
We'll not retain,
Nor long detain
You kindly listening here,
But bid adieu,
In wishing you
The happiest New Year.

By nightfall the wind had dropped a little and was rat[h] more aft. We were going along so quietly and comfortal[bly] now that, except for the gentle swirling of the water agai[nst] the side, one would hardly have known that the yacht was [not] lying in harbour. At noon to-day we were in the latitude [of] Bordeaux, and not far outside the Bay of Biscay, which m[…]

now be in a very different state to that of September last, when we crossed it on our way to Madeira.

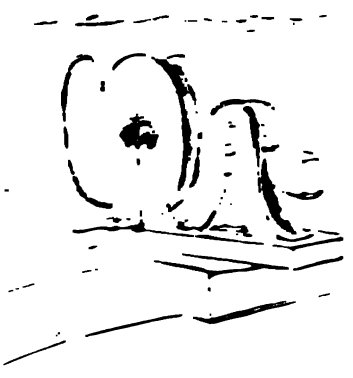
Friday, December 28th.—At 2 A.M. we saw on the starboard-beam the mast-head light of a steamer, steering North by East. By 8 o'clock she was hull-down behind us, though doing her best under steam and sail. Nothing could be more favourable for our passage than the present conditions of wind and weather. We have come very nearly a thousand miles during the last four days, and almost find it difficult to believe that we are on the Atlantic in mid-winter. At noon the sky was too much overcast to make it possible to take any observations; but we had run 223 miles by dead reckoning, and were in Lat. 46.53 N., Long. 11.66 W.

The Doctor delivered his last ambulance lecture, and also gave out some examination papers. I fear that, although the men have derived a great deal of useful knowledge from the lectures, they are too shy to put it to the test of an examination.[1]



At 3 P.M. we hauled down the topmast staysail, and soon after took in the squaresail and fore-staysail. The wind had shifted a little, and Tom wished to try some experiments with Sir William Thomson's Sounding Machine, a beautiful instrument, invented for the purpose of obtaining soundings from a ship running at full-speed, in water of any

[1] Of the *practical* value of the lectures we had striking proof in the conduct of those on board the 'Sunbeam' on the occasion of a serious boat-accident in Loch Carron, Scotland, in September, 1881.



round [illegible] in the deck-house and saloon, which we found most cozy and comfortable.

Saturday, December 29th.—The wind continued favourable, and we made swift progress throughout the day, which was uneventful.

We determined to mark our last night at sea by a more than usually ambitious entertainment. Not only were the songs and glees carefully chosen, but scenes of a dramatic nature entitled an Inci-'Dental' farce were interspersed in the programme. The Dramatis Personæ were—

Dr. Copper	H. E. Hudson, Esq.
Captain Molar	R. T. Pritchett, Esq.
Maid	Miss R. Liddell.

When Captain Molar, with his head swathed in flannel, and a large swollen cheek, presented himself to the audience the effect was truly comic; and great was the laughter, when, in the course of narrating his sufferings, he pulled strings

walrus-teeth from his pocket, describing how they had all been extracted from his jaw! Not less great was the amusement when, on the dentist calling for his case of instruments, the maid walked in with a sack over her shoulder, containing a chisel and mallet and a huge pair of pincers. With these extraordinary implements the Doctor proceeded to extract the offending tooth from the unfortunate patient's jaw. After hauling him several times across the stage, the dentist placed his foot firmly against his victim's chest, and with a despairing effort wrenched out a 'molar' at least four inches square. But after simulated pain came real rejoicing. 'God save the Queen' rang for the last time through the planks of our gallant little ship; and the concerts of the 'Sunbeam Vocal Society' were brought to a triumphant termination.



KAME HEAD.

Sunday, December 30th.- I was awakened at half-past two by finding my bed burning hot; and it being pitch dark,

I lighted a match as quickly as possible, and, feeling all along the woodwork, found that it was impossible to bear my hand on it. Thinking that the ship might be on fire, I rushed up on deck to call Kindred, when we found to my relief that it was only the steam-pipe, turned on to warm my room, which had become unduly heated. I was not altogether sorry to be thus rudely disturbed; for it gave me an opportunity of seeing, if not exactly the Lizard Light, its reflection in the heavens, and to feel that we were once more practically in sight of our native land. By 4 o'clock the lights on the coast were more plainly visible, though we were still some distance off. About 8 A.M. we passed the Eddystone; but I confess that I did not see it, although some of the men declared that they did, dimly looming through the fog.

Off Rame Head we went through a large fleet of fishing-boats at anchor, and sent the dinghy off to one of them to get some fresh fish for luncheon. The boats were prosaic-looking, after the more picturesque forms which we had been accustomed to in warmer climates; and the fish, it must be confessed, looked a very uninteresting grey mass, after the beautiful angels, rock-fish, groupers, and others that we have lately been admiring, though I have no doubt that they are much better to eat.

Before one o'clock we had passed through Plymouth Sound, and under the beautiful hanging woods of Mount-Edgcumbe, and were safely moored to a buoy in the Hamoaze, between Devonshire and Cornwall, not far from Cremyll Point, and under the guns of the 'Royal Adelaide' and the 'Impregnable.'

We had many visitors during the afternoon, including Admiral Sir Houston and Lady Stewart, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, and Admiral Hillyar, who were all interested in our voyage, and especially in our rapid passage of 5 days 12 hours

from Villa Franca in the Azores to the Lizard. In fact, we might fairly say that the voyage had only occupied 5 days: for we did not lose sight of the Azores lights till after midnight on the 24th, and we saw the loom of the Lizard soon after midnight on the 29th.



POSTSCRIPT.



HAVE on so many previous occasion expressed regret at the termination o happy voyages in the 'Sunbeam,' an thankfulness to the merciful Providenc which has watched over us and guided u through storms, dangers, and difficultie by land and by sea, that I now fin considerable difficulty in setting forth th same feelings in a different form of words In the present instance, however, I feel that we have specia reason for gratitude. The examination which the 'Sunbeam has undergone since our return home proves conclusively tha we had indeed just cause for anxiety when we were hove-t in the cyclone between the Bahamas and the Bermudas; fo that which we then only feared might be the case has sinc proved to be a startling reality. The yacht having bee placed in dry-dock, it was found that a portion of the stern post, from which the rudder hangs, was so rotten that th wood crumbled like dust in the fingers when touched. Par of the hull also, in the construction of which imperfectly seasoned American elm had incautiously been made use o showed equally severe symptoms of dry-rot. It is, there fore, indeed fortunate that no serious calamity happened t us when we were exposed to the strain and fury of th cyclone; for had the weakened rudder actually given way

we should in all probability have been instantaneously overwhelmed.

Those of my readers who may have made previous acquaintance with the 'Sunbeam' will perhaps be interested to see the accompanying representation of her as I last beheld her in dry-dock: her hull entirely reconstructed of teak, two of her topmasts removed, prior to being replaced by new ones, and minus her decks (which had lasted nine years, although they had always been considered too flat): so that all that remained of the old original 'Sunbeam' was her iron framework, which, humanly speaking, might reasonably be expected to last for ever.



But although, when completed, she will in many respects be practically a new vessel, her frame will still contain all the old associations; and I shall ever entertain for her the same warm affection which I have cherished from the first; while

the confidence in her sea-going qualities, which has so often made me feel that

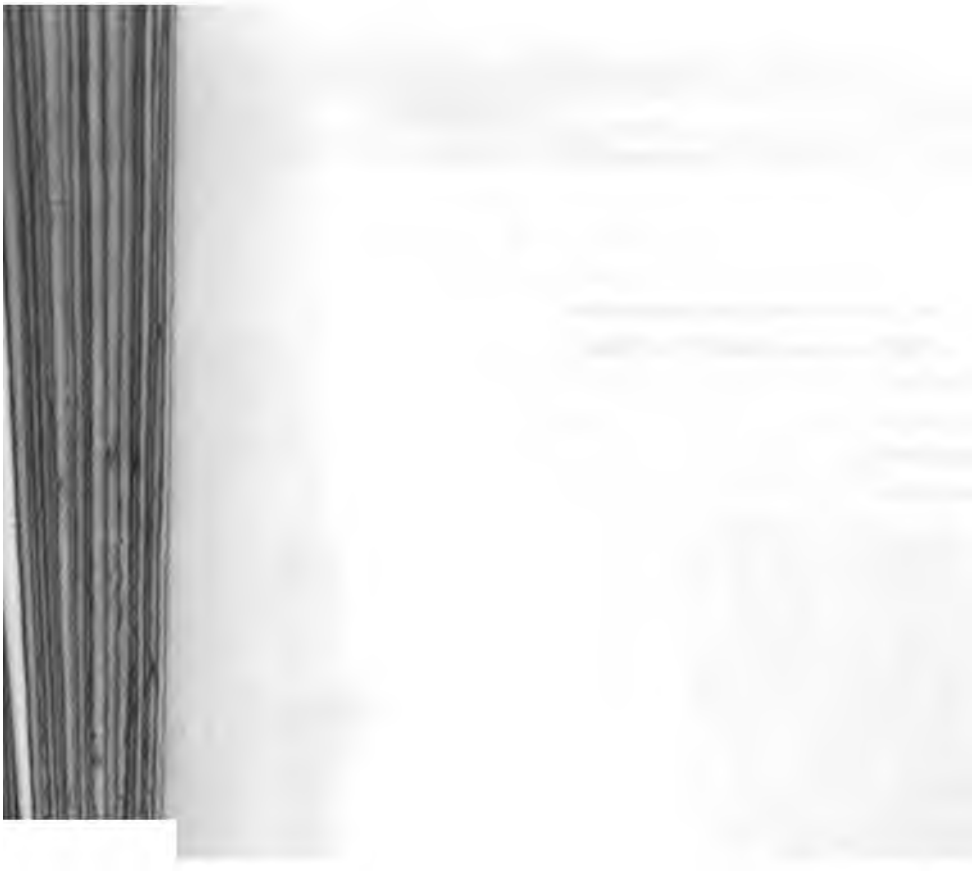
> Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
> I lay me down in peace to sleep.

will suffer no diminution.

It now but remains for me to thank for their forbearance those who have followed me to the end, and to wish my readers a kind



APPENDIX



LIST OF PERSONS ON BOARD 'SUNBEAM,' R.Y.S.

DURING VOYAGE TO AND FROM THE WEST INDIES.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1883.

SIR THOMAS BRASSEY, K.C.B., M.P.
LADY BRASSEY
MISS MURIEL AGNES BRASSEY
MISS MARIE ADELAIDE BRASSEY
MISS RHODA LIDDELL
MISS VIOLET LIDDELL
RIGHT. HON. G. J. SHAW LEFEVRE, M.P. } Left at Madeira.
SEYMOUR HADEN, ESQ. }
R. A. BOISSIER, ESQ.
R. T. PRITCHETT, ESQ.
H. E. HUDSON, ESQ.

ROBERT HUMPHRIES, Sailing Master
HENRY KINDRED, Mate
WILLIAM JONES, Boatswain
ALFRED LE SEILLEUR, Carpenter
JOHN FALE, Coxswain, First Cutter
WILLIAM COPP, Coxswain, First Gig
RICHARD BAULF, Coxswain, Second Gig
ROBERT IVES, Coxswain, 'Flash'
CHRISTOPHER MADDICK, Signalman
JAMES GENGE, Caterer
CHARLES BRADING, Winchman
JOHN WILLIAMS, A.B.
JOHN KNIGHT, A.B.
THOMAS RUSSELL, A.B.
GEORGE BEACH, A.B.
RICHARD FROGBROOK, A.B.

CHARLES CAVERS, Chief Engineer
CHARLES NICHOLS, Second Engineer
SAVARILLO AGELLO, Stoker } Maltese
JOSEF BORGA, Stoker }
JOSEF BONA, Stoker }

EBENEZER SOUTHGATE, Chief Cook
ALFRED SOUTHGATE, Second Cook
WILLIAM AMEY, Forecastle Cook

GEORGE PRATT, Chief Steward
FREDERICK THOMPSON, Second Steward
GEORGE FOY, Third Steward
JOSEPH JONES, Stewards' Boy
GEORGE PITT, Mess-room Boy

ANNIE ESCRITT, Lady's Maid
LOUISE OULEVY, Children's Maid

ANALYSIS OF LOG OF 'SUNBEAM,' R.Y.S.

FROM SEPTEMBER 16 TO DECEMBER 30, 1883.

	Sail	Steam	Time on Passage	
			d.	h.
Malta to Gibraltar	812	408	10	1
Gibraltar to Madeira . . .	597	35	2	22
Madeira to Trinidad . . .	2,164	858	17	14
Trinidad to Nassau . . .	1,376	850	11	18
Nassau to Bermuda . . .	949	254	10	18
Bermuda to Ponta Delgada . .	919	1,074	10	22
Ponta Delgada to Devonport . .	887	323	5	20
Total	7,704	3,802	69	13

Average speed seven knots = 168 miles a day.
Coals consumed, 120 tons.

MALTA TO GIBRALTAR.

Date	Sail	Steam	Lat. N.	Long.
September 16	130	—	36·43	12·23 E.
,, 17	74	27	37·06	11·16 E.
,, 18	121	6	38·13	19·0 E.
,, 19	143	—	38·26	8·5 E.
,, 20	80	—	38·2	6·47 E.
,, 21	111	—	38·0	4·29 E.
,, 22	158	—	39·7	3·13 E.
,, 23	52	119	38·2	0·41 E.
,, 24	43	58	37·13	1·6 W.
,, 25	—	198	36·1	4·30 W.
	812	408		

GIBRALTAR TO MADEIRA.

Date	Sail	Steam	Lat. N.	Long.
September 26	—	45	36·6	5·20 W.
,, 27	69	35	35·39	7·4 W.
,, 28	236	—	34·02	11·31 W.
,, 29	256	—	30·39	16·6 W.
,, 30	36	—	32·38	16·55 W.
	597	80		

Madeira to Trinidad.

Date	Sail	Steam	Lat. N.	Long. W.
October 11	48	—	32·1	17·30
„ 12	84	—	30·55	18·30
„ 13	110	—	29·27	19·47
„ 14	114	—	27·57	21·4
„ 15	154	—	26·31	23·28
„ 16	185	—	25·31	26·39
„ 17	194	—	23·43	29·35
„ 18	208	—	24·35	32·34
„ 19	162	—	19·35	34·28
„ 20	158	—	18·39	37·05
„ 21	197	—	16·54	40·0
„ 22	207	—	15·14	43·9
„ 23	176	—	13·44	45·43
„ 24	157	—	13 01	48·15
„ 25	10	181	11·38	51·6
„ 26	—	213	11·09	54·38
„ 27	—	221	11·05	58·18
„ 28	—	218	10·46	61·30
„ 29	—	25	10·38	61·34
				Arrived at
	2,164	858		Port of Spain

Trinidad to Nassau.

Date	Sail	Steam	Lat. N.	Long. W.
October 31	—	25	10·14	61·41
November 1	—	35	10·46	61·81
„ 4	—	115	11·8	63·30
„ 5	—	189	10·45	66·35
„ 6	—	24	10·37	67·2
„ 7	93	—	11·52	67·51
„ 8	189	—	13·56	70·16
„ 9	219	—	16·9	73·9
„ 10	225	—	17·51	76·54
„ 11	40	—	17·55	76·49
„ 13	—	50	18·1	76·13
„ 14	—	68	18·23	77·8
„ 15	26	123	19·23	75·48
„ 16	68	63	20·16	74·6
„ 17	192	—	21·47	77·2
„ 18	219	—	24·7	79·31
„ 19	105	68	25·56	78·21
„ 20	—	90	25·6	77·2
	1,376	850		

Nassau to Bermuda.

Date	Sail	Steam	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Observations
Nov. 22	43	19	25·53	76·53	Fresh easterly winds
„ 23	123	—	27·41	76·41	Moderate to light
„ 24	143	—	30·03	77·28	Easterly winds
„ 25	130	—	31·54	77·04	
„ 26	34	85	32·08	75·10	
„ 27	46	100	32·08	72·25	Lying-to. Strong gale from N. to E.
„ 28	35	—	31·47	72·2	
„ 29	72	—	31·35	71·3	Same weather. Steering, close-hauled. under storm-canvas, for Bermuda
„ 30	46	—	31·19	70·3	
Dec. 1	128	—	31·51	67·54	
„ 2	149	50	32·17	64·48	
	949	254			

Bermuda to Ponta Delgada.

Date	Sail	Steam	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Observations
Dec. 11	30	142	32·48	61·27	
„ 12	165	—	32·47	58·15	
„ 13	106	84	33·27	54·36	
„ 14	190	—	34·25	50·52	
„ 15	243	—	35·22	46·10	Gale from S. W.
„ 16	148	15	35·54	42·59	
„ 17	—	228	36·57	38·22	
„ 18	—	175	37·41	34·52	Moderate head wind and sea
„ 19	—	147	37·08	31·52	Similar weather
„ 20	22	148	38·17	28·31	Made Fayal at daybreak
„ 21	15	135	37·45	25·41	Arrived at St. Michael's
	919	1,074			

St. Michael's to Plymouth.

Date	Sail	Steam	Lat. N.	Long. W.	Observations
Dec. 25	4	150	39·3	23·8	Left Ponta Delgada. Called Villa Franca
„ 26	232	—	41·37	19·19	
„ 27	260	—	44·32	14·56	
„ 28	223	—	46·58	11·06	
„ 29	168	—	48·07	7·28	
„ 30	—	173	50·22	7·4	Arrived at Plymouth
	887	323			



TEMPERATURE OF AIR AND WATER

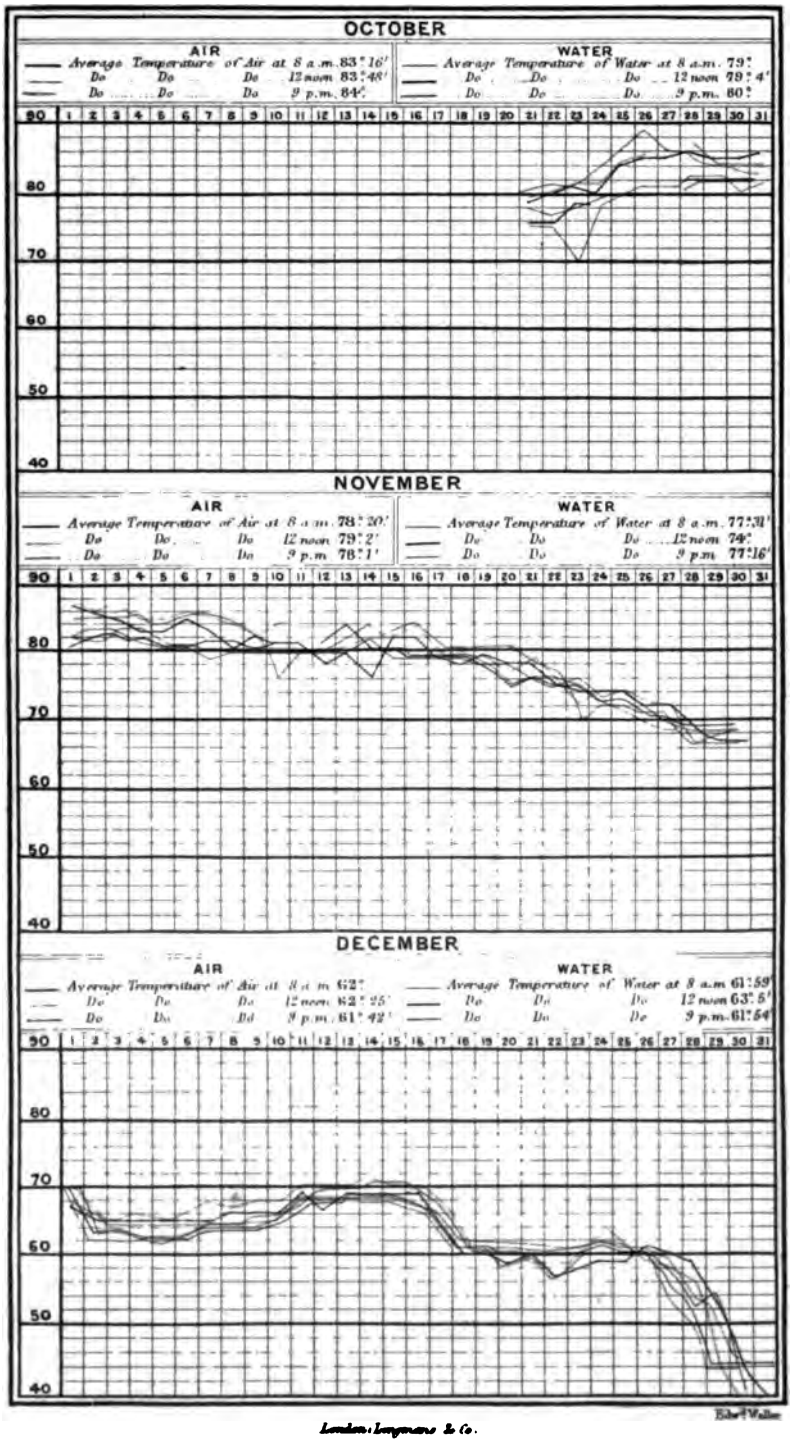
FROM OCTOBER 21, 1883, TO DECEMBER 31, 1883.

	8 A.M.		12 NOON		9 P.M.	
OCTOBER	Air	Water	Air	Water	Air	Water
Sunday 21	79	78	80	76	80	76
Monday 22	80	77	81	76	81	76
Tuesday 23	81	78	82	79	81	76
Wednesday 24	80	79	82	79	83	79
Thursday 25	84	80	85	--	86	80
Friday . 26	85	80	86	--	89	81
Saturday 27	85	--	--	--	86	81
Sunday 28	86	81	87	82	86	82
Monday 29	85	82	85	82	85	82
Tuesday 30	85	82	85	82	84	81
Wednesday 31	86	82	85	82	83	82
NOVEMBER						
Thursday 1	87	82	87	81	85	82
Friday . 2	86	83	86	82	85	82
Saturday 3	85	83	87	83	85	83
Sunday 4	83	81	85	82	85	83
Monday 5	83	80	85	80	84	80
Tuesday 6	85	80	86	80	85	80
Wednesday 7	83	79	85	81	85	80
Thursday 8	80	80	84	81	84	80
Friday . 9	82	80	82	80	82	80
Saturday 10	81	80	84	81	76	80
Sunday 11	81	80	-	—	80	80
Monday 12	78	80	80	81	80	80
Tuesday 13	80	80	81	84	81	80
Wednesday 14	76	82	82	80	84	80
Thursday 15	82	79	82	80	82	80
Friday . 16	82	79	84	79	84	79
Saturday 17	79	79	79	79	80	79
Sunday 18	78	79	79	79	80	79
Monday 19	79	78	79	78	80	78
Tuesday 20	78	78	77	75	80	75
Wednesday 21	78	76	79	76	79	76
Thursday 22	75	75	76	75	77	76
Friday . 23	74	76	73	75	79	75
Saturday 24	74	73	74	73	72	73
Sunday 25	74	74½	74	73	72	72

	8 A.M.		12 NOON		9 P.M.	
NOVEMBER *continued*	Air	Water	Air	Water	Air	Water
Monday 26	72	72	73	71	71½	70
Tuesday 27	72	70	72	70	71	69
Wednesday 28	69	69	67	69	67	69
Thursday 29	67	69	68	69	67	69
Friday . 30	67	69	69	69	67	69
DECEMBER						
Saturday 1	67	70	70	70	67	70
Sunday 2	65	63	65	63	64	62
Monday 3	65	63	65	63	64	62
Tuesday 4	65	62	66	62	64	62
Wednesday 5	65	61½	65	62	64	62
Thursday 6	65	62	66	62	64	62
Friday . 7	65	64	68	64	64	64
Saturday 8	66	64	67	64	64	64
Sunday 9	66	64	68	64	65	64
Monday 10	66	65	68	65	66	65
Tuesday 11	69	68	70	68	68	68
Wednesday 12	67	68	70	68	69	68
Thursday 13	69	68	70	69	69	68
Friday . 14	69	68	71	68	70	68
Saturday 15	69	68	70	68	70	68
Sunday 16	69	67	70	67	69	67
Monday 17	65	66	69	66	67	66
Tuesday 18	60	62	60	61	60	62
Wednesday 19	60	61	60	61	60	61
Thursday 20	59	61	60	60	58	63
Friday . 21	60	61	59	60	59	60
Saturday 22	57	60	59	60	56	60
Sunday 23	58	60	60	60	60	60
Monday 24	59	61	64	61	60	61
Tuesday 25	59	60	62	60	60	61
Wednesday 26	61	60	59	60	60	60
Thursday 27	60	59	58	55	57	54
Friday . 28	50	53	50	53	52	51
Saturday 29	53	52	45	44	44	44
Sunday 30	45	45	37	44	37	44
Monday 31	38	44	38	44	—	—

TEMPERATURE OF AIR AND WATER

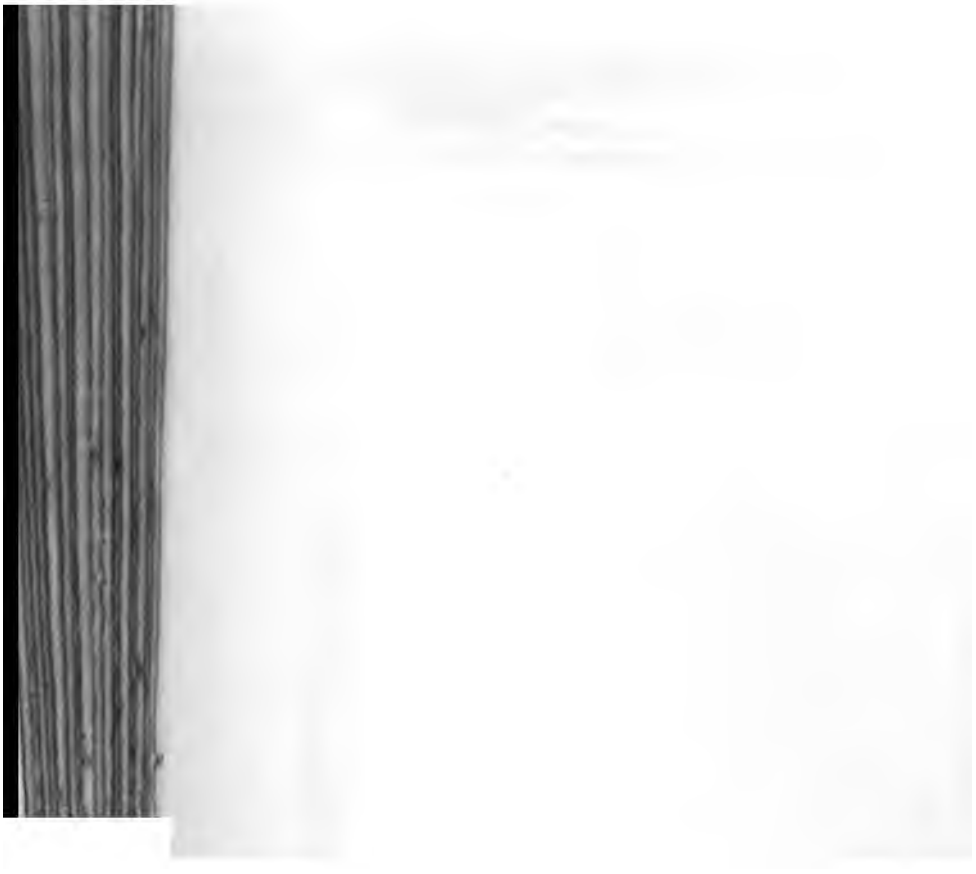
from October 21, to December 31, 1883.



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